

The Bulletin

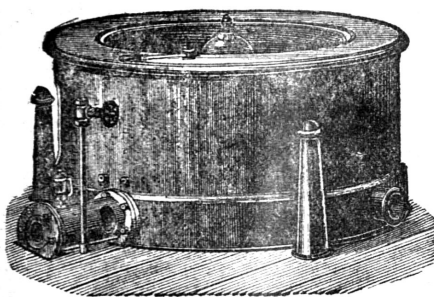
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THE UNHAPPY QUEEN.

From a lithograph by Stewart Carmichael (The Dome).

THE CARD-DEALER.

Could you not drink her gaze like wine?
Yet though its splendour swoon
Into the silence languidly
As a tune into a tune,
Those eyes unravel the coiled night
And know the stars at noon.

The gold that's heaped beside her hand,
In truth rich prize it were;
And rich the dreams that breathe her brows
With magic stillness there;
And he were rich who could unwind
That woven golden hair.

Around her, where she sits, the dance
Now breathes its eager heat;
And not more lightly or more true
Fall there the dancers' feet
Than fall her cards on the bright board
As 't were a heart that beat.

Her fingers let them softly through,
Smooth polished silent things;
And each one as it falls reflects
In swift light-shadings,
Blood-red and purple, green and blue,
The great eyes of her rings.

Whom plays she with? With thee, who lov'st
Those gems upon her hand;
With me, who search her secret brows;
With all men, bless'd or bann'd.
We play together, she and we,
Within a vain strange land:

A land without any order,—
Day even as night, (one saith,)—
Where who lieth down ariseth not
Nor the sleeper awakeneth;
A land of darkness as darkness itself
And of the shadow of death.

What be her cards, you ask? Even these:—
The heart, that doth but crave
More, having fed; the diamond,
Skilled to make base seem brave;
The club, for smiting in the dark;
The spade, to dig a grave.

And do you ask what game she plays?
With me 't is lost or won;
With thee it is playing still; with him
It is not well begun;
But 't is a game she plays with all
Beneath the sway o' the sun.

Thou seest the card that falls,—she knows
The card that followeth:
Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
As ebbs thy daily breath:
When she shall speak, thou 'lt learn her tongue
And know she calls it Death.

D. G. Rossetti.

Artists in Australia.

IV.—W. LISTER LISTER.

YOU may say, if you choose, that Lister's two sailor-years helped to fix his destiny. The continual contemplation of sea and sky merges Nature and the beauty of Nature into the mind of many a mariner, never to be wholly withdrawn. It is the vagueness of space which gives that vague and peculiar charm to the prose of Loti and Conrad; the cadenced beating of the waves has made the slow and melancholy music of their sentences. And the permanence of the Sea's influence upon Lister is indicated in his air; he needs only the uniform to look a sailor still.

The Sea caught him in the affectable years from 22 to 24. Born in Sydney in 1860, he was taken to England six years later. The artistic impulse held him early: at 17 he was exhibiting in the Royal Scottish Academy. Then a practical father, distrusting Art and the rewards of Art, bound him to engineering for five years; then he went voyaging; and at 24 began to paint in earnest. At 29 he returned to Sydney, where he has remained.

The local artist's life is a round of pupils and pot-boilers, with an annual picture or two accomplished in the interests of the Art Gallery. Endowed with more energy than most, Lister has given more time to large canvases and careful work. Gradually he has acquired a mastery over the minutiae of his craft which ranks him as one of the most skilful Australian landscape painters. Few or none attempt water-colours on such a scale; and his oils are no less distinguished for pains and talent employed to mirror Nature effectively.

Several of Lister's pictures hang in N.S.W. Art Gallery—both oils and water-colours; but, though exhibiting year after year, it is nine years since the Gallery has purchased any result of his work. This is not credit-

able to the judgment of the Gallery trustees; for Lister's technique has markedly improved in nine years. He is less cramped in his means; more certain of its effects. The breaking waves which he depicts, for example, in "The Ever-Restless Sea" are solid paint compared with his nowadays seascapes. The effect of wet, gleaming sand in the foreground of the picture he has probably never surpassed.

It is rarely that Lister paints a waterless landscape: the subjects of the interesting exhibition of his work just closed are nearly all coastal and river scenes faithfully and dexterously presented. A great artist Lister is not; but there is no more conscientious workman. With stroke on stroke, wash on wash, he works up his pictures until they accurately embody the scene—and sometimes a little more. Not much more; for Lister adds little of his own personality to his work: it is deficient in stimulus and human emotion. To represent calm Beauty—to catch the subtle tints of a beach, the warm hues of a weathered rock, the effect of a tree seen against a clouded sky, and to preserve the individual character of a landscape—these are of his objects, and here is his success. To mark the distance he has advanced one may compare the air, the light which he puts into his pictures, with the dead surface of paint shown in some of the tyros' landscapes hung on the walls of N.S.W. Gallery. That Lister's merit is by no means over-rated in Sydney would appear from the success of his pictures sent to England with the Walker collection last year, when the two sold to the collector Seigismeyer—a man of European reputation—secured the highest prices of the shipment. But Mr. Lister has the same experience as others—for the time and ability spent on large canvases there is no reward in Australia.

Mr. Lister has been for several years vice-president and president of N.S.W. Art Society. He was recently nominated by that Society as a representative on the N.S.W. Art Gallery trust. To his energetic and unselfish influence local Art and many local artists are indebted.

In the matter of Chopin, "Aletes" writes to THE BULLETIN—

Chopin is the idol of the soulful woman. In his life she petted and clung to him; now, she gratefully remembers, tearfully appreciates. Whilst there is a feminine heart-string, musically attuned, be it in man or woman, it will thrill to his name. See how he figures on the modern programme! see how she predominates in the audience! The understanding is mutual. He expresses her to herself, voicing her mute aspiration. Hence the murmur of adoration; hence comes "Mdlle. Crotchet" to lay her charming tribute at his feet.

Here is an artist with unique gifts of expression, a genius of original insight. Limited? But, ah—how complete! A small palette? But look at the consummate handling of the colour! sniff the delicate aroma, taste the piquant flavour of these melodic blossoms! If you are a woman you will be satisfied, you will stay here to idolise.

Yet listen to Runciman. "Chopin's sweetness is a boudoir sweetness, corrected by a poisonous acid or sub-acid quality." The women smile disdainfully. But some will wince. The shaft is keen, and a little bitterness of truth tinctures the point. Something lacks in Chopin. Is it the intellectual stimulus? Does the strong soul long for more invigorating nourishment? To Chopin we can listen, pleasurably, with a tired brain; our nerves are soothed; languor supervenes. Yet—lengthen not the propitious moment. Irritation may come—a mental craving steal upon the sense and rob it of its joy. Or the soul may catch fire, become violently athirst. Ah! Chopin can kindle that fire, but cannot feed it; can create that thirst, but lacks power to allay. His niggling draught becomes a mockery. For the royal and generous flood that alone can satiate, we must turn to Beethoven. Ay, we must leave the company of this refined and courteous aesthete, this gentleman that beckons to cloudland; we must join a strange, uncouth individual ("peasant" Runciman calls him) a rugged and defiant autocrat, who drags us after him with almost brutal violence, poises us on the verge of an awful abyss, and, while we tremble, sings to us an enchanted song that banishes the universe.

Chopin and Beethoven—strange bedfellows! Is it not a proof and a measure of woman's idolatry that she dares the contrast? Yet—both are lovable; let us give a hand to either; but not at once and together—the mood must decide. In the early morning of day and of life, when the senses are alert, the pulse bounding, and the soul straining on its fleshly leash, I would have Beethoven. He is the Shakespeare of music. Profundity of thought; power, variety and richness of expression; the blended voice of humanity in its joy and sorrow; we find it in one as in the other—I can never dissociate these two—they are so mutually suggestive; their currents of emotion so overlap and mingle. To the artistic temperament they are the quickening tonic.

Chopin is a narcotic, an opiate. In the poetic world I find not his parallel. He spoke so much in sighs and whispers. Rossetti comes nearest, yet he is born of earth and fire, Chopin rather of air and water: the former is physically, the latter spiritually sensuous. Yet both are great sonneters, both are aureoled by the same atmosphere of perfumed women.

The musical creations of Beethoven had little or no attraction for Chopin. We shall never know how Chopin would have affected Beethoven—but we may surmise. What does the shoreless sea think of the land-locked lake? Even a beautiful lake like this, with a sky of diaphanous cloud, an encircling landscape full of rich autumnal tones; tempestuous days with silent flashes; nights of twilight, quiet and pensive; and ever over the scene the brooding spirit of unrest. But the sea—its beauty, wonder, and mystery—above all its intense loneliness!

Australian Natural History.

Man is not the only animal who is a naturalist. At Rookwood, N.S.W., in 1891, I made the acquaintance of a cat with a passion for ornithology. It was a lady cat. When I first knew her she was just emerging from kittenhood, and I expected to

see her in the course of a little while take unto herself a Tom and become the mother of a family, as most lady cats do. However, it quickly appeared that she had other views for herself; having, as it seems, taken a vow of celibacy for the purpose of devoting herself to science. Lombroso's pet theory of Genius as a Phase of Degeneracy might have received some confirmation from this cat, inasmuch as she possessed only one tooth. She preferred frequently fresh vegetables to meat, and had a passion for common sticking-paste such as the ordinary small boy displays for jam. In consequence of her confirmed celibacy, she became enormously fat. Her favourite occupation was to prow about in search of some strange insect, which she would then watch closely to see where it would go and what it would do. At times the insect would be caught travelling and lazy. It would, so to speak, down bluey and cry smoke-ho. Then the cat, having so far tailed it up like a shadow, would sit down to await fresh developments. If the insect remained inert too long, she would gently stir it up with one paw. A spider's web had great attractions for her. She would sit patiently for hours watching the capture of flies, etc., but what chiefly interested her was the combat which would sometimes take place when a large and ferocious insect entered the web, or when a predatory spider of a different species challenged the rightful proprietor of the web to a game of "survival of the fittest." If the combatants, from fatigue, fear, or cunning, took a turn at the "waiting game" for more than ten minutes or so at a time, she would dexterously twitch the web to excite them to renewed activity. I have seen her occasionally digging up the soil in different spots, and comparing a pebbly portion, the little stones of which she industriously separated, with one consisting of loose mould only. This happened after some severe storms that produced little drifts of gravel wherever the water had found a channel, and from the look of extreme wonder and perplexity with which the cat proceeded about her examination of soils I was convinced that, incredible as it may seem, she had formed from these new drifts, and was seeking to verify by digging, some rudimentary concept of geology. The cat belonged to the Radcliffs, now printers in Underwood-street, Circular Quay, who were then running the Rookwood Chronicle.

At Smithfield, near Fairfield, on the Liverpool line, I was witness to the following on the part of meat-ants. For the information of those who are not well up in ant species I may say that the meat-ant is a black ant with a light cedar-red tinge in the head; it is about three-eighths of an inch long, and does not sting, but nips with its jaws. The ants got into a meat-safe containing a shin of beef; one would have imagined afterwards that the meat had been held up against a running saw, so jagged was the entire surface, whilst the bottom of the safe was covered a quarter of an inch deep with a red "sawdust," consisting of small pieces of meat which the ants had cut off to carry away. It is these ants which particularly perform the work of scavengers in the country, in consuming the bodies of dead beasts, birds and reptiles; they have also, for some reason which I have not yet been able to ascertain, a great liking for feathers—probably they extract the oil from them.

On the nest of a colony of these meat ants I placed a large green caterpillar—which, being attacked by them, defended itself furiously, snapping at them with its powerful mandibles. One ant had its abdomen taken off, and ran away bewilderedly in its mutilated condition, until discovered by a party of its fellows. They, after communicating by touching antennae with the wounded ant, examined the place where its abdomen should have been, and appeared by all their actions greatly shocked. After a consultation among themselves, one of them stood in front of the sufferer and continually stroked its head, whilst the rest, after a single touch of the antennae with their dying comrade, hurried to the ant-hill, where the fight was still raging. And now from there parties of about four began to come down successively, touching antennae with the wounded ant, and returning to the scene of strife to liberate another party for the farewell visit. But when the ant died a messenger went up to intercept the party then approaching, and they turned back at once, nor did any more set out. Meanwhile, an examination of the corpse was conducted by the ant that had acted as doctor or nurse, with a number of stragglers as a jury; the "doctor" conducting them to the body, and apparently explaining the injury, after which they formed a ring and communicated with one another by their antennae. When this was over they left, with the exception of one of the stragglers, apparently deputed to perform some duty. This one picked up the dead ant, carried it up a stem of grass, and hung it up there by the folded legs. I had seen dead ants hanging to grass-stems, but had supposed them to have been killed in that position; but now I perceived that this was the method of formal sepulture.

Among these ants moves a creature very much resembling them, but, as well as I have been able to judge, of the spider kind. It seems to hang on the outskirts of a crowd when they are busily preoccupied, and to endeavour to stalk unwary individuals that may become isolated; but I have not seen it actually attack them, and its mimicry of ant-aspect may have some other purpose.

There is, however, another spider guilty of impersonation with intent to murder. When imprisoned on the charge of seditious libel I had numerous opportunities of studying the creature, which abounded at Darlinghurst. It is about the size of a common fly, and closely mimics the latter in general appearance, even the wings being imitated to a not too near view by the manner of projection of the upper part of the hind legs. The gait of the fly is exactly copied. Thus disguised the spider can approach within a moderate distance without causing alarm; after which he sneaks up behind a fly's back to within jumping range. Should the intended victim or a companion chance to turn towards the spider the latter instantly becomes motionless in the most deceptive attitude. Finally, he leaps upon his prey, seizes it by the

back of the head, poisons it to death, and retires with it to suck out the juices.

It is not generally known that there are winged insects which prey upon others as hawks upon small birds. The best example of these insect "hawks" is the common horse-stinger. He preys, by preference, upon the yellow butterfly, giving chase and hovering above it till he can swoop down, when he flies off to the trunk of a tree and settles there to devour his meal.

The notorious bull-dog ant, a good inch long, is a similar hunter among wingless insects. He prowls about among the grass and under bushes, looking for a prey upon which to leap. In this he is unlike the majority of ants, which, whether vegetable or animal feeders, work in gangs. He, on the contrary, hunts alone. But he does not live alone. He consorts with his fellows, and every occupant of the nest is registered, with the particular "beat" on which he has gone. Should he fail to show up again, scouts are sent out on his track, and woe to man or beast found in suspicious proximity to his dead body.

Among the ants themselves, when those of different species come into collision—by way of mere quarrel, however, not of war—the most formidable is the tiny black ant, not exceeding one-eighth of an inch in length, which is distinguished by its aptitude for surviving in our cities; and it is perfectly laughable to see a great negro ant (a severe stinger half an inch long) jump away in terror from one of the little fellows like a woman scared of a mouse. When it is a matter of war, which happens between rival communities of the same as well as different species, the ants behave precisely like human beings in forming regular armies, arrayed in tactical formations, with heralds to go between and apparently make formal demands; when the heralds break off their conference and hurriedly rush back to their respective sides, the battle commences. In one engagement that I had the opportunity of watching throughout, the two armies relied on two different formations. On both sides the first line of battle was drawn up in the form of a circle, but on one side the supports were drawn up on the right flank as a solid square, on the other side on the left flank, but more towards the rear, in extended echelon. The latter formation proved superior. On the return of the heralds the "squares" dissolved their circle in a furious charge upon the circle of the "echelonites." The square followed a moment later; then the echelon changed to file and advanced to victory. The last to enter the field had been able to select individually their places of combat; whereas the square was moved as a solid mass, and its interior remained practically useless. Its very formation was quite inappropriate to the purpose irrespective of the opposite support, for it had to back up the line of battle wherever this might be getting the worst of the fight. The enemy's supports, on the other hand, arriving in straggling order, went straight to where they found themselves needed or saw their opportunity; and if the square had made quite a different move, the echelon could have been converted to cope with it in the most appropriate way. Probably a campaign between different species—these combatants were of the same—would have been still more interesting, so far as I could judge from the appearance of the battlefield after the conclusion of a struggle that I had just missed witnessing. There had been a great slaughter on both sides, and from the positions of the dead there must have been some intricate manoeuvring, as each party seemed to have attacked the other in the rear.

J. A. ANDREWS.

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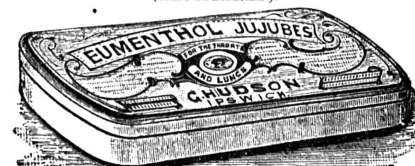
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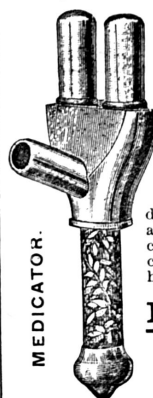
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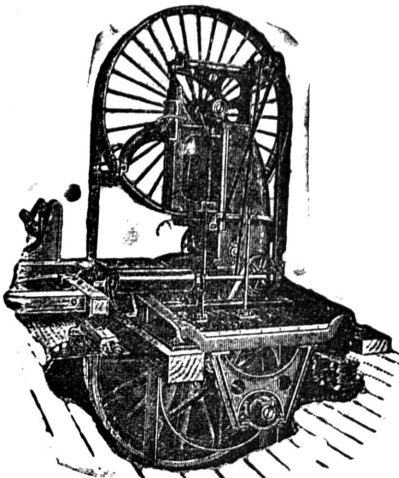
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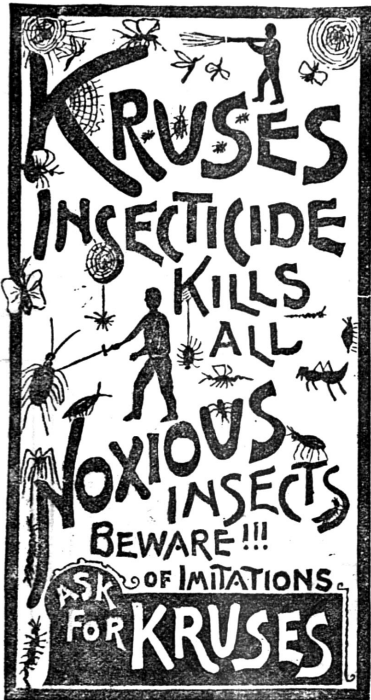
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[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

When the Westerlies Blow!

There's a blight in the land
When the Westerlies blow;
There are lashings of sand
When the Westerlies blow;
There's a wage for your sin,
There's a scourge for your skin,
There's a grave for your grin,
When the Westerlies blow.

There's a throat all a-thirst
When the Westerlies blow;
There's a land that is curst
When the Westerlies blow;
And the Devils they jeer
With a venomous leer,
In the depth of your beer,
When the Westerlies blow.

We're a slouch and a slave
When the Westerlies blow;
We're a noodle and knave
When the Westerlies blow;
And we loaf and we lie,
And we frizzle and fry,
And we scowl at the sky
When the Westerlies blow.

And the plains are a-glare
When the Westerlies blow,
And the hills are a-flare
When the Westerlies blow;
And the breeze is a stew
That the villainous crew
Of Gehenna must brew
When the Westerlies blow.

And we growl and we grill
When the Westerlies blow;
And we swelter and will
When the Westerlies blow;
And we roast till we rave
"If no Angel will save,
Let a vat be our grave—
When the Westerlies blow."

Queensland. P. LUFTIG.

A Song of the Free.

Ho! sing a song for the unfenced runs,
And the ways of the unknown track,
For the blood-horse free in the clean-skin mob,
And the man who brings him back;
For the reckless life and the careless creed
That throbs with liberty,
For the heart of a man who scorns all greed,
For the deeds of the Must-be-Free;
And the thin, brown, wiry horsemen
Who ride through the dawn and dusk,
To triumph with life's sweet kernel—
And leave to the readers—hush!

When the drought lies fierce on the plains of heat
And the hills are brown and bare,
When the shades that fall from the kindly night
Are palls to a deep despair
That would break the heart of a weaker race,
And would choke a meaner soul,
They droop their heads in a dogged pace
And ride for the distant goal,
With hearts that are fixed and earnest,
All reckless and something more—
Right game to the feeblest flutter
And true to the inmost core!

When the woods and the tracks have vanished
In the foam of the ten-mile flood,
When the moan of the wind is eerie
And the wild night chills the blood,
They pace by the struggling starlight,
They ride by the broken banks;
And, drawn by a fancied far-light,
Leave gaps in their changeable ranks,
With the scent of the thick flood-waters
Where dull back-eddies flow
And riderless horses racing,
And voices hushed and low.

Ho! sing a song for the Men of Men
Who ride in the way untrod,
Who pay no tithe to the power of priests,
But deal direct with God.

Ho! sing a song for the dauntless heart
And the mind that knows no fear,
That fights its way to a broader path,
And holds its freedom dear.
For the pale-browed, deep-eyed dreamers
Who scout for the human race;
For the grim and earnest fighters
Who win for the world its place.

WILL. H. FLEMING.

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benefit of whom it may concern:—

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that in art, as in other matters, no trustee of a national
trust shall be permitted to traffic with the trust of which
he is a member. The principle requires, however, to be
carried one step further. A reasonable time ought to
elapse after the retirement of a trustee before his work
should be purchasable by the other trustees. This is a
good principle of equity applicable to trusts generally,
and the courts regard with suspicion all dealings with a
trust by a retired trustee until after the lapse of a reason-
able time. Moreover, no trustee should be allowed to
have hand or part in the purchase by the trust of works
by his pupils, his relatives, sons, daughters, sisters,
cousins, or aunts. In short—it is better not to have
artist trustees at all. Cultured amateurs are better, as
they don't sell and have no pupils.



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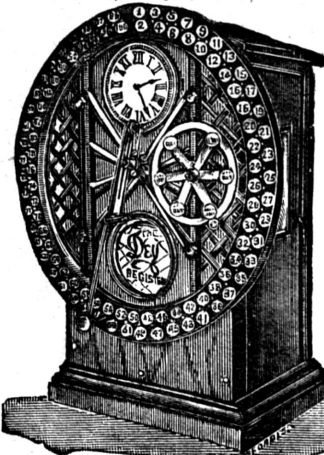
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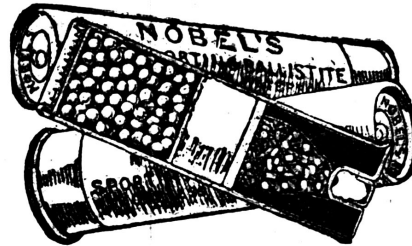
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VOL. 21.—No. 1051.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

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The Bulletin.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1900.

Concerning a Person Without Manners.

LAST week Australia heard, in an amazed
sort of fashion, that a new snag had arisen in
the path of the Commonwealth Bill—the
same being Agent-General REEVES, of
Maoriland, or rather his chief, "Digger
Dick" SEDDON. This interference was so
grossly unfriendly, as well as so vast an im-
pertinence, that for a time there was a
general inclination to think that some curi-
ous mistake had arisen. Therefore Pre-
mier LYNE, of N.S.W., ceased to pursue
the bubonic rat for a few moments while he
wired to his contemporary for an explana-
tion, and SEDDON, of Kumara, promptly
wired back in these terms that there was no
mistake whatsoever:—

I am in receipt of your telegram of 23rd. I forwarded
copy to our Agent-General, and following is his reply:—I
have been at great pains to circulate explanation that
New Zealand wishes certain amendments to be obtained
in a friendly manner, but OTHERWISE we have no hostility
to the Australian Commonwealth Bill. With reference to
your telegram from the Prime Minister of New South
Wales, some misapprehension has arisen from the incorrect
statement in the ST. JAMES'S BUDGET. It was promptly
corrected by me as soon as I saw it, and the delegates
have been informed accordingly. Previously to this I
sought an interview with the Australian delegates, but
they replied that their mission was to secure the passage
of the Bill without alteration. All we wish is the "open
door" policy, which the Bill, as it now stands, does not
provide for. We claim that it would not have been our
place to have interfered in a friendly manner when the
Bill was before the Australian people and the Parliaments.
The matter now being before the Imperial Parliament, it
is our duty to see that the measure as passed shall not be
unjust in its incidence to New Zealand or to any other
outlying State. I understand that one of the colonial
delegates had an interview with the CHURCHILL, in which
he used language which was very free, especially in refer-
ence to Sir JOHN FORREST and myself, and he certainly did
an injustice in stating that I wished to stop the people of
New Zealand from expressing an opinion on Federation.

From this statement it would almost appear
that SEDDON, in springing his surprise on the
federating provinces without notice, at the
eleventh hour, and demanding that the long-
postponed and long-toiled-for Commonwealth
should be again put off to suit the convenience
of a politician who has hitherto
scorned to take any notice of the movement,
thinks he is acting with special courtesy.

Most people on this side of the water view
the matter in a different light. Their
general impression is that he has suddenly
shown himself as the most discourteous
political boor in Christendom, or there-
abouts.

What RICHARD, of Kumara, principally
desires is that the Federal Constitution shall
be so altered that Maoriland can come in
at any future time on the same terms and
conditions as if it had been one of the
original States. It doesn't promise to come
in. All that SEDDON asks is that the
Commonwealth shall be bound to take Maori-
land in if, at any time, that province
finds it would pay better to come in, and
that Maoriland need not come in if it would
pay better for it to stay out. If the Com-
monwealth Parliament took over the debts and
railways of its own States it appears possible,
under SEDDON's proposed system, that Maori-
land would be able to borrow £40,000,000
and make unpayable railways all over the
two islands—and then join the Common-
wealth, whereby its debts would become a
Federal liability and its railway deficit a
Federal loss. If the Federal Parliament
enacted that the Central Government should
take over the debts or deficits or liabilities
of its own States it would at least be dealing
with known quantities. But while it agreed
to take over their responsibilities it would
also assume power to prevent them
piling up more responsibilities than it
could afford to take over. On the other
hand, if Maoriland, without being an origi-
nal State, were to have the privileges of
one whenever it chose to assume them, the
Federal Parliament would at the same time
be taking over an unknown quantity. SEDDON's demand that Maoriland should be
privileged to come in at any future date,
with all the advantages of being an original
State, and take a share in the work it didn't
do, and reap where it didn't sow, sounds
merely like a demand for the same represen-
tation as Victoria, or S.A., or Queensland.
But it means a great deal more. In the
matter of the debt alone it may mean a very
great deal more.

Moreover, in every partnership the part-
ners have a right to select their own com-
pany. Queensland, N.S.W., Victoria, S.A.,
and Tasmania have agreed to be partners.
Each has decided that the other four
are sufficiently honest and not too cantan-
kerous or unbearable, and that it is
possible to get on with them. If Maoriland
had offered to come in they would almost
certainly have decided to the same effect in
its case; but it didn't offer, so the question
wasn't considered. If it had proposed an
arrangement whereby it might come in later
on with the privileges of an original State,
it is quite possible that even that would have
been agreed to, if any agreement could be
devised whereby the unknown quantity thus
introduced into the Commonwealth's calcu-
lations would not be too confusing. But
instead the SEDDON Government treated the
whole Commonwealth movement with cold
disdain, and then, at the eleventh hour, it
requested the British Government to force
the federating States to take it in on its own
terms and at its own convenience. It went
out of its way to be boorish, offensive, ar-
rogant and objectionable, and to make what
would have been an act of friendship and
brotherhood a humiliating surrender to
compulsion. Maoriland, which refused the
hand held out to it by Australia, now
demands from Australia better terms
than any of the Australian provinces receive.
The federating States agree to share the
losses or gains of union, whatever they may
be. SEDDON proposes that Maoriland shall
stand out and see how the thing works,
with the right to come in and share the pro-
fits, if there are any, and to stay out and not
share the losses if that process pays better.

Australia spent five solid years in building
up its Commonwealth so far as it has got.
It held more Conventions than anybody
cares to remember now. It had an election
of Federal delegates in four provinces. It
held nine separate Referendums—two each
in N.S.W., Victoria, S.A., and Tasmania,
and one in Queensland. Eight Houses of
Parliament wrestled with the Enabling Bill
twice, and also went over the Draft Consti-
tution once to suggest amendments. Four
Houses of Parliament wrestled with the Bill
once. Hundreds of thousands of pounds
and thousands of tons of literature were
spent over the struggle. Federal and anti-
Federal orators by hundreds stumped about
a thousand million acres of country—much of
it such awful country as the average Maori-
lander never saw—telling the people things
that were true about the Bill and things that
were not true. Four capitals got drunk
twice over it, and one capital got drunk
once. Two of the most prominent apostles
of union practically ruined themselves in the
struggle; they devoted so much time to the
public interest that their own private in-
terests were wholly neglected. Several
patriots lost their health over it; some
probably lost their souls. And in the end
a scheme was agreed upon, and carried in
three provinces by a large majority and in
two by a comparatively small one.

And now a high-handed boor who stood
apart from all this labor and responsibility
demands that the whole structure erected
with such stupendous labor be pulled to
pieces, in order to insert a proviso that he
hadn't the grace or courtesy to ask when it
could have been so easily granted. And he

distinctly implies that he knew all along that
he wanted the alteration in question, but
waited out of pure cussedness and want of
the ordinary decencies of civilised intercourse.
His explanations are painfully feeble. The
statement that "it was not our place to have
interfered in a friendly manner when the
Bill was before the Australian people and
the Parliaments" can only mean that SEDDON
holds it was rather his place to interfere in
an unfriendly manner, and endeavour to
override the Australian people and the Aus-
tralian Parliaments. The remark that he
merely wishes to secure the "open door"
policy is mere cheerful arrogance. No man
has a right to demand that another man shall
keep his door open under compulsion. The
same applies to his statement that he
wants to secure trade reciprocity. Feder-
ated Australia will make commercial treaties
with Maoriland if it feels so inclined, and if
Maoriland feels so inclined, but SEDDON's
appeal to the British Government to force
Australia to reciprocate—that is apparently
what he really means—is flat insult. And
the plea that he feels compelled to see that
the Australian Federal Constitution "shall
not be unjust in its incidence to Maoriland"
is one of the silliest excuses ever put in
print by a responsible statesman. The Con-
stitution merely provides that the five pro-
vinces which have hitherto governed them-
selves and attended strictly to their own
business under one set of conditions, shall
do the same under slightly different condi-
tions. It imposes no disabilities on Maori-
land. Maoriland, while it stands out of the
Commonwealth, has no more right to interfere
with the internal government of the Common-
wealth than with the internal government of
Russia. It has no more right to demand
that Australia shall keep its door open, so
that Maoriland can come in some day when
it feels that way, than Tasmania has to
demand that Britain shall compulsorily alter
Maoriland's Constitution, so that it can com-
pulsorily unite with Maoriland when it feels
inclined, or not unite if it doesn't feel in-
clined. Maoriland was invited to come in,
and it refused—or SEDDON refused for it.
Now SEDDON demands an arrangement
whereby he may be partly in and partly out,
and a league with five States inside and one
half-way in, and camped like the dog on the
mat, is an anomaly.

If Maoriland asked admission at any future
time, there is no possible reason to suppose
that it wouldn't be received gladly, on terms
as liberal as those accorded to the other
States. But the man from Kumara shows a
gay and clumsy disregard of everybody
else's interest and convenience, which is
intensely aggravating. If the Constitution
Bill is materially altered, it must be again
submitted to the five Australian Parliaments.
They accepted the present Bill, but if it
becomes in any sense a different Bill, they
must accept it over again. Two Upper
Houses, at least, are yearning for a chance
to get rid of the whole affair, and loathe
the democratic Federal Constitution from
the depth of their Tory souls. They only
sent it to the people because they dared
not say they didn't trust the people, and
they accepted it when it came back from
the people because the popular majority
overawed them. If a different Bill comes
back from England, and the acceptance or
rejection of it is left to Parliament, and the
new Bill hasn't the weight of a great popular
vote behind it, they will probably put it
in the waste-paper basket with great joy
and break up the Commonwealth. They
will say: "As the people have no chance
of rejecting these ruinous new clauses by a
direct vote it is necessary for us to do it as the
guardians of their interests." If the Bill is
sent to a new Referendum in order to force the
hand of the obstructive party there will be
great delay and great expense, and in the
two provinces where the Federal majority
was narrow it is impossible to say for certain
what may happen. The new clauses will
certainly be misrepresented by the Pro-
vincialist party and the Provincialist press
as loaded with huge, vague dangers and
responsibilities, and the result may be
disastrous—or again it may not.

If there was any reason why Premier
SEDDON couldn't have asked for his
"open door" two years ago, Australia
probably wouldn't mind all this extra
toil and delay, and the extra risk of
wrecking its laboriously-constructed Com-
monwealth at the last moment, and pulling
down all that has cost such infinite labor to
build up—but there was no such reason.
If Maoriland was really coming in, Australia
would gladly take all the labor and danger—
but it doesn't even profess to be coming in.
SEDDON demands that all this enormous cir-
cumlocution shall be undertaken in order to
admit his province—and then it may not
come in for 20 years or it may never come at
all. And the final aggravation is that, after
the Commonwealth is established, Maoriland
can be admitted, without danger of wrecking
anything, by merely passing a Bill through
the Federal Parliament—a Bill which that
democratic body would almost certainly pass
by acclamation; while now its admission
requires the assent of five Parliaments
and involves the risk—considering the
anti-Federal character of two Upper
Houses—of wrecking everything. And the
whole trouble arises because Digger Dick
chooses, for no visible reason, to be a
Goth, and a person without manners, and
insists, politically speaking, in putting his
front feet in the trough when he could feed
quite as comfortably with them on the floor.

A Great Man's Opportunity.

LAST week was a time of strange and awful revela-
tions in Sydney. The Government snatched con-
trol of the "infected area" out of the palsied
hands of the City Council, and Premier LYNE
proceeded to clean up with a strong arm and a
remorseless heart. As an original legislator LYNE
may not have shown any very striking ability,
but as a bitter and vigorous cleaner-up he
has revealed many valuable points. And the
revelations brought about by LYNE's cleaning-up
were awful beyond description. From one block
measuring roughly 170 yards by 80 or 85 yards his
sanitary corps removed 900 tons of filth—mostly
very ancient filth, the accumulation of years and
years, during which the municipal authorities
have dozed and dreamed to no purpose. Tons
and tons of manure, decaying mattresses, decay-
ing rags, decaying bones, and decaying food and
produce, defunct samples of every domestic
animal common to a city and of less dimen-
sions than a pony, rats, cats, hats, boots, and
sundries were all there. The alleged earth wasn't
really earth but garbage trodden hard underfoot.
And this was one block in a busy part of the city,
and that not the worst or dirtiest part. And
Sydney is an allegedly civilised city, and a capital
of which its inhabitants are proud, and it has had
a municipal government for about half-a-century
to keep it clean and look after it, and its people
are shocked at the alleged dirtiness of the Boers,
and JOHN SEE, who had his own premises in this
den of horrors, is a member of the Cow-Shaking
Ministry.

The infected area is a very small part of Syd-
ney, and there hasn't been time to officially in-
spect the rest of the city yet. But the Waterloo
inspector of nuisances woke up sufficiently the
other day to prosecute some people on these
grounds:

O'Brien's house was in filthy condition. The floors were
covered with fowl refuse and dirt—almost every room, as
well as the passages. There were several children in the
place, the smell of which was very offensive. Maxwell
had a load of horse manure on his premises, besides old
bedding and other rubbish. Keys had heaps of house
garbage and human excreta on his premises. The closet
pan was stopped up. Rafferty, a butcher, had two bags
of putrid meat on his premises, and there was a very bad
smell. Graham, of Redfern, deposited a quantity of
rotten fish and a number of dead cats on the property of
Sir Daniel Cooper, off Bourke-street, Waterloo, without
having first obtained permission from the owner. The
putrid fish—half a load—was partly covered over, but it
was put near to houses. Defendant said, when the sum-
mons was served on him, "I was ordered to take the
stuff away from Redfern, and I didn't know where to put
it." The smell from the fish and cats was very offensive.
In Larzour's school and church there was a quantity of
nightsoil littered all over the place, which was very filthy.
When even a church in a populous suburb has
manure in it, and a minister of the Gospel has to
be hauled up on account thereof, things are in a
bad way. And yet the dirty individual who left
his fish and dead cats on the property of the great
absentee, COOPER, had some excuse. There is no
destructor where such things can be utterly
abolished. The municipal dust-cart, which is a
small vehicle and arrives occasionally, objects to
taking ton-loads of refuse at a time. They can't
well be burnt on the owners' premises, and in a
populous suburb they can't be buried with any
kind of safety. So two sets of habits have arisen:
the very dirty man leaves the garbage where it is,
and the moderately dirty man takes it away and
drops it somewhere else. And Redfern was quite
satisfied when the fish and cats were taken on to
Waterloo, and Waterloo was only angry because
they weren't taken on to Botany.

The DAILY TELEGRAPH rose up last Thursday in
a moment of energy with the question "Why not
resume and remodel the infected area?" Why
not, indeed? THE BULLETIN has been asking
that question for ten years. There is hardly
a building or wharf in the infected area that
doesn't deserve to have sentence of death
passed on it forthwith. The wharves and
buildings want to be rebuilt on a very
different plan, and the streets laid out anew
and made straight and wide, and the lanes
abolished—and the old proprietors hanged, if pos-
sible. But it is no use confining the question to
one infected area. Inside the metropolitan area
there are two or three dozen or more. Typhoid
and diphtheria and other dirt diseases are quite
as distinctly plagues as their bubonic brother,
and just as deadly. It is absurd to confine
the resumption and remodelling to the small
area where the small plague is once, and allow
the huge area where the great plagues are
constantly to pass unnoticed. To start resuming
and remodelling the small area in a hurried, spas-
modic, damn-the-expense-it-will-be-paid-out-of-
loans fashion is mere paltering with a great
question. What is wanted is a resumption and
remodelling, not only of this one little slum, but
of all the slums, and all the narrow, crooked streets,
and a systematic attack on all the plagues. There-
fore, the first thing to do is to pass a cast-iron
Building Act and an Act regulating streets and
lanes, which will prevent any more wooden shanties
and angular lanes and alleys and slums being
created; there is enough work ahead in dealing
with the woe that already exists, but if jerry-
builders and foolish suburban corporations are
allowed to create two new slums while the city is
thinking of abolishing one old one, the case of
SISYPHUS wasn't a circumstance by comparison.
And the next thing is to create a new authority
to control the whole metropolitan area, and
with full power to do the things that are
required. The third essential is to provide the
plan of operations—the scheme and specifications
of the new Sydney that is to be when the slums
of eminent citizens have been resumed and pulled
down, and the 75 tons of garbage have been
shifted from the eminent citizen's backyard.
Fourthly, it is essential to provide for raising the
money, and if it must be borrowed money, for
making sure that it will be repaid out of revenue
in a reasonable time.

The only Sydney daily which has said anything
very definite about the matter is the DAILY
TELEGRAPH. Its theory is to wait and to strike
when the iron is cold. Its view of the case is thus
expressed in another leading article:—

One of the means excitedly suggested in some quarters
for stamping out the plague is to "call Parliament to-
gether." With many people, the childlike faith in Parlia-
ment's omnipotence is quite pathetic to behold. They
imagine that Parliament can do anything from coining
money out of stones to curing epidemic diseases. Hence,
as soon as anything of a disquieting character occurs, the
demand is for Parliament to immediately assemble, with
the view of making speeches and passing resolutions con-
cerning it. It is only another phase of the same fatuous
credulity which prompts less civilised people to try and
scare the plague away by beating tom-toms, and other
public demonstrations of an equally effective character.
There is no doubt that with the Legislature is a consid-
erable amount of practical power for preventing such
calamities as that which is now upon Sydney. It is to
the absence of wise sanitary laws, which should have been
passed long ago, that the present trouble is largely due.
Had Parliament done its part in the way that has been
repeatedly urged, by thoroughly reforming the effete and
incompetent civic government of the metropolis, things
in a sanitary sense would now be far different to what
they are and the plague visitation shorn of half its terrors.
But this is not the time for that fatal oversight to be

remedied. Legislation is a very slow process, upon which, in fighting the plague, it would be madness to wait. It is the duty of the Executive now to anticipate legislation, to do whatever is practicable for coping with the pest, and leave the formal discussion of it to some more convenient time.

And the N.S.W. Parliament has been waiting for a more convenient time for how long? At least five-and-twenty years. All that while it has been almost persuaded to do something with the dilapidated municipal system which made the plague and the 900 tons of filth possible, but it always decided that there was no immediate reason for undignified velocity, and that it was a large subject, and shouldn't be dealt with in haste because suddenness led to unwisdom. Then something has happened which is calculated to compel the Legislature to consider the problem, and it is seriously urged that nothing should be done until the old peaceful conditions supervene once more. Three months hence Parliament will probably meet to find the plague gone, and to realise that there were only 80 or 90 deaths in all, and to decide that the panic was quite uncalled for, and that any "hasty or ill-considered legislation" is to be deprecated.

At the same time there is no possible use in Parliament assembling now unless the LYNE Ministry has a plan to lay before it. It wants a huge plan—the biggest and most comprehensive plan N.S.W. ever had. The opportunity calls for a man with great ideas—another NAPOLEON III. and another BARON HAUSMAN—somebody with all their energy and daring and originality, and a great deal more than their honesty. What is wanted in the first place is to put all the metropolitan area—all the 41 municipalities which now pass the decayed fish and the late cat along to each other—under one government; to make it a popular government elected solely by the people instead of almost solely by landlords with plural votes; to give the new body practically unlimited powers, and at the same time to lay upon it the responsibility of remodelling the city on certain fixed lines and to decide how the expense of so doing is to be met. A big man—such a municipal statesman as CHAMBERLAIN—would revel in such an opportunity. Is WILLIAM JOHN LYNE a big man? Or is he only a conscientious, temporary washer-up?

PLAIN ENGLISH.

The Golden-haired Shooter.

"COCKNEY" on the FRASER case:—

Seems to me that many an Australian husband will need to "mind his eye" for some time to come. The moral effect of the FRASER case has yet to make itself felt. This particular angel who blinded her lawful partner on one side of his face, and paralysed him on one side of his body, is not the only specimen of her rampaging type. There are others—and LORD help the men they may lead to the altar! Dr. FRASER had been a long time married to his fair KITT when she—by the showing of her own counsel, PURVES, Q.C.—impulsively fired a bullet into his brain. They had lived together at various places, each making the other's life "a hell upon earth," if they are both to be believed. Evidently Dr. FRASER suffered from an infatuation for his wife, or he would not have come back to the domestic Sheol after having once got away to England when the lady wasn't looking. And Mrs. FRASER, for her part, was perhaps addicted to a sort of fondness for the doctor. She found a pleasure in being wildly jealous of him, or pretending to be jealous of him, and she is credited with having hurled dangerous missiles at her unexcitable partner on sundry occasions—which is indirect evidence of fondness in a woman of her ripe-busted, theatrical type. Those whom such goddesses and love they invariably endeavour to make mad, and when the endeavour fails they themselves grow madder than ever. As to whether Mrs. FRASER was really jealous, or merely shamming jealousy because she couldn't help it, there is no evidence to show. The one thing certain is her inability to prove any good cause for jealousy. Had there been any proofs available, the clever little woman would have produced them at the trial. As a matter of fact Mrs. FRASER, when called to account for her putting of a bullet into her husband's brain, had no reasonable excuse to offer. There was some evidence of violent language, and Mrs. FRASER's counsel did his best to make Dr. FRASER look an injuring rather than an injured party when he was under cross-examination. But considering that the man with a bullet in his brain had good medical reasons for wanting to speak as little as possible, and was obviously disinclined to assist the Crown's perfunctory prosecution of his wife, the counsel for the defence may be said to have scored only a moderate success. Mrs. FRASER and her counsel met with no interference worth mentioning from the other side. They had the whole field to themselves, the counsel leading the way, and the lady following him up to a certain point, where she set forth "on her own" and won an astounding verdict. Counsel PURVES represented Mrs. FRASER as a sweet hysterical wife driven by her husband's alleged cruelty to a sudden act of desperation, i.e., the act of wilfully shooting the said husband without malice aforethought. The golden-haired lady's statement from the dock was tearful and contradictory. For "nine long years," said Mrs. F. to the jury, her life had been "a misery" to her owing to her husband's cruelty. "She had worked for him day and night and made money for him, but in return he had only insulted her," so "she bore him no malice at the time of the shooting," and inasmuch as he had lately left her, she begged him to return to his dear little money-maker and resume the life of conjugal misery which he wished to terminate. "She spoke to him kindly, calling him by his pet name," and when he repeated his refusal to live with her, and "come home drunk and drag her about by the hair of the head" as of yore, she (the money-maker) cried, "Then, what is to become of me and my child?" A minute later "some dust blew into her face, and she put her hand into her pocket for her handkerchief. In taking it out the revolver, which she did not know was in her pocket, came out too and got entangled in the handkerchief. She recollected nothing more until she realised that her husband was shot. She had not the slightest notion of shooting him." The jury affected to believe Mrs. FRASER's yarn. At any rate, they acquitted her on the ground that the small Colt revolver (which required cocking before it could be discharged with a hard trigger-pull) went off by accident. In acquitting Mrs. FRASER, the jury practically accepted all her statements as simple truth, whereas, if they had judged the beginning and the middle piece of her story by the brazen impudence of its tail end, they would have come to a very different conclusion.

The Patriotic Fund Muddle.

THE first demand made on the N.S.W. Patriotic Fund showed that alleged charity up rather badly. One warrior went away leaving his wife unprotected. He didn't even give her the usual order to receive part of his pay, so she and her little ones are starving. And the Patriotic Fund £33,000 odd won't give her a farthing because it is only raised to benefit injured soldiers or the wives and families of soldiers who may lose their lives in the service. So it can't be used to help the starving families of injured soldiers (only the injured soldiers themselves), or soldiers who become incapacitated or die after leaving the service through illness brought on by hardships during the campaign, or the wives and families of such soldiers. The exact wording of the resolution on which the Patriotic Fund is based:—

That this public meeting of citizens affirms the desirability of the formation of a New South Wales Patriotic Fund, for the purpose of assisting where necessary such members of the New South Wales Contingent to South Africa as may be injured in the execution of their duty, or the wives and families of those who may lose their lives in such service, and of establishing the said fund on a permanent basis for like purposes in future.

The administrators of the Fund must stick to the exact letter of this resolution, or if they depart

from it they do so at their own risk, and are guilty of misappropriation of the cash. So, to put the matter in a condensed form, the following classes are left wholly unprotected for:—

- (1) Sick or starving wives and children of soldiers away on service where the soldiers have made their patriotism an excuse for desertion.
- (2) Wives and children of injured soldiers (the fund only provides for the injured and incapacitated soldiers themselves).
- (3) Soldiers who become incapacitated through disease, the seeds of which were acquired during the campaign (getting the seeds of consumption or other disease, especially if the results are not manifest till after leaving the service, isn't strictly "being injured"—at least the question is a very open one).
- (4) The wives and children of such soldiers.
- (5) The wives and children of soldiers injured in the service but who die after leaving the service. These men didn't "lose their lives in such service"—they lost their lives after quitting it. So while they survive they can be personally relieved as "injured," but as the Fund doesn't deal with the wives and families of the injured the latter won't come in anywhere after the injured fathers die.

When all these limitations are considered it looks as if fully half the cases that the Patriotic Fund is vaguely supposed to relieve are inexorably shut out from receiving any benefit whatever. Who drafted that famous and very remarkable resolution which is the basis of the Fund, and why did he do it? Also, why was the resolution adopted?

How Pharaoh softened His Heart.

MELBOURNE Tramway Co.'s so-called concession of the 48-hour system to its gripmen and conductors, which, with a keen eye to business, it worked into nearly a half-column advt., is by no means as gaudy a boon as it looks. Practically, it amounts to a rise in wages of 2s. 1d. per week for first-class men only—nothing more. The dividend-making machine still works these men 60 hours per week. The wages for first-class gripmen were formerly £2 2s.; and £2 1s. for conductors; the co. now pays time-and-a-quarter for the last 12 hours, thus increasing the "screw" by one-twentieth=2s. 1d. The second-class men, who work from 36 to 44 hours per week, gain nothing whatever. But the sweating monopoly has stalled off further agitation by this crafty move, and will now reply that it has granted the eight-hour system and has increased wages. The real fact is that it has only nominally reduced the hours, for in cases where it permits a man to knock off after doing 48 hours, it actually reduces his wages to 35s. 3d. per week. The original trouble was that the co. agreed to work its men eight hours a day, anything beyond that to be paid as overtime. Then it paid them a reasonable wage for eight hours' work and worked them ten hours or thereabouts, and now when it goes back to the eight hours it cuts down the wages correspondingly. So where the men get the eight-hour limit, which the co. agreed to give them all along but didn't, they get the rights they have been so long defrauded out of but get them entirely at their own expense. And where they still work 60 hours they get a rise of 2s. 1d. per week at most. Both AGE and ARGUS describe this as a "concession," and, like the granting of one-day's rest in seven, it certainly is one—that is to say it is mostly a concession to public opinion at the men's expense. It is to be hoped the public and the Councils will remember this when the co., as is intended shortly, asks for an extension of time of its own "concession." The co. has received one extension of its lease already. It is now engineering with a view to getting another extension in return for consenting to cut up its lines into penny sections. Judging by the experience of penny-sections in George-street, Sydney, it will thereby make more money than it does now, and the co. is trying to arrange to get its monopoly extended for a number of years in consideration of its graciously condescending to make more money. The apparent reason why it does not start the penny sections now, and make more money at once, is that it would thereby have to blunt out the fact in its monthly returns that it was making an extra profit, instead of a great sacrifice to the public convenience, and it needs to get its extension before that fact comes out if it is going to get it at all. When the Tramway Co.'s proposal for a lengthening of its lease to make up for the loss it is going to incur by establishing penny sections comes before the authorities the wisest proceeding would be for the latter to say: "Try the penny sections for six months first. The loss, if any, as compared with the corresponding six months of previous year will be certified to by our auditors. At the end of the six months we will either offer you sufficient extension to make good the loss, or you can abolish the penny sections again, and the loss already incurred can be deducted from your payments to the sinking fund." That would be business-like. In dealing with a concern like the Melbourne Tramway Co. it is impossible to be too business-like.

The Remarkable Crown Witness.

VIC. Crown Law authorities have just now a fine chance to show their impartiality and love of that justice which they are supposed to uphold. In a case at Melb. Criminal Sessions last week a young man was charged with maliciously wounding Constable GRAHAM, said wound being caused by a revolver-shot. Accused averred it was an accident. Judge A'BECKETT, in summing up, said that "perjury had been committed on one side or the other; the evidence had been most contradictory. The constables stated that they had only one revolver among them, while the opposing witnesses said they had distinctly seen two produced. The police denied using a life-preserver, but three of the witnesses for the defence said that a life-preserver had been used." After a short consultation the jury acquitted accused. Also, two days later, at Castlemaine, in an arson case, Judge HOOD said that "the whole case hinged on one boy's (a Crown witness's) statement; the boy must either be a liar or accused was guilty." And again the jury disbelieved the Crown's witness and acquitted. Wherefore the C.L. Dept., which, whenever an accused person's statement is discredited, rushes around in great haste and sets the law in motion and gaols the prisoner some more for his gross and premeditated perjury, is cordially invited to show its bona-fides in the matter by prosecuting its own witnesses for what these two juries put down as perjury. By way of making the need for a perjury prosecution more urgent an interesting side-light showed up in the first of these two cases. The revolver with which the shooting was said to have been done, when first produced was rusty and unworkable, so that it was practically impossible to shoot with it, but when handed to the jury next day it was found to have been oiled and cleaned, so that the statement about the shooting looked quite feasible. Of course, nobody knew anything about it, and as the Judge's associate stated it had never been out of his possession, the weapon apparently cleaned itself up and oiled itself for the express purpose of strengthening the case against accused. That revolver is an ideal Crown witness, as they grow in Victoria. It was there to secure a conviction, and no trouble or expense was to be spared to

attain that end; and if the evidence wasn't strong enough it was prepared to strengthen it by greasing itself as the case went on.

Stuck Fast.

Appropos of the Greater Sydney movement, or the stoppage of the thing that never really moved fast enough to be called a movement—what is the good of waiting till the 41 city and suburban councils agree on a plan of Municipal Federation? Seeing that the first and worst complaint against these 41 institutions is that they are hopelessly stagnant and don't move, it is absurd to wait till they move before instituting the reform whose great purpose is to make them more movable than they were before. And the second objection to them is that they don't represent the people but only a small squad of plural-vote property-owners, so it is still more absurd to hang up a great people's movement till it gets the consent of certain institutions whose woe and trouble is that they don't represent the people. If the councils as at present constituted haven't sense enough to so conduct themselves as to be worth preserving, which is the reason of the Greater Sydney movement, it is foolish to expect them to have sense enough to know that they aren't worth preserving, or to have conscience enough to say it if they do know it. Waiting for the councils to decide on the need for their own abolition is just the same hopelessness as waiting for a criminal to try himself, and find himself guilty, and hang himself. The short way out is for Parliament to draft a scheme for complete municipal reform, and then submit it to the vote of the people—or else not submit it at all. Waiting for the municipal councils to decide that, owing to their incompetence and ignorance, and the wretchedness of the system which allows such incompetent and ignorant and dirty people to be in municipal councils, it is advisable to abolish themselves as a failure and a nuisance, is too slow a process. The people have occasionally risen in insurrection and shifted an incapable ruler, but the incapable ruler who rose in insurrection and shifted himself is a very rare product, and takes much waiting for.

From Daylight to Dark.

MELBOURNE Employers' Union President M'CARON, in his inaugural address recently, expressed grave doubts as to the beneficial effects of Factories Acts, and was painfully exercised over the fact that this betterment of the conditions of work for town workers drew men in increasing numbers from the country; therefore this president, in the plenitude of his wisdom, thought these Acts should be viewed with caution. He wouldn't go so far as to advocate their abolition, but he had his doubts. "Was it to be expected," said he, "that men would work on farms for 15/- or 20/- a week, from daylight to dark, when they could earn 6/- or 7/- for eight hours' work in the city? The Government should do all in its power to encourage people to remain on the land." Precisely! Quite so! And the simplest and most profitable way to do so is to improve their conditions of life to the standard of the workers in the cities; to raise their wages and to lower their hours to the same level. If you have ten cows in a well-grassed paddock, which will only feed that number, and there are ten others outside fighting to get in, the most sensible way to meet the difficulty is not to turn all twenty on to the bare plains outside, but to provide another equally desirable paddock for the other ten. To the ordinary intelligence there appears no earthly reason why the Factories Act, with its hour-regulating and minimum wage provisions, should not be made to apply to the employed 200 miles as well as the one 2 miles from Melbourne Post Office. Why should the agricultural laborer work from daylight to dark? What has the butter-factory hand done that he should be forced to put in 70 to 80 hours a week? And what's the trouble with the rouseabout and saw-miller, or the baker, or tailor in the country township! When certain democratic members of Vic. Assembly proposed to permit country municipalities to take advantage of the Act if they so desired, the hide-bound Tories, backed up by sundry country members themselves, objected strongly. They didn't want any Factories Act; the people were not yet educated up to that standard; the time had not yet arrived; and so forth. So the country worker, failing to get the same small measure of justice grudgingly yielded to his town cousin, has begun to take the matter in his own hands and to rush the cities, and while the State deliberately sets to work to make country life less desirable than life in the city what else does anyone expect?

THE Mayor of Sydney made a mournful observation the other day when stating that he intended to proceed against the owners of some filthy premises; he said that he hoped this time "filthy men would not be asking him to withdraw the summonses." When the average person is summoned for keeping his premises in a state of filth, and thereby bringing typhoid, diphtheria, and death on his neighbors, he presses his alderman to get the proceedings withdrawn, so that he may remain filthy and murderous; and the alderman, for the sake of the dirty man's vote, hustles round and worries the mayor, and the mayor weakly consents lest that alderman becomes a nuisance and blocks business. If every adult inhabitant had one vote and no more it might not matter so much—there are actually some aldermen who wouldn't connive at the murder of their fellow-creatures by typhoid and diphtheria for the sake of one vote. But when the dirty inhabitant has, say, four votes it is different. Most aldermen would wink at the murder of any number of people by typhoid to propitiate a man with four votes.

"C.C." to THE BULLETIN, from Hobart:—

If filth spells Bubonic Plague, what sort of a chance has Hobart of escaping it? A few of the inhabitants are already writing to the local rag concerning the awful state of the streets in their stinksome village; but the editor is too busy soiling on the pups of war to take any hand in sweeping his own doorstep. Most of the correspondents only draw attention to such every-day matters as gutters blocked up with manure, decaying meat, fruit, dead cats, and other unconsidered trifles; but one grumbler takes exception to the fact that the city's meat supply is hung up in close proximity to stacks of sanitary pans collected by the man who "stalketh at midnight," and the flies pay and return calls between the pans and the meat. The sanitary arrangements of the slothful village are far below the same in a black's camp. From every house in the side streets the household "slops" run into the gutters—gutters formed with uneven chunks of blue metal, so that the filth lodges in the crevices. Just smell them when after a light fall of rain the sun brings out the aroma! In the houses whose back premises abut on to the footpath one may notice instances where the "pilgrims of the night" have forgotten to close the little trap-doors through which they remove their spoils. Yet, when a visitor notices and remarks upon the absence of all sanitary decency in this filthy village of Hobart, the native looks surprised and says, "Oh, we never notice it at all. It only looks so bad to you because you are a new-comer!" The civic authorities only grunt "Whaffor?" in reply to all remonstrances, and as the proprietors of the local rag are intimately connected with the Municipal Council and the Upper and Lower Houses of Parliament, the editor is discreetly silent upon everything but the doings of the filthy, ignorant, and treacherous Boers. Present writer went to look at a house to let in the heart of

the village, which was so full of pestilential filth left by former tenants that the agent offered to allow a fortnight's rent for the removal of the decaying rubbish in the back-yard. Offer declined. In spite of the enormous expense incurred by the stringent precautions adopted here to prevent the plague striking us (we tar the hawsters of the Sydney boats!) writer will take short odds that it will break out shortly in Wapping, where the houses abut on to an open sewer filled with indescribable horrors. Hobart won't even flush its open sewers when the tourists' season is over.

EDITOR BULLETIN.—During last month (March) there occurred in Sydney no less than nine scaffolding accidents (of which I send you a list), two of them fatal and the others involving broken legs and arms, &c. There also occur many accidents which are not reported, because the victims are not taken to hospital; and, in fact, legislation is badly needed to give protection to painters, carpenters, and others of the building trades. Factory workers are protected from dangerous operations, and inspectors under the Act have power to compel precautions for the safety of operatives. But the building-trade workers are completely at the mercy of the stinginess of masters who provide faulty or insufficient scaffolding. Split planks, rotten ropes, worn-out ladders are almost universal in the painting, plumbing, carpentering, and allied trades in Sydney; and failing a stringent and strictly-enforced Act, the slaughter will go gaily on. DIBBS appointed an inspector to deal with the evil, but REID promptly sacked him and left things as they were.—JACK SHAY.

At a meeting held last week, at Paddington, N.S.W., to bring into existence a Citizens' Sanitary Vigilance Committee, J. A. PHILP, one of the speakers, said that, as these vigilance committees would be formed in all the suburban municipalities of the metropolitan district of Sydney, a Sanitary League, with representatives from the committees, would be a natural development of the movement. The incidence of the plague had brought the Greater Sydney question at one stride into the sphere of immediate politics, and Premier LYNE had intimated that he was looking to the municipal bodies for the skeleton of a measure to secure amalgamation. Now, continued Mr. PHILP, the basic curse of the frightful hygienic condition of Sydney ("like a fat cow which lies and stinks in state") was the property-franchise which enabled callous property-owners with an ignorant impatience of taxation to rule the roost, and he had no doubt that any draft legislation emanating from the municipal councils would be designed to perpetuate the property qualification. A sanitary league could render inestimable public service by working the people up to an understanding of this important point to the end that the principle of manhood, or even of adult-suffrage, would be incorporated in the Bill. Two months of such a league might well be a Greater Sydney—and a cleaner; and no quarter to the old brigade in the Sydney City Council.

ABOUT the meanest people claiming a big share in all the military glory that is going are those who have been naturalised in the Transvaal, but have refused to fight for their adopted country, and now expect to be regarded as patriots by the British people upon whom they lately turned their backs. These people generally call themselves Englishmen still; and when one of them is told to go to the front with the other burghers, he having, when he was naturalised, undertaken to do so when called on, the Jingo papers ask us to picture the horror of it! What really is horrible is that, in the hope of making a few pounds more, people should have renounced Britain and their rights as Englishmen, and now parade as patriots. If there is one set of men in the world who deserve the name less than others it is these; for they have sold not only their native land for a mess of pottage, but their adopted land as well. If we honestly expect the thousands of naturalised subjects on this continent to be true to Australia when she gets into trouble, by all that is sensible let us give over cheering these naturalised subjects of the Transvaal when they prove false to their adopted country. Perhaps it would be just as well not to express too much horror even when the Boers do lead the false ones outside and shoot them. It is not worth while giving the idea that we wouldn't do anything like that, because, as a matter of fact, we would, without any doubt at all. They have universal military service in the Transvaal and the born or naturalised Boer who doesn't serve when called on is a deserter. Every country shoots deserters in war time.

EDITOR BULLETIN.—Seems to me that Sydney's susceptibility to the bubonic plague is in some measure at least the result of the city's much-overrated system of drainage. Under former conditions all storm-water (along with house-slops) was allowed a free run of the gutters; and then, if, in dry weather, the house-waste accumulated it was obvious and cried aloud for a remedy; while in wet weather or during rain-storms the storm-water served a good purpose by sluicing and flooding all parts of the surface. But now by a "scientific" system the storm-water from all the roofs (which are practically the catchment-area of the city) is conducted at once into the sewers and wasted. Consequently there are countless areas into which down-pipes previously discharged that now never get washed out, and the sluicing of the streets mainly depends, even in the heaviest rain-storms, on what rain actually falls on their own surface. Wash, wash, wash—everything, early and often—seems to be the best antidote for plagues. Therefore, Sydney's drainage system should be modified so that the storm-water from the roofs can scour out yards, areas, alley-ways, lanes and other likely germ-beds. Otherwise there should be compulsory washing-out of all enclosed or partially-sheltered areas on which the natural cleanser, storm-water, does not get a chance to act. Hundreds of Sydney back lanes, yards, alleys, &c., have not had a proper wash-out since the old-time surface-discharging down-pipes were altered and connected with the sewers.—S.O.B.

THE SOUTHERN TIMES (Bunbury, W.A.) cries to JOHN FORREST (Bunbury is JOHN's own constituency) to turn Federationist before his anti-Federal attitude drives the Goldfields into lawful or unlawful separation:—

If Federation is accepted, then, though it may be a very bitter pill to swallow, let it be taken kindly, or worse may have to be swallowed in the future. On the other hand, if we stand on our dignity or persist in being obstinate, we are bound to lose a large slice of territory, and that to this district spells R-U-I-N. The moment the 119th meridian becomes the eastern boundary of this colony, as a district we are doomed. We would lose all that market for farm, dairy, and orchard produce, the Collie-Goldfield railway scheme would fall through, the harbour might just as well be allowed to silt up with sand-spin, and Bunbury would become a deserted village. The reasons are patent to the most obtuse. Given Separation with Federation, and the first thing that would be undertaken would be the construction of a railway from Kalgoorlie, or Coolgardie, to Esperance, and the formation of a good harbor there. Where would the Wellington and adjoining districts be then? All supplies for the Eastern goldfields would then come from Adelaide, Melbourne or Sydney. Our produce would be stopped at the 119th Meridian, shut out by the Federal Customs duties. Where would we find a market? Those who,

now that this new light had been shed on this question, remain anti-Federalists, must supply the answer for themselves. We repeat that Federation, though distasteful to many people, must come. If we stand aloof, it will be to wait a melancholy dirge on a lonely shore, our misery being intensified by the shouts of triumph and peans of joy which will be wafted to us from the east, and which will find a welcoming echo in the heart of every Briton in the dear old mother-land.

SUNDRY SHOWS.

SYDNEY SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

HER MAJESTY'S..... "Youth."
ROYAL..... "The Happy Life."
LYCEUM..... "Defender of the Faith."
PALACE..... "Lady Dolly."
CRITERION..... Rickards' Co.

MELBOURNE SHOWS FOR COMING WEEK.

PRINCESS'S..... "Little Red Riding Hood" (last nights).
THEATRE ROYAL..... "When the Lamps are Lighted."
BIJOU..... Rickards' Variety Co.

A very large and cordial house welcomed the Broughs back at Sydney Royal, and looked with a friendly but rather difficult eye on Louis Parker's comedy of the "Happy Life." This work is called a comedy because Mrs. Brough is insensible in the first act through falling down stairs, and is in tears all through Acts II. and III.; and most of the other people are miserable also. And it is called the "Happy Life" because the two most prominent characters invent so many new ways of being profoundly and horribly wretched. Lovell—the hero of all the broken-hearted joy—lives alone in chambers because he is a noble-minded young pessimist with a great soul, and dreams, and a mental haze, and a misty yearfulness, and many long-haired emotions. And one Xmas eve a lady in evening dress stuns herself on the stairs, and remains insensible in his rooms all night through unprovoked assault on the bottom step with her head. He insists on marrying her because she is "compromised," in the dirty eye of the world, by being stunned alone on his premises, and she marries him because she thinks she is compromised and because the back of her head is still swollen. They resolve to be nobly miserable ever after; and it is tacitly agreed that they will never, never smile again. Within three weeks each loves the other, but the wife assumes that her husband must loathe her for falling downstairs, and the husband knows that the wife hates him for not leaving her on the cold back-step all night. So they only moan in private and don't explain. They crawl up the stair at night and listen at each other's keyhole, and then they crawl down again, and wish they were dead, but don't like to commit suicide lest the other party should be annoyed at the corpse. Every time he is going out of the room she rushes after him to explain, and if she only took him firmly by the coat-tail she might explain, unless the tail came off, and even then she might tell him how the case stood when he came back to ask why she had dragged off the tail. But she always stops halfway, as a kitten does when it rushes at nothing and doesn't arrive, and then goes back and weeps bitterly on the sofa. And over and over again he is inclined to seize her kindly but emphatically by the skirt when she has finished grieving in the drawing-room and is going to sob in other parts of the house, and to tell her the whole truth, even if the skirt comes away from the waistband—but he doesn't. In the end, a judicious but impatient friend shoves them together in the last act.

The casual side characters are more interesting than the hero and heroine. They mostly wobble about something, while the others wobble about nothing. Brough, as the heroine's father, is the oppressed sort of old brown man who is always married to the sort of woman who keeps a hash house. Poor old Brough writes some kind of a book in his old age, and his kindly but miserable son-in-law secretly buys up all the copies, and the ancient is so inflated at the run on his volume that he rises up in weak penny arrogance, somewhat after the fashion of a worm attacking a fenced city, and speaks severely to his benefactor. Brough's feebleness, and brownness, and crushedness, and his weak indignation, which is like the fury of a pint of skim milk, and his arrogance, which is the arrogance of a man who is half-inclined to assert himself, and insist on having better on his crumple whether his wife likes it or not, is an exceedingly clever study. Miss Bessie Thompson, as Brough's oppressor, a smooth and venomous lady who offers a home to young gentlemen, is likewise a clever and attractive work of art. Everything Miss Thompson does is done well, and on this occasion it is done quite as well as usual. A certain flushed and swollen cad played by Percy Brough calls for honorable mention, as do a few more or less casual parts filled by Joseph Carne, Leslie Victor, and Misses Noble and Temple. The two leading characters are the most depressing. Lovell's hero is depressing merely because the part is that of a bleak and cheerless ass, and all that Lovell can do leaves it the same inherent ass after all. Mrs. Brough begins to be a failure in damp and melancholy parts. She doesn't weep gracefully; she always grieves with the same set of hard contortions, and at critical moments, instead of suggesting picturesque woe, she is only a rather large lady in a moist state. As a stunned intruder on a stranger's premises at the dead of night she looks well, but for the rest of the time she is only variable.

Sydney Liedertafel's production of "Lady Dolly" at the Palace Theatre. Sydney, may be honestly commended as something far above the average amateur standard. In certain ways a large and capable amateur organisation like the Liedertafel has advantages even over a good professional company. The chorus hasn't all the same wooden hired smile; it hasn't been measured for its smile; it doesn't feel that it must smile or

be sacked; and its look of gladness isn't the look that comes of hope deferred and 18s. a week. Its grin may be somewhat out of step, but at least it arises from the fact that the co. is proud and happy, and part of it feels that it is capable of playing Lady Macbeth, and the other part feels that it is having a night out and making a cheerful, joyous ass of itself. Its clothes are new and varied, and it isn't harassed by the knowledge that its grandmother is in the back row, and it will be there itself by-and-bye. A good amateur co. is often as good as a professional one while it is doing things. It is when it isn't doing things that its weakness appears. Very often the last person doesn't know whether to accept the encore or not, and the next person doesn't know whether the last person is coming back or not, consequently the foot of the last person sticks out of the wings on one side, and the head of the next person sticks out on the other side, and both wobble and hesitate while the stage is left empty. But it is only occasionally that the Liedertafel crowd bobs about like this. It is a composed body, and keeps its head wonderfully. Moreover it really has a head. A great many people that keep their heads haven't got any.

"Lady Dolly" is an opera with a very thin and feeble plot, one or two respectable songs and a lot of very good music. The thin part is by Margery Browne, and the music by Alfred Hill. It is propped up by a very powerful orchestra, and is well staged, and well danced, and on the whole well sung and acted. Misses Hetty Holroyd, Bertha Caldwell, and Mabel Hastings and Mr. Burns-Walker are good all round. Mr. Beattie sings his part well and is an impossibly wooden Spaniard when he acts, and the veil of charity is hereby drawn over the other leading character. The veil of charity is made large in this country to keep off mosquitoes, so it can cover many things.

"Constance Clyde" writes regarding "Defender of the Faith" at Sydney Lyceum:

The Lyceum play where the mad people are thrashed in a mild, mechanical way, and given spangled silks and so forth to be insane in at the Queen's expense, has several melodramatic characteristics besides the heroine who says "Do not touch me; there is danger in me," and when she is touched merely squeals and says that she is a woman. (The number of occasions when Mrs. De Winton informs the audience that she is a woman is infinite, and even gets on the soul of John Saunders, who at other times manages to get a little reality into his pastboard characters.) Re the curfew that didn't ring that night, the author honorably confesses to the steal which anyone can see half a mile off, but keeps a steady silence regarding one or two other "coincidences" which, maybe, are not so obvious. The "curfew" isn't much of a steal, anyway, because the girl, who is standing on a solid support merely catches hold of a magnified tea-bell, which isn't swung by a deaf bellringer far below, because he is only 2in. below and isn't deaf, and ought to have noticed something had gone wrong just overhead. And the noble girl doesn't swing far above the roofs of the village, but merely waves her floating drapery, by means of runs and jumps, about the ears of the chief soldier-man, who forthwith exclaims, "What trickery is this?" whereas, if he had said, "What frippery is this?" it would have been much more to the point. When the dramatist confesses his indebtedness to the authoress of the immortal ballad which metaphorically plants the English flag even on the solar luminary itself ("Slowly England's sun was setting") the author is skilfully silent on the extraordinary likeness between the small boy-child in the "Defender" and the small girl-child in the "Flesh and the Devil." In both cases the small child has an incurable disease and believes its persecuting father a great, good, misunderstood man, and in both cases the father is bamboozled into releasing about-to-be-burned captives because the small child stands by prepared to fall down dead if he finds out that the father even injured one hair of the head of a mosquito. And in both plays the diseased child guilelessly does a small deceit of its own by pretending to feel very bad when the stern father doesn't knuckle under quickly enough. The moral of those plays seems to be that in proportion as a man loves his own children he feels a conscientious and religious desire to burn and hang everybody else's.

After a long and glorious run, "Defender of the Faith" has reached the mournful wastes of its "last nights." The "Irishman" is in preparation.

The great spectacle of "Youth" is supposed to end at Her Majesty's (Sydney) this week. Miss O'Neil is due at this house on the 14th with "Camille," and the advt. says nothing definite about the fate of the establishment in the interval between these two events. "Youth," on the strength of the scenery and the fine company and the loud explosions, should have had a longer run, but it had the misfortune to arrive just when the war-enthusiasm had slumped like the jerry-built walls of Jericho. The capture of Cronje, and Joubert's death, and the relief of Ladysmith flattened out the excitement a great deal, and then the bubonic germ came along, and part of the population rushed for the Mountains, and part rushed to insure its life, and part rushed after rats, and all this diversion was bad for "Youth."

M'Adoo's Georgia Minstrels and Cake-Walkers are returning to Sydney, and will hang out their murky visages at the Palace on the 14th (Saturday week).

The Rickards co. will resume business in the new and resurrected Tivoli on Thursday, April 12. In the meantime, the principal item of news is that Spry and Austin are in their last week. They are probably the best-assorted couple Manager Rickards has had during this writer's time, and when they go there will be a great void.

Alfred Dampier takes possession of the Criterion on the 14th with good old "Robbery Under Arms."

Bland Holt is freely spoken of as manager for Musgrove and Co. at Melb Princess's—"co" embracing another London partner and a N.Y.

syndicate. Bland, it is said, will continue to run his own concern. Nobody who knows how B.H. stewed over biz. as it is, can see how he is going to take on the new thing without duplicating himself, or the aid of other miracles. Bland has prospered by laying to his book, and he has laid to it so assiduously that practically he has had no existence outside the "house" for years; and as he cannot sit up any later or get up any earlier than he does at present without just getting into bed at one side and falling out at the other, it will only remain for him to develop somnambulism and run the second show in his scanty dreams.

At Melbourne Royal the murder of the millionaire shop-walker and other matters are thankfully received by large audiences. Considering that the millionaire is a somewhat penitent sinner, whose velvet collar and general appearance tend to remind one of what Speaker Mason might have been if he had taken to the drapery business instead of politics, Jim Radley's life-preserver falls a little too hard on the gentleman. But as a means of enforcing the fact that London's darkest hour begins "When the Lamps are Lighted," or *vice versa*, the violent end of the bloated capitalist is unobjectionable. Moreover, it paves the way for Johnny Sheridan to push burglar Jim out of the window in the third act. Strange to say, the police make no visible fuss over these catastrophes, neither is there any mention of the coroner during the evening. After the murderer has been manslaughtered by Sheridan the police come along and arrest a wicked nephew named Stephen, and the drama ends pleasantly. The nephew's name is the only legal evidence against him, but it is conclusive enough, for all the Stephens whom THE BULLETIN has ever met in melodrama have been bad livers. The Geoffreys, as a rule, were not much better.

"When the Lamps are Lighted" would seem a saner narrative if the gloomy portions of it were put through with more bustle and less shout. Burglar Jim is unduly slow and rasping in his delivery, also the alcoholic father, and his erring wife, and the millionaire (what time he is alive) could improve the entertainment by running their voices up and down the scale instead of lingering heavily on one or two notes. They grow wearisome when they might be merely depressing. Luckily there is no fault to find with the "comic relief," wherein Widow O'Brien gets away from her old identity and proves himself a happy, snappy, versatile comedian of both sexes. Gracie Whiteford, too, is always a genial little he or she when required, and the private rehearsal of Dan's new tragedy gives the casual Semolina a chance to shine.

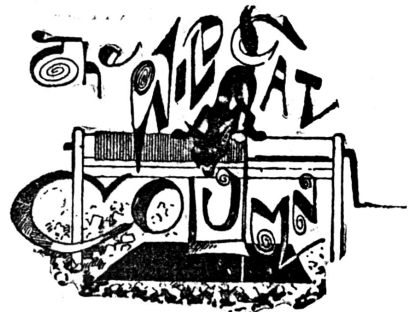
Irene Franklin, who calls herself Dainty and deserves the soft impeachment, is the latest arrival at the Bijou. Irene sings three or four clean American songs in a keen American voice, which harmonises with her auburn hair. Likewise, she has a "cute" style of her own, and a pair of highly-educated hands that appear to work on swivels, and altogether Irene is a valuable addition to the Rickards co. The marionettes have lost none of their weird humor, whereas the Newsky Family begin to set people wondering why they were imported in such wholesale quantities. Tom Browne's whistle is another waning attraction, but Charles Seel remains firm on the market, although his songs are thin and bitter, and his character sketches suggest the things we see after a cold pork supper.

The moderately triumphant season of "Little Red Riding Hood" will terminate at Melb. Princess's on Saturday night. Public opinion has not been very favorable to the panto., but the person who didn't expect much joy from a visit is satisfied with the result, as a rule. To the writer's way of thinking, Little Gulliver's aggressive antics and Miss Dorothy Vane's legs are the saddest features of the case at the Spring-street theatre, but if the idea of putting a full-grown Miss Dorothy into infantile shoes and socks emanated from the management, the owner of the wrong sort of legs is hereby forgiven. Anyway it damaged the effect of Carrie Moore's best ballad. A Boy Blue who wants to be king of the starry night in order that he may confer the Aurora Borealis upon a besotted Red Riding Hood is out of accordance with the eternal fitness of things. He might as well ask Britannia to let him rule the waves every time the little girl goes down to the beach to paddle. But no matter.

On Saturday, April 14, old friend Charles Arnold will (D.V.) take possession of the Princess's, and show "What Happened to Jones." At time of writing, Arnold and his co. were still on their way back from South Africa, the place where the war-cablegrams are invented, and at about the time when THE BULLETIN is published, the wily voyager will probably be telling tales of Oom Paul to suit the Australian interviewer. If anything should occur to prevent Arnold coming up to scratch, as per arrangement, the fact will be duly notified next week.

Rumour having so often lied on the subject of Manager Williamson's business plans, THE BULLETIN will not swear that J.C.W. aforesaid has taken the Alexandra on a 12 months' lease, with the option of renewal. He is said to have done so. The report goes on to state that the theatre will be more or less reconstructed within, and the neighboring shops will be thrown into the new spec. regardless of expense. Which is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Rickards is sinking a thousand or two in entirely re-building Adelaide Bijou. The former lessee is now running a waxworks show, poor Adelaide's only attraction until the Royal opens with a panto. at Easter.



J.H.: They are a security you can sell at any moment without any loss (possibly at a profit)—if you don't pay too much for them. Better tender at par. If you don't secure any, the banks will give you the same interest for a two years' deposit.

Consider again the marvellous unaccountableness of the average Australian Treasurer! The South Australian Treasurer, last January, offered to the South Australian public 3 per cent. Government stock at £96. In February it struck him that the local investor was getting too soft a thing altogether, and he put up the price to £97 10s. Now he has raised it to £98. And almost on the same day that the price to the local investor was put up to £98, Treasurer Holder offered a £1,000,000 3 per cent. loan in London at a minimum of £94 10s! Allowing for stamp duty (12s. 6d. per cent. to the British Government), expenses of flotation (which are greater in London than in Adelaide), cost of remitting interest every half-year, and the fact that the London debenture-holder pays no income-tax to the S.A. Treasury while the local one does, Treasurer Holder, even if he gets a big premium, will be offering the British investor very much better terms than he offers to the local one. Last year S.A. borrowed £1,500,000 in London at 3 per cent., and got about £93 per £100. And yet it considered it was doing something altogether too liberal when it offered the same stock to its own people at £96. How long is the Australian investor going to stand this kind of mean and foolish and shabby insult?

Less than two months ago the N.S.W. Government offered £1,000,000 worth of Treasury bills in London at 4 per cent., with a minimum of 199 10s., and wouldn't let any local investor have a show. To-day it graciously tells him that he may have £500,000 worth of the same Treasury bills, issued under the same Act—provided he will take 3½ per cent. John See said the reason why the first lot was offered in London only was that it was very doubtful if the 4 per cent. bills would have realised £99 10s. in Sydney (this in face of the fact that Sydney was then paying £100 for 3 per cent. stock). He also said that "nothing could possibly have been gained by selling the bills here." Yet the present action of the Lyne-See Government shows distinctly that it expects to gain something (10s. per cent. per annum, in fact) by selling the bills here. In the same way, Macfarland is willing to let consols locally at 3½ per cent., but when it had £300,000 worth of Treasury bills to offer, about six months ago, it planted them all on the London market. This abject crawliness to the London capitalist and arrogance towards the local one is wearisome as well as foolish.

The big carrying firm of Wright, Heaton and Co., Limited, reports a profit for the half-year ended 31st. January, 1900, of £6873, which, with the balance of £16,515 brought forward from previous half-year, makes £23,388 available. Out of this the co. goes in for having a great time. It pays a dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (£1729), a bonus of 25 per cent. (£9643), and carries £13,016 forward. This leaves the co. with reserves amounting to £18,963. Wright, Heaton and Co. is a profitable institution of long standing. It paid 7 per cent. in 1892; 7½ per cent. in '93; 8 per cent. in '94; nil in '95; 14 per cent. in '96; 11 per cent. in '97; 10 per cent. in '98; and now it does a gloriously-sensational 35 per cent. This is one of the concerns that everybody's father ought to have left him a lot of shares in, and the old man's neglect of his duty in this manner should make him revolve in his grave.

The Co-operative Wool and Produce Co. (Sydney) reached the end of its third year on 28th February, 1900. Its principal doings for these three years have been:—

	Profit.	Dividend.
February, 1898 ..	£1077	6 per cent. .. £51
" 1899 ..	5394	" .. 112
" 1900 ..	8788	" .. 316

The Co-operative Wool and Produce Co. has a paid-up capital of £11,417, so the profits are equal to nearly 80 per cent. The 6 per cent. dividend absorbs £316, an addition of £3,500 is made to reserve fund, raising it to £5,000; and £4,550 is handed back as bonus to the clients who entrusted their produce to the co. for disposal. The remaining £422, added to previous balance, leaves £1,666 to carry forward. The bonus to clients reduces the total commission charged on sales to somewhere about 14 per cent., which is marvellously cheap as compared with the huge rates chargeable by wool-sellers before this concern started. But the Co-operative Co. has a great advantage over many of its rivals in the same line of business. It never raised £1,000,000 capital and £4,000,000 debenture money, and never went in for lending on station mortgages at boom valuations. It is a selling institution only, and it hasn't to screw big profits out of its selling business to make good losses on foreclosed provinces of dust and bones and dead sheep. Under these circumstances its business is naturally increasing fast. It sold 14,198 bales in its first year, 33,066 in its second, and in the year just closed it sold 46,056 bales! These are large increases at a time when the wool business in general is going downhill, and they are likely to be much larger in the future.

Lately Judge Boucaut, of S.A. Supreme Court, settled the claim of an insurance society to appear at the inquest on a "risk." This particular "life" had been written lately for £2000; and there was the usual clause warning him off suicide for 12 months. Suicide was, however, suggested within the proscribed limits; and the society, dissatisfied with the first inquest, at which a verdict of death from natural causes had been returned, asked for another. And got it; but not a different verdict, though Symon, Q.C., worked hard. The main question was whether the risk died of chloral hydrate or fat; whereupon the doctor, an old army sur-

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OF THE UNITED STATES.

FINANCIAL POSITION AS AT JANUARY 1, 1900.

ASSETS	£58,373,185
Increase in Assets during 1899	4,546,248
SURPLUS amounts to	12,711,975
Increase in Surplus during 1899	793,123
ASSURANCE IN FORCE	£2,670,088
Increase in amount of Assurance in force during 1899	1,012,322

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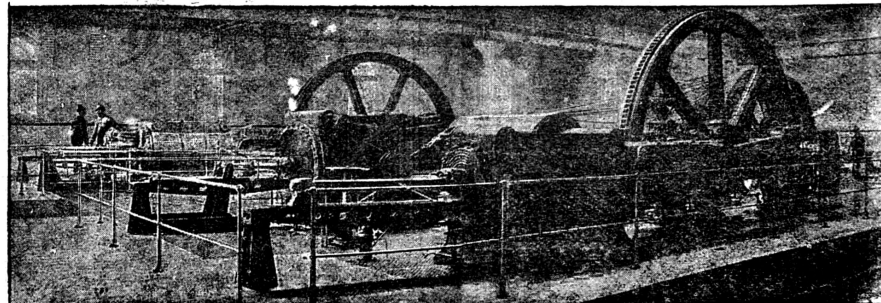
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geon, who made the post-mortem and who said "Fat" with much emphasis, offered to take 40 grains of the hydrate—which was more than the Man who was Dead had had. Offer declined; but it probably wasn't wasted, after all. Nevertheless, it proved nothing; for people have often died from less than 30grs. chloral.

The Mutual Life Association of Australia closed an eminently prosperous year on 31st Dec., 1899. Some recent figures:

	Pre-miums.	Interest, etc.	Total Income.	Expenses.	Added to Funds.
1891	£154,198	£45,257	£199,455	£47,080	£76,578
1892	151,066	50,194	201,260	44,545	73,366
1893	146,762	52,525	199,287	40,959	54,748
1894	141,994	53,235	195,229	40,698	46,515
1895	141,822	53,543	195,365	38,114	38,782
1896	143,132	54,584	197,716	41,912	47,993
1897	151,203	57,373	208,576	41,676	54,433
1898	158,118	58,079	216,197	42,502	67,411
1899	174,645	58,880	233,525	44,117	101,759

The main points are that the Mutual Life Association had, in 1899, the largest total income, as shown for nine years, the largest total income, and by far the largest addition to its funds. Also, it hadn't quite the largest expense bill. The total funds are now £1,859,363.

The expenses, as usual, are heavy, being equal to £18 17s. 10d. per cent. on total income, but heavy as this rate is, it is a marked improvement on all previous years since 1891. The expense rate, in proportion to income, has been as follows:—

1891	£23 18	2 per cent.	1896	£22	3 10 per cent.
1892	22	2 7	1897	19	19 7
1893	20	11 0	1898	19	13 0
1894	20	16 0	1899	18	17 10
1895	19	10 2			

This is the first year that the Mutual Life Association has got its expense rate down below £19 per cent. of total income, and it is to be hoped the reduction, which has been more or less continuous since 1891, will still go on.

The only really depressing feature in the present report is the fall in the rate of interest earned on investments. The earnings for 1899 are only £4 10s. per cent. on the average funds, which compares badly with some previous years' interest rates:—

1891	£5 8	2 per cent.	1896	£4 18	2 per cent.
1892	5	10 2	1897	4	18 7
1893	5	7 7	1898	4	14 11
1894	5	3 10	1899	4	10 0
1895	5	0 2			

The last drop in the interest is the biggest and most sudden up to date, and looks bad for future bonuses. At the same time, the drop is universal, and affects all offices pretty much alike. The Mutual Life Association has now definitely reduced its estimates of future interest earnings to 3½ per cent. per annum. So there is a safe margin of £1 per cent. between the estimate and the reality. Even after setting aside large reserves to meet the reduced interest-estimates, there is a surplus of £68,000. There are no dubious-looking assets in the accounts, and the Mutual Life Association still follows the wise and safe practice of writing off losses and depreciation every year. It is a very sound and well-managed institution, whose only weak point lies in the fact that Australia has far more life-offices than it requires, and the competition makes business hard to get and expensive.

It would do much good in Australia if it was legally enacted that nobody should start a new life office without a licence, and that no new licences should be granted till the population reaches 10,000,000 at least. Theoretically, of course, every man has a right to start a new office if he wants to, and it would be a shameful interference with the liberty of the subject not to let him do it. But nowadays all manner of individuals start new assurance offices for a living, and each new office is a public injury. Twice as many agents, managers, secretaries, clerks, directors, &c., as are really needed have to get their salaries and their office rent, and their advertising bills out of the existing business, and therefore every new office not only makes heavy expenses itself but keeps up the expenses of the old offices. And the policy-holders have to pay these expenses.

The Maoriland dredge which lately produced 1187 ozs. gold in one week is the Hartley and Riley; its previous best week gave 756 ozs. Cost of working does not exceed 10 ozs. per week, and the co.'s capital is £7,000, so that original holders of this stock are at present travelling on the royal road to fortune.

Dunedin is in the throes of a Dredging Boom. The national Scotch caution has disappeared like a thief in the night. Miles and miles on the Molyneux and its tributaries—one Molyneux dredge lately got 1187 ozs. gold in a single week—also in Southland and on the West Coast have been pegged. There are now on the Mining List 222 co.'s., out of which, at the outside, 35 are working, though the coming winter will see others start. All the foundries are working night and day, and have orders that will take them two years to meet; also many dredge orders have been sent to Australia. On the average the contributed capital of a co. is not a penny less than £7000; which means that a liability of over 1½ millions is to be met from so small an area as Otago Province, for only a fraction of the liability has been incurred by outside towns. The Boom, to a large extent, had its origin in the sensational returns of the Hartley & Riley Beach Co., which has paid in about nine months £14 17s. 6d. in divs. per £1 share. The shares are now at £14. Some other divs. paid are—Golden Gate, £3 3s. 6d.; Golden Treasure, £2 13s. 6d.; Magnetic, £1; Matan, £1 1s. 6d.; Clyde, £2 10s.; Otago, £1 6s. 6d.; Dunedin, £1 15s.; Enterprise, £2 19s. 6d. The Otago Dredging Industry has come to stay; but there will be much bitter experience. Some co.'s. have been floated (as in Australia) to dredge hard, rocky river-bed, with a small strip of workable ground sufficient to give it a start; while others might as well try to dredge a quarry. The last year of the century will close over the heads of many wiser and many sadder men.

B.H. Prop. people say there is no bluff about their independent water scheme. But they will have to do some fighting first. Two objections have been lodged to the granting of the rights the co. seeks—one from the B.H. Water Supply, Ltd.; the other from a representative of the owners of Mundi Mundi station, through which flows the creek it is proposed to dam when it flows at all. The former says there is no power in law to do what the mining co. proposes; the latter pleads that and his riparian rights into the bargain.

Apart from the Water Co., the mining co.'s already have a water-service owned and managed by a trust composed of themselves. In General Manager Howell's droughty days it was found that the bed of a large plain, surrounded by hills, from eight to twelve miles out from the mines, was composed of limestone good for fluxing. Whenever they sunk more than 12ft. in this limestone water poured in. The mines, scenting a supply, put on engines and laid a pipe-track; and for 10 years, despite a most persistent drought, millions of gallons have been pumped annually from this mysterious supply.



The late Henry Dodds' place on the board of B.H. North has been taken by H. J. Daly, presumably as the representative of the English people who lately wanted to buy the whole of this and an adjoining mine, but would not give the price. More mill is to be built, and other plant; and though the ore is still poor and the metal-extraction ditto, developments below warrant the additions. Nevertheless there lately have been movements in North and Junction stock which have passed the understanding of those on the mines; and some fingers are going to be burnt.

Managing Director Woodhead, of the British, is on the point of retiring—if he doesn't actually get there before this reaches type. He goes to Queensland, partly to keep an eye on the affairs of the copper co. he lately floated in England. Woodhead believed in the British when it was hard work to get anybody else to; he leaves it div.-paying, with a good plant, and better underground prospects than it has had any time since the main workings fell in nine years ago, and this in spite of the fact that most of its carbonate ore has been gouged out. And there is still more scope for prospecting in the British than in any other B.H. mine.

Block 10 is the only Broken Hill mine which has not changed its general managers. Capt. Warren, who lately completed 10 years of service (Block 10 was originally held by the B.H. Prop., which kept it idle for a few years), now goes to Europe, recruiting. The co. called up only £15,000; it has paid back over £300,000.

Booth's United, N.S.W. "Instructions have been received from London to close down the mine which never looked better." Which appears to be the end of a much-advertised concern that tried to live on assays.

Cobar Great Western, N.S.W. 1965 tons for the half-year for bullion valued at £1115. Admitted that the cyanide works have been a failure. The policy seems to be to go on monkeying with what might be made a good mine.

Anglo-Australian Exploration: The Company that handled the Gibraltar, Gallymont, and other N.S.W. mines, under the guidance of Bissler, had a meeting in London last month; faith is now centred in the Mt. Boppy and Bimbimbi mines. One shareholder complained that he had been induced by means of the false representations of a certain gentleman to take shares in the co., which are now practically valueless. He characterised the way in which the properties had been foisted on to the co. as scandalous, and said that when the new Bill with regard to company-promoting came before the Commons he would lay the facts before a prominent M.P.

How N.S.W. mining ventures are boomed:— "Yesterday the legal manager of the Mount David G.M. Company, Rockley, received an intimation from the mine manager to the effect that he had cut a small leader on Wednesday in the lower crosscut, showing color of gold." "Yesterday a telegram from the dredge master of the Turon River Gold Dredging Co. was received in Sydney stating that six buckets would be attached to the ladder this week." Nice kind of pap to keep up the spirits of the shareholders who "came in on the boom."

Months back it was stated by the apologists of Turon River Dredging Co. that "the dredge is at present slowly feeling its way to the famous Gold Point, where the phenomenal yields were got in the past, and would reach it in about six weeks, and very high returns may then be looked for." It's evidently not there yet, judging by the last couple of returns. Reports always carefully state the number of hours worked, thus: "118 hours, 26oz." but each return represents a week, for all that, and if a lot of time has been lost in stoppages and repairs, so much the worse for the shareholders.

Campbell's Creek dredge: 1600z. taken from the top ripples in last clean-up. Sales made at 1s. 2d.—indicating that the Victorians have lost faith in it.

Bendigo: Eureka, working stone at 3030ft., finds it unpayable at present. In fact, the reefs generally in the belt, so far as pierced, are disappointing. New Chum Railway, working a reef at 3200ft., washed off 33oz. from 138 tons for its last fortnight's work. But these Bendigo co. do such work! Here is the Unity paying for new machinery out of 54dwt. stone. And the N.C. Consolidated is even working 2½dwt. stone rather than pass it. Suffolk will shortly reappear on the div. list, after an absence of years; but there is nothing sensational in store. Great Southern is improving again. South New Moon has its new battery at work; there will be regular divs. for some time. Field's total for first 12 weeks of year: 35,200oz. (against 47,870oz. last year), divs. £33,200 (against £41,950), calls £27,200 (against £32,619).

An effort at Stock Exchange reform in Melbourne has been begun which is likely to end in dire failure. Mr. George D. Meudell has proposed that the committee should consider the question of adopting the system of fortnightly settlements in use on all European and American stock exchanges. But the members object to be brought into line with the more advanced old world institutions. Business would be increased, risks lessened, and more money made by all the brokers, while the general public would benefit by the separation of jobbers from brokers. But the old cash system is good enough for the majority, and so probably the reform will not be carried. Besides, it might mean that the Sydney Exchange would have to follow suit, and if ever that venerable body does get up and shake itself it will fall to pieces amidst a cloud of dust.

Long Thought Of mine, Ballarat. Buyers of scrip a few months back at 15s. now down to 1s. or 2s. The Ballaratians are getting a reputation for smartness. Lots of people are still chewing the bitter end of that terrible dragger, Central Plateau.

Croydon notes, dated March 19. February yield, 2049½ tons for 4632oz.—a good average. This did not represent output, as several big crushings were not cleaned up at end of month. Divs. for month, £7000; calls, £450.—Cashman's Golden Gate 3 and 4 south syndicate is now dividing £4000 per month. Late crushings: second partial clean-up from Vile's Block, 517oz. from 250 tons.—Third clean-up from Cashman's Golden Gate 3 and 4 south, 1048oz. from 340 tons crushed—gold worth £2 13s. 5½d. per oz.—Rogers' Golden Gate (John Bull Co.) looking up under able mine management of J. Thurston; late returns nearly 4800z. from 220 tons; mine looking well. By the way, J. Rogers, who formerly owned mine, applying for leave to appeal to Privy Council against recent Full Court decision. Outburt's Golden Gate 5 south, at last advices from field, was crushing a 2000 ton parcel for an anticipated satisfactory result.—Croydon advices, dated March 17, announce the discovery of tin on the goldfield, about 30 miles from town, alleged to be payable. Large number of claims pegged out. Specimens brought into town and assayed gave returns from 20 to 50 per cent., but no development work done to prove permanency of lode or payableness. Experienced miners state tin indications extend in direct line for four or five miles, with outcrops of ore; but, except a little trenching, nothing of consequence done when mail was leaving.

Mt. Garnet Freehold has proved ore a hundred feet or so further south since preparation of last half-yearly report.

One of general manager Stewart's pets of the Chillagoe R. and M. is the Queensland, which appears to be developing really well. The tunnel, for instance, has proved over 60,000 tons of ore of a uniform grade of 5 per cent. throughout. And on many of the C.R. and M. Co.'s mines the gold-contents are wonderfully high. Out-

side of the Ruddigore tunnel's week's average of 1½oz., the Hobson bulked 7dwt. for a big depth in the No. 1 shaft; the P.P. A. went 4dwt. at depth of 45ft.; and the Lady Jane is said to have given 7dwt. And in every one of these cases the copper-contents have also been high.

F. W. Bacon, chairman of N.S.W. Co-Operative Wool and Produce Co. Ltd., threw down the gauntlet in bitter earnest at the co.'s annual general meeting on 29th March: "We will stick to our original ground, and fight the one-eighth until it is killed as St. Patrick killed the snakes in Ireland." At the above meeting, one second to a resolution referred to the directors "as workers, not ornaments." Now, Messrs. Bacon, Leslie, McPhillamy and M'Master are, strictly speaking, not pretty, but they are perfect de'ils for the siller.

Chillagoe and Mt. Garnet mines: "The appearance of garnet rock in these mines has caused much uneasiness, but a reliable authority says the so-called garnet rock is rich in lime and will be useful as a slag in the blast furnace and in that capacity will economically replace limestone." Alas! There is altogether too much limestone at Chillagoe. Garnet rock is usually richer in silica than anything else, and there ought to be some garnet rock in a mountain distinguished by its name. Published last week that the first section of the Chillagoe plant will consist of six blast-furnaces. The reports from the mine are still as colorless as ever; something the matter with the mine or the manager, and it is about time the public ascertained which. The bulk-assay values of all the ore intersected in the Mt. Garnet property are given every week and it is noticeable that they are coming down, although they are still good enough to pay when worked on the scale proposed.

Einaleigh Freehold Copper Co.'s property (writes a BULLETIN correspondent) looks like being a great copper mine. High-grade ore cropping a great distance; main shaft, sunk west of formation, is down 140ft. and is sunk at a point 103ft. west of hanging-wall. Already the sink is splashed with copper pyrites. Co. gets all its supplies from Townsville, and sends best-grade ore as back loading. 31½ tons from the open cut returned 22 per cent copper, 3oz. silver, and 12dwt. gold per ton. Winding-engine on road, and small smelter to be despatched soon.

Q. mining items. No. 1 North Smithfield, Gym-pie, ground 164 tons for 104oz. Favorable developments in Charters Towers eastern ground have caused a big revival. Brilliant centers have got it good after three long years; shares have jumped from 12s. to 39s. during the last three weeks. Day Dawns also in it; many props and stays of this field keenly interested, as it means new life to a lot of them. Some results—Kelly's, 1030 tons, for 1337oz.—an improvement; Brilliant, 1050 tons, for 1380oz.—3d. div.; Victoria and Caledonia, 3d. div.; Victorias, 3d. ditto.

Lake View Consols: Ex-Manager Callahan has left Kalgoolie for London. Stated that he means to set himself right with the public by proving that his directors lied in saying that he had led them to believe the 30,000oz. monthly output could be maintained indefinitely. Writer knows that Callahan will be able to show by official documents, cables, &c., that they were fully aware of how long this phenomenal output was likely to last, that Callahan himself only did as he was told in re gold-production and was also careful in wanting to know what the directors wanted him to do before he did it. In his absence the directors insinuated that he was wholly to blame and that they were quite innocent. They are now engaged upon the consideration of a scheme with the view of ensuring a complete check upon the workings and operations of every department in the mine, including that of the general manager himself. As usual, everything passed off satisfactorily at the meeting. One shareholder desired to reduce the directors' fees and percentages but the chairman, Col. Villiers, promptly ruled him "out of order," whereupon another shareholder said he would be quite satisfied to give the directors double as long as their divs. were in proportion. Great Scott! What have the directors to do with that gold-production? Are the shareholders asses enough to imagine that dividends are regulated by the weight of their fees? The chairman alone received last year nearly £3000 in fees and percentages, and many other thousands were divided amongst his confrères. In other words they take each of them every week about £50 for running a mine the shareholders of which have had the consolation of seeing the market blocked from £28 to £11 in a few months. In the absence of Callahan everything went off well, but—there will be trouble when he gets back.

Sydney EVENING NEWS mining item: "South Kals all right till they start the smelting. Are reputed to be good buying." Probably no one knows less what is meant by this than the author of it.

Hannan's Pride of the Valley. Half-yearly report: "The old grey horse is so poor that he is sure to die in the winter as he is very old and the work is too heavy." Pity the sorrows of a poor old horse! Sydney D.T. says the report is practically a blank though the manager indicates that a profit might be made by condensing water and the mine can furnish 2000 gals. daily. The latest by wire: "Fairly rich discovery made in Hannan's Main Reef. Will be permitted to examine shortly, favorable for us." Hardly necessary to say that this alleged Western mine is managed and owned in Sydney.

Great Boulder: Last month's gold production, over 7000oz., brings output to date up to 355,856oz. from 154,400 tons—average, nearly 2½oz., of which a considerable portion came from tailings. A Sydney Sunday paper said recently that this mine had 1,000,000 tons of tailings—about six tons of tailings from every ton of stone.

J. G. Dunne, one of the ancients among Western prospectors, claims to have got on to a big thing at Mt. Mabel, near Alice Springs, in the Northern Territory. A shaft sunk to cut the lode has been flooded at about 130 ft., so there is probably a lode there. At surface and in pot-holes a very big formation shows—32 ft. wide, Dunne says, averaging 15dwt.; but shoots run 20z. or more.

The sweeping reduction of charges at the Perth mint and the competition for the shipping of the gold to the Eastern mints have not very much affected the first destination of the bullion from Western fields. Of 117,849oz. exported in Feb., 53,242oz. went to London in bars, while Perth received only 31,480oz., Melbourne 18,317oz., and Sydney 9020z. The last named represented just the quantity of gold smelted out of Western ores at N.S.W. works during the month.

The Associated Northern Co., the new owner of the Iron Duke, already begins to show that the mine did deserve some of its early reputation, after all. The old co. did little but dead work on a most elaborate scale; the new is after ore, and has thus far several thousand tons blocked out.

All the rich stuff hasn't gone to Paris Exhibition. The Klondyke claim, at Warrawoona, has lately given 1080oz. from 87 tons. Certainly it doesn't pay to carry mullock to the battery out there.

Associated Mines (W.A.) people have come a cropper over the Feb. operations. (They clean up on 12th of the month and call it the preceding month's returns.) They have been running in 2oz. stuff to sweeten things. But the process that secured such good results from 12dwt. ore—extracting at least 10dwt.—takes very little more than 10dwt. out of the 2oz. stone. And the doctors—otherwise metallurgists—differ as to cause. Some blame roasts, some other things. 12lbs. cyanide per ton of ore has been run through some vats in treatment and re-treatment this month. And cyanide costs 1s. or over,

per lb. in W.A. Precipitation in zinc boxes is as good as ever. Consolation, perhaps, that other mines can do no better. Cost of production for Feb. is published as £2-1s. 8½d. and a fraction per ton. 5137 tons for 3763oz. cost £10,722 to produce! "Capital account" and "general upkeep" bring the total expenditure to £20,072.

"Total expenditure ... £20,072. "Note.—Owing to past mismanagement six days of the Feb. return were included in the Jan. return; hence the costs of production are more than usually high.—A. Bristowe, Comptroller."

This is a footnote published with the Feb. return from the Associated. But how does it agree with the fact that the Jan. clean-up—a two to three days' job—started on 12th of Feb., and that for Feb. on the 12th of March, as is their usual custom? Is it only a sly slap at those managers who lately resigned.

In about two months from now the Gt. Boulder ought to be into the lodes pierced by the bores at 900 and 1000ft.; and then we shall probably see some more rocket outputs.

The N.Z. Loan and Mercantile Agency Co., Limited, holds its next wool-sale on 25th inst.

S. Australia's old-established copper producer, the Wallaroo and Moonta, whined lately, when the men wanted better pay, that it had made forward contracts, and was not benefiting half as much as people thought from the copper jump. Still, the world hasn't been all cold for the co., for, besides paying for a lot of machinery, it has just declared a bonus of 2s. in addition to the usual 1s. div. And, though they haven't said much about it, the miners, formerly about the worst paid in Australia, have been buying butter instead of dripping lately.

Urinary troubles speedily relieved By taking ROW'S QUININE BITTERS. To be obtained at Hotels and Chemists.

If you want to borrow money, go to N.S.W. Mont de Piete Co., Ltd., 74 Castlereagh-street, 74. Eustace Bennett, Manager.

Gillfillan and McCreery, Mining and Metallurgical Engineers, 434 Collins-street, Melbourne, have a vacancy for a pupil in their ore-testing works. Thorough tuition in assaying, metallurgical work, ore testing, etc.*

Messrs. W. & J. Lempriere, Mining Machinery Merchants, 506 Little Collins-street, Melbourne, report that the Lührig system of concentration is gradually establishing itself in the principal mills of Australia. The latest Lührig vanner has a large capacity, and owing to important improvements in the life of the belt, &c., is greatly increased. Vanners and spare parts are stocked in Melb. and prompt delivery is thus assured. A small testing plant is available near Melbourne. Upon receipt of necessary data, estimates for complete plants, including batteries, rolls, trommels, jigs, classifiers, vanners, &c., will be proceeded with by competent engineers.*

Ward off influenza by taking ROW'S QUININE BITTERS. Sold by all Hotels and Chemists.

Messrs. Plummer Love and Co., 249 George-street, Sydney, are large suppliers of all mining requisites. They are sole agents here for the now celebrated "British" brand of explosives, detonators and fuse; also for the Taylor Horsfield Improved National Rock Drills, Air Compressors, &c., &c.*

Norman Godkin, of 31 Queen-street, Melbourne, is prepared to purchase or develop, with option of purchase, "big prospecting shows" (either gold or mineral) in any part of Australia. Properties offered must be subject to inspection.*

Mr. Mephan Ferguson, Engineer, Ironfounder, &c., of Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth, reports that the great demand for spiral riveted pipes has necessitated the increase of manufacturing facilities at his Footscray works, and he is now in a position to supply orders at very short notice, for all sizes of pipes from six to twenty inches in diameter, with either patent cast-iron bolted joints, flanged joints or the ordinary spigot and faucet lead joints. Mr. Ferguson also manufactures boilers, pumps, fluming, patent Nylam earth-scoops or tank-cleaners, rabbit exterminators, refrigerators, ice-making machinery, bolts, nuts, forgings, and all sorts of iron-work.*

Cyanide, caustic soda, chloride of lime, and all mining and assay chemicals and apparatus, can be obtained of Felton, Grimwade and Co., Melbourne, who have issued a very handsome illustrated catalogue of all mining requisites, price 1s. 3d. post free.

The Austral Otis Engineering Co., of South Melbourne, have delivered the first set of electrically-driven triple double-acting plungers for the Junction Deep Leads. These plungers are a fine sample of colonial manufacturing skill. The total weight of the pump is close on 100 tons; all the gear wheels, which are 8ft. diam. and 12in. face, have machine-cut teeth. The Otis Co. had to design and build a special machine to cut these wheels. Two other sets of these pumps have to be built to go down the shafts on adjoining mines. They will all be operated from a central power plant, now nearing completion.*

INSURANCE OPINION, July, 1899: "Not only does the vigorous and enterprising Colonial Mutual Society increase rapidly in point of magnitude, but it also exhibits all the features that are characteristic of a prudently-managed life office."*

The Broken Hill Proprietary Co. is still further extending its already large rock-drilling plant, and an order has been placed with the Australian agents, Parke and Lacy Company, Ltd., for twelve more Ingersoll-Sergeant drills of the most recent type. The number of drills of the Ingersoll Co.'s make now in use on the Proprietary Co.'s property must be immense. They have been using them from the early days, and every year more are added. The way in which the "Ingersoll" has been almost exclusively adopted, after the most careful and exhaustive tests with machines of other makes, is an object lesson to smaller companies undecided what drill to get, and a further proof, if proof were needed, of the superiority of this machine over all others.*

Of South Australia's exports of £3,388,396 last year only £3,945,045 represented the province's produce. Nearly all the balance was received from Broken Hill for export or received from abroad and exported for use in Broken Hill and Western N.S.W. When a province has a centre like Broken Hill on its borders for which it serves as a channel of communication with the world, that province's trade statistics become a truly wonderful thing!

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The precedence question between Sydney Mayor Harris and Premier Lyne will, it is expected, be determined before the departure of the Imperial Bush Contingent. Last contingent went away amid a blither of conflicting etiquettes, the Mayor, in the end, riding first, and the Premier lumbering after. Since then official circles have been looking up and consulting authorities, and the result will probably shock a pound or two of flesh off Knight Matthew. In fair play it may be said that Harris did not originate the rule he so doggedly enforces. His predecessors in office lived up to it with all their might, and Harris is simply trustee of the anomaly to hand it down, if allowed, to successors. The Mayor of Sydney, it can be officially demonstrated, takes a place, in all processions initiated by the Govt., not only behind the Premier, but behind all the Executive Ministers.

Is it, or is it not, true that when the New Caledonian Govt. applied to the N.S.W. Govt. a few weeks ago for some prophylactic serum the application was brusquely refused? The refusal was necessary, of course, for supplies here were miserably low, but it is alleged it wasn't even a fairly courteous refusal. If this is true, how can N.S.W. have the gall to accept the French Govt.'s gift of 10,000 doses of Yersin serum now on the water?



THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR.

FIRST LYDIE (with broken feather in her hat): "I do 'ope Bill — won't be killed in the war. 'E's a 'ero. 'E kissed me."

SECOND LYDIE (with discolored eye): "Then he is a 'ero!"

A letter is printed in Sydney SUNDAY TIMES to the effect that, so far, there has been no Protestant clergyman seen at Sydney quarantine-station to console the unfortunate plague-patients; and that patient Haynes, who died in quarantine last week, of plague, was attended by a R.C. priest, though he asked for a clergyman of his own faith. THE BULLETIN regards the story as incredible; but should it unhappily be true, the facts constitute a disgrace to religion—especially at a time when the clergy of all sects are enthusiastically whooping-on the populace to war.

The Victorian Government should hold a strict enquiry into the foundering of the small steamer Glenelg, with a loss of some 30 lives. Valentine Bundy, one of three survivors, says that during the gale "the chief steward called out to the captain that there was a crack along three plates under the stern of the vessel." How old was the vessel? Why did the captain have an idea, as it was declared he had, that he might never come back? Was she a sound, well-found boat, or was she a basket of old iron?

The most respectable Sydney papers are already devoting columns advocating days of prayer to stop the plague. But is it right to ask

the good God to have mercy on those who have allowed their city to degenerate into a mere pigsty?

A thousand tons of rotten refuse taken from the Sydney plague-area in two days! A thousand condemnations of the corrupt and stagnant City Council.

Official English. N.S.W. GOVERNMENT GAZETTE notifies the appointment of Matthew Harris "to be a member of the Board of Health (during his occupation of the position of Mayor, and to terminate after that time)." There are those who wouldn't regard the "termination" of Matthew as a national misfortune at the present juncture.

The humours of Sydney municipal filth. Speaking at a deputation to the N.S.W. Premier the other day, Mr. Hughes, M.L.A., said that:—

The City Council had, in fact, ample powers, but never used them, and the public health had now been imperilled by the Council's "grave and criminal" neglect. He could give many instances. One was the lane at the rear of the premises occupied by the late Capt. Dudley. He was informed by Mrs. Dudley that three weeks before Capt. Dudley's death a complaint was made to the Council authorities as to the state of this lane, which was then filled up with dead cats, decaying vegetable matter, and other filth. No notice whatever was taken of this complaint, and it was not until yesterday that the lane was cleaned up by the Government men, when no fewer than 75 tons of muck were removed from it. He knew a number of other cases, all of which showed that the Council authorities were absolutely incompetent to perform their proper functions.

Mr. Spruson, M.L.A., said the Council had broken down. It was out of date. For purposes of city government it was useless. Only ten days ago the Mayor inspected the infected area and said it was so clean he could almost eat his dinner off any part of it. Now it was officially reported that hundreds of tons of awful filth had been carted away from this very locality.

Mr. Nelson, M.L.A., agreed in the general denunciation of the City Council. He attributed all the present trouble and the aggregation of filth everywhere to the fact that all the employes owed their appointment to some alderman or other, and their continuance of employment to his pleasure. He had himself, and only lately, vainly endeavored to get the Council's officers to remove some filth from the vicinity of his premises.

The statement was further made that the municipal officers would not report on any property owned by influential men. It was no use, it was stated, for small property-owners to keep their places clean, when the large proprietors did what they pleased. No municipal officer who valued his position ever dared report on the insanitary state of property owned by influential persons.

Coode Island, future home of possible bubonic-stricken Victorians, is a three-cornered strip of sand divided from the mainland by Yarra canal on one side and the old Yarra on t'other. Saltwater River connects both—hence the isle. It is thickly covered with scrub and overrun with rats, fleas, flies, mosquitoes, spiders, and hornets. Present writer has seen rats in scores galloping about the low, muddy river bank, devouring the dead dog washed up by the tide, and attacking the bullock's liver thrown out from the abattoirs. Footscray Rowing Club shed faces the island; on the opposite bank of Saltwater River is the bathing place of the Footscray youth. Colonial Sugar Refining Co.'s works face one corner of the island a stone's throw away, and rats thrive thereabouts in billions; also the smell from the distant bone-mill and the adjacent soap-works hangs round like a fog. A more lonesome spot than Coode Island 'twould be hard to find, and it only needs a few curlews and a dingo or two to positively scare the wits out of the first bubonic germ visiting the scene.

In view of the proximity of the bubonic plague in Wellington (M.L.) the Corporation offers 1d. each for dead rats brought to the destructor (furnace). The public-school children brought along lots of rats but, not having time to take them to the proper place before school opened, kept them in their dinner-satchels till let out for the mid-day recess. Shade of the Plague!

Every half-hour or so some wild-eyed individual bursts into some medico's sanctum or the Sydney Board of Health office, and takes charge till someone examines him to see if he has got "It." Here are the symptoms: The first is a most unholly funk, which absolutely contorts the face (later on the dread turns to listless apathy). The speech falters, and the patient breaks off in the middle of sentences spoken in a jumbled manner with a thick, husky voice (the person who has this sign is either plague-stricken or drunk; in 999 cases out of 1000 he is drunk). The eyes become red and congested, and in the first stages the tongue is covered with a thick white fur, while the edges and tip remain clean; in the groin, or armpit, or neck, comes a hardening that gradually develops into one or more buboes. Some patients are first attacked with shivering, symptoms of nausea or actual vomiting, and feverishness that increases rapidly. Then the head begins to ache. Uncontrollable fear drives the sufferer to wander away aimlessly, anywhere from his present surroundings—often into a public house. If the patient can pull through six or seven days there are great hopes of recovery. Ten days mean almost certain recovery. Apparently pluck is half the battle with plague, as with many other diseases. Also, it might be pointed out that it is about as hard to catch plague as to catch a prize in Tattersall's—but the resemblance ends there. In the bubonic case no owner telegraphs to say that the horse won't start unless he gets half of what you've got.



DOWN AT DAWES POINT.

NEWSBOY: "War news, sir?"

MAN: "No."

N.: "Take no interest in the war?"

M.: "No."

N.: "Cricket intelligence, sir?"

M.: "No."

N.: "Take no interest in cricket?"

M.: "No."

N.: "What do yer take then?"

M.: "Sometimes beer and sometimes plague!"

Re plague. Twenty-three of the Brisbane dairies were recently inspected, and several of them found in a fairly satisfactory state. In one place, a cow with its face half eaten off with cancer was cheerfully being milked. Also, some hovels were found—in one place, father, mother, son of 18, and two girls over 12 years, revelled in a slab hut 10 x 10. Another family of eight pigged it in two small rooms! Milk-oh!

The young medico emerging from Sydney University has a "big pull" over the young barrister coming from the same school. The former has all sorts of house-surgeons, travelling insurance billets and country doctorships open to him. The sucking barrister has to possess a private income to keep him going for the first fifteen years or so of his precarious professional life, with a sort of Buckley's chance of striking a bare living at the end. But the young doctor! The other day a country medical practice in a rising town 120 miles from Sydney on a main line of railway, £250 a year guaranteed and fees over and above, went begging around Sydney University medical graduates with no takers. But offer a young barrister £250 a year certain and fees extra and he wouldn't call Julian Salomons his uncle.

The other day an office-boy was advertised for; salary, 10s. a week. And this paragraph ought to proceed that there were 273 applicants, backed by 941 testimonials, and that eventually a promising lad of 32, with a wife and three children, was engaged. But it doesn't. It says instead that there was one applicant; he was 14 years old, and demanded 25s. to start with. The Coolgardie Municipal Council was the advertiser. P.S.—The council was unanimous in snapping up the only available youngster at his own figure.

At Sydney Salvation Army doss house, Pitt-street. Soldier, at receipt of tribute (bed-money) to seedy party with three pennies: "Where were you last night?" "Had no money." "The night before?" "No money." "Hum, we can give you salvation free, but not beds. Hallelujah!"

Overheard in a George-street pub. A loyal, painfully-loyal, German, who works for a savagely jingoistic firm, holding forth on the relief of Ladysmith: "Mein Gott! it was grade. When der British gavalry comed ter der gades, der peeket, he come oud and zay, 'Who vas go dhere?' Und Gungonald, he zay, 'Der reliebing army.' Und der British soldier come oud of der dam scrub and vling away his haave-eaden rat und zay, 'Mein Gott! I vill haf some bread und good meat, haf you brought some sausage mit you?' Und he dell him ze Gen'ral dine off soup of der boot last nighd and fried zole—which is not der zame as der zole you get with zauce in der restorant. It vos a good yob for der Boers dat ze reliebing army come, else der Eng-lenders come oud of Ladysmid und eat der blangy Boers dem-zelves!" And he beamed all over, and the jingoes cheered him, and filled 'em up again, und der German he beam some more.

"H.": This actually happened to my friend Whelan. He and his wife came from Ireland to Melbourne in the fifties, in a very slow ship. Whelan left his dearest friend in Ireland, one Tom Hines. Mrs. Whelan, looking out of the window of their Melbourne house, saw Tom Hines walking on the other side of the way. She said to her husband, "Why, there's Hines!" Whelan ran out after him and tapped him on the shoulder. The man turned round, and proved to be not Hines at all, but one Stubbs. The very same day, later, Mrs. Whelan called out again, "Well, there's Tom Hines passing now. I saw his face." Whelan protested that it was the same Stubbs. Mrs. W. said, "If you don't go after him, I will." Whelan then ran out again, to satisfy her, accosted the man and found it was Hines!

Wellington (M.L.) has been laughing hugely over an objection advanced in all seriousness by Count de Courte, French consul, to a squad of amateur kharkied femininity drilling for "Patriotic" theatricals on a green sward (not his own) opposite his bedroom window. The Count's reason, gravely stated with much dignity, was that "international complications might arise!"

Bubonic plague, acting in conjunction with with Paris Exhibition, is a blessed thing for the steamship companies. Everybody who can afford a trip to Europe is booking a saloon passage, and, if the companies are wise, they will raise the rats' forthwith.



KEEPING THEIR TAILS UP.

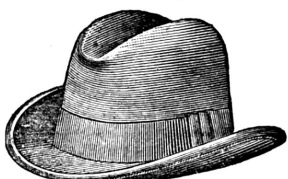
NIPPER: "Father sez 'e ain't going to 'ave any boobonic plague round our house. Look at the rats 'e's killed!"

PIRATE: "En' what yer goin' ter do with them now?"

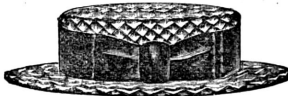
NIPPER: "O, me and Billy's goin' ter 'ave a game of butcher's-shop with them!"

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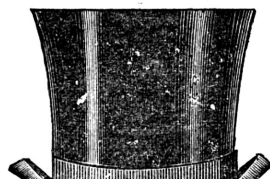


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2/9, 3/6, 4/6, 5/6, 6/6.

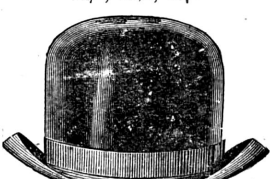
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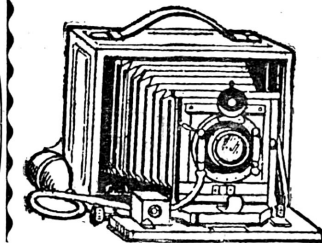
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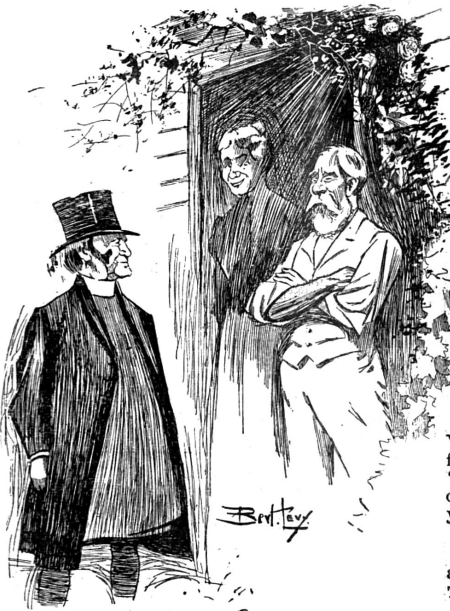
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Among the men who voluntarily waited upon Premier Lyne for the purpose of thoroughly waking him up to the possibilities of plague in Sydney was the Sydney manager of Cook's tourists' agency. That gentleman was in Hongkong when the plague raged there; when out of a population of 200,000 as many as 40,000 left in a few weeks, while of the poor who had to remain as many as 300 died in one day. When a Chinaman got the plague he chin-chinned his Joss, lay down and died. At night Hongkong harbor was covered by innumerable miniature boats, each carrying a light. This was one way in which the ignorant, superstitious Chow tried to scare the plague-devil away from Hongkong. At night, too, the air of the city was filled with the smoke and noise of burning crackers and the deafening din of tom-toms. In Hongkong at that time as many as 60 people were living in a room 15ft. square. These people never washed their floors. When the muck was too thick upon the floor they got a mat and laid it upon the filth to hide it. And when this mat became too beastly they got another mat; and so on, and so on, until the mats were a foot high piled one on top of the other. The recent cleansing of Sydney has shown that the difference between dirty Sydney and dirty Hongkong is that the local guttersnipes don't use the mat. They heap dirt on dirt, therefore no measures can be too drastic at the present time. At whatever cost the work of cleansing and disinfection must be thorough. Now is the time for Premier Lyne to rise magnificently to the occasion. Should the plague get a firm hold it will be impossible to count the cost. It will then be a case of a few poor wretches putting their backs against an avalanche and crying out "Lord have mercy upon us"; a case of chin-chinning one's Joss as the Chinese do and lying down to die. Every house should be gone through and examined by officers appointed for the purpose, as much of Sydney's population is too ignorant, too apathetic, too filthy, and too poor to take the necessary care of itself. A monster meeting of citizens should be held for the purpose of strengthening Premier Lyne's back, and giving him any moral support that he stands in need of. And now is the time! For should the plague get a fair, general hold, Premier Lyne's back and every other back will be paralysed by the general helplessness.

Nearly nine months ago, ex-Republican Dibbs, as commander-in-chief of that more or less farcical volunteer corps called the N.S.W. National Guard, discharged his corporal, S. J. Byrne, very suddenly, without rhyme or reason. Presumably there was a reason, but when called upon ex-Republican Dibbs didn't state it; all the same, Corporal Byrne was fined by a Sydney magistrate for contumaciously refusing to give up his arms and uniform. He appealed; and Judge Cohen overruled the magistrate's decision, with costs against ex-Republican Dibbs, despite the fact that a section of the Volunteer Act provides that the commanding-officer may discharge any volunteer for any sufficient cause, "the existence and sufficiency of such causes respectively to be determined by the commanding-officer." Thus Judge Cohen defied the plain words of the Act, on the ground that Dibbs's proceeding was inequitable, as no doubt it was. Presumably there will be an appeal to the Full Court. Meanwhile, ex-Republican Dibbs is saying prayers and hymns and things.



A BACKSLIDER.

THE CLERIC: "I see you're sober for once in your life, Pat."

PAT: "Yes, your riverince. I hope you'll let me off under the First Offenders' Act."

A Sydney fishmonger, the other day, desired to let his customers know, *apropos* of the epidemic among the fish in Port Jackson, that he sold no fish which had been taken therefrom. So he had printed and put in his window—"All fish sold in this shop are caught out of the harbour."

At any other time than just now the hanging of William Jones, who left a protestation of his innocence with the Gov. of Melbourne Gaol, would be regarded as a shocking matter for further enquiry. But Australia can't stop to trouble about Jones when the newspapers are reporting so many cases of men getting killed in South Africa for a crime they didn't commit—innocent sufferers for the guilty.

"C.M.G.": Saw an unusual little incident in our street the other evening. Noticed a motherly woman arguing excitedly with a tall slip of a policeman a few yards ahead. Suddenly the woman turned fiercely, and attacked the Law with her formidable gamp. The first blow knocked off the officer's helmet; the second took him in the back of the neck; then, as he stooped to pick up his head-gear, the matron pounded him in a manner shocking to the man's personal dignity, and ruinous to the prestige of the force. The policeman merely put on his hat, and walked away. As I came up the old woman took me into her confidence, remarking quite composedly: "That's the only bye of min that iver darred disobey me!"

"P.": Travelled from Parra matta yesterday morning in a second-class non-smoker. In the same carriage were an American negro, an Afghan, a Chinese hawker, and four perfectly respectable, well-dressed, Europeanised half-caste Chinese girls. At Macdonaldtown two Syrians got in, one a priest, and on Sydney station the Rev. What's-his-Name, the well-known Chinese missionary—by the way, the most gentlemanly-looking cleric of my acquaintance—was just catching another train, dressed in the orthodox Anglican curate's rig. By-and-bye we shall be a fearful and wonderful nation.

Patriotic fervor was running high in Swilltown, Centralia. When the news arrived that certain naval officers at Simonstown, S' Africa, had ducked in the sea an editor of unpopular opinions and had been fined for the deed, two loyal Centralians determined to reimburse the naval heroes, and trotted round making a collection for the purpose. Before they had got well under way it dawned upon them that some other town (possibly Brisbane) might also be seized with a similar brilliant idea and meanly rush forward to anticipate them. Consequently the jingoes rushed incontinently to the telegraph office, cabled a sum across to Simonstown out of their own pockets and then resumed their collecting peregrinations. At the close of a weary day they had realised exactly £2 and all subsequent efforts failed to increase it. Subsequent operations in the gentle art of subtraction showed that they were about £10 out of pocket, but the Empire is richer, infinitely richer, by such an example of trusting faith and devotion. Swilltown is grinning yet.

In re the Johnny Aitkens case:—

"A gentleman rider, well I'm an outsider, But if he is a gent, who the mischief's a jock?"

"Steff Cassander": For peace and quiet got into an empty carriage. First station we stopped at in came two nuns. One was old, rotund and spectacled; the other, young, dark and bewitchingly pretty. They sat opposite me and looked at their feet. So did I (the old nun had polished corn-bumps). Then I looked up quickly to try and catch a glimpse of the younger's eye, but she kept her eyes down and started counting her beads. She did this very skillfully, and I became quite interested, so the old lady looked angrily at me and started counting her beads also. I seemed to have forgotten whom I was travelling with for I found myself comparing beads, and carefully tallying the younger's count I said: "Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—why, you've got two more beads than mother!" They stopped counting, and the little nun looked out the window; I knew she was trying hard to suppress a burst. When she turned round she was very rosy, and I felt very wicked because the elder looked at me so fiercely. When they got up to go, I actually essayed a farewell wink at the junior. She lagged behind. "Aha!" I thought, "she is going to speak." She did, thus: "Please wipe that black smudge off your nose."

Letter in London MORNING LEADER on an alluring topic:—

The Girl Left Behind.
Let all the fellows who stay at home remember that the girls left behind are left in trust. A man should scorn to try to win in another man's absence (especially in such a cause) the girl whom he could not, or at least did not, win in fair rivalry before.—Yours, &c., T. W. COLE. 23 Jan., 1900.

TO ANOTHER FELLOW'S GIRL.
[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

When I loved you, dear Lucy, I vow
I had many an exquisite minute,
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Has even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.

WILLIAM CARTER.

Editor BULLETIN.—I beg to move "That as a perpetual memorial of the Plague that portion of Sydney abutting on the shores of Darling Harbor be created a distinct ward of the City to be called 'Pest Ward.'" "That the streets within Pest Ward be re-named after aldermen of



PEACE AND THERE SHALL BE NO PEACE.

MAMA: "Garn, you old fool, what do you want to go to the war for?"

PAPA: "I don't know—for peace, I think."

Sydney and members of the N.S.W. Water and Sewerage Board, so that for all time the personalities of the members of these bodies may be execrated by successive generations. "That the very small and particularly deadly lanes in Pest Ward be named after such engineers, inspectors of nuisances, and other officials of these bodies as are unable to prove that they, in the exercise of their functions, continuously reported to their superiors—God save the mark!—the insanitary condition of the City." "That a silt statue of Mayor Harris be erected in a central position in the ward with a tablet recording that he had joyously reported the saving of £3000 by a reduction of the City expenses for street cleaning one week before the outbreak of the pestilence."—Yours faithfully, J. A. P.

"The Govt. is alive to the deadliness of the plague," says a Sydney daily paper. This is reassuring. People feared that the Govt. was dead to the liveliness of the plague.

In Perth (W.A.), very recently, the usual individual was charged with having "no visible means." He admitted the invisibility, but alleged that he, like hundreds of others, was trying his hardest to get work and had so far failed. The Bench gave him three days in which to find employment, failing which he would be re-arrested and get six months. Considering that a man can't find employment unless someone has employment to give, and reckons him a suitable person to give it to, this was almost as absurd as ordering that, unless it rained within three days, defendant would be run-in again. Defendant, who probably knew a lot more about the chances of getting work than the Bench did, left the dock, remarking sadly, as he started forth on the dismal quest after water in hell, "I'll have to do the six months." Then the Bench flushed a bright red about the ears, and it shrieked for the defendant to be brought back, and gave him one month as a sample, for contempt. Contempt evidently consisted in the fact that he didn't take a sufficiently cheerful view of the chances of finding work inside three days.

The two brothers who look so much alike that no one can tell which is one of them, or which is both of them, came up for trial at Perth last week on the charge of performing an illegal operation. The evidence was reasonably strong against one or both of them, but it couldn't be disentangled. Witnesses swore that they saw either Herbert or Francis doing something, and later on either the same man or the other one did something else, but whether it was a continuous offence by the same man, and if so which man, or whether it was done partly by one and partly by the other, and which part was done by which one, nobody was quite certain. In the end the jury disagreed, and both defendants were remanded for a new trial.

A safe double—Twin-screws.

From Melb. AGE, 23/3/00:—

A progressive enche-party was given by the R.C. Church Committee in the Shire Hall, Rushworth, last evening, in aid of the bazaar-funds. About 30 tables were occupied, and after cards dancing was indulged in until a late hour.

"S.C.": Some of the returning-officers at last M.L. general election still complain of the trouble caused by the women-voters. In one case a frowsy woman with a red eye and a blue nose poked her head in at my booth and said, "Put me down for George Fisher," then ran off. A scrutineer brought her back, "What's your name, Madame?" I politely asked. "George Fisher," she husked. "No, no, your own name," I said. "Oh, Mary ahic Minogue ahic Ahearn ahic," replied she, smilingly. I was getting

annoyed. "Well, please, are you a Minogue or a Ahearn?" "George Fisher," she snapped. "Thank you," I said. "Constable, please."

Speaker Abbott states that of King's School (Parramatta) boys twenty-three, known to him, are now on active service in the S' African war. King's School, Parramatta, was always Imperially inclined. The school was originally founded by and at the expense of the British Govt. and the headmasters were for years sent out from England.

A hilarious sensation happened in Lonsdale-street, Melbourne, during heavy rain one day recently. A middle-aged female, soaked through and through, partially with rain, mainly with beer, was blown before the gale, a tragic, streaming figure clutching an inverted gamp with one hand, and clawing at high heaven with the other, till she tipped into the boiling torrent raging in the main drain. The flood seized upon its victim, and began to bowl her helplessly down stream, head over end. At this stage a constable rushed to the rescue, but just as he grabbed the woman the flood snatched him off his base, too, and for one amazing minute the crowd under the verandahs opposite witnessed a wild whirl of policeman, female and storm-waters revolving down hill at a terrific bat. The human flotsam ran a stirring chance of being sucked into the sewer a little lower down where the Metrop. Board employes had left the lid off. However, much of the female and the greater portion of the Law were scooped out in the nick of time, and a bedraggled and contrite woman was fined next morning in various sums for one plain drunk, and one helmet and other losses sustained by the force in pursuing its duty down a raging drain. By the way, many years ago a man was actually drowned by falling into an Elizabeth-street (Melb.) gutter during a thunderstorm.

A BULLETIN man in Melbourne witnessed a very smart rescue of a damsel in distress by a young laborer on a Flinders-street tram recently. The knight, looking as if he had been lumping coal all day, was sitting on the front seat of the dummy, smoking; the lady on the bike, darting under the nose of a horse (having just lost her head, evidently) came directly in front of the tram, and the car struck her machine broadside-on. But the muscular hero in front made a wild scoop, just in the nick of time; he grabbed the girl at the crucial moment, and, flinging himself back in the seat, held her for a few moments as a mother hugs her smiling babe, until the tram stopped. The bike was fished from under the dummy in three pieces, all tied in hard knots, but the girl was none the worse, although her pretty clothes looked as though she had been dragged by her back hair through a sooty flue.



HEART-BREAKER DAVEY.

"Please, sir, are you Mister Private Davey? 'Cos if you are, I'd like your photograph."

A Cassilis (Vic.) miner attempted to drown himself, the other day, because he was refused as a recruit to the Australian Imperial Regiment. Talk about girls running after a uniform!

A number of young ladies at Lilydale, Vic., anxious to give the maiden's mite towards the saving of the Empire, have sent a box of afternoon-tea d'oyleys to "our brave boys" in South Africa. Boutonnieres on ice to follow.

The verdict in the Fraser shooting case raises the old question whether—at least in cases where prosecutor and accused are of opposite sexes—the jury should not be similarly composed. Where is the jury of women who would have acquitted the pretty Kathleen? With a jury of young men—or even baldheads—it is nearly impossible for a man to succeed against a young and good-looking woman. With women in the box that plea, all-powerful with men, would militate against the possessor.

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A WOMAN'S LETTER.

Sydney, April 3, 1900.

MY DEAR MYEE,—

All engagements cancelled at Govt. House, all the charity balls holding fire timorously—and what sort of a season are we going to have! The one hop that braves the weather is the Agricultural Ball, which was such a brilliant success last year. This comes off at the Town Hall on 19th April, during Easter week.

Lady Mary Lygon is coming out again as soon as she can arrange things with her Duchess. She had meant to be here in September, but the soldier-brother's death has induced her to hurry on her arrangements. She leaves by the Himalaya, and will be here about May 20 to brighten up things for Lord Beauchamp. The faithful Lady Bertha Wilbraham comes out with her once more. Also, a new member of the Beauchamp family, Lady Susan Gilder, an elder married sister.

Everyone who was in Sydney on Saturday turned up at "Lady Dolly." In a box sat Mrs. Brough and Emma Temple, just arrived from Maoriland. Mrs. Brough was in black satin, Emma Temple wore a sleeveless white, and they stayed from beginning to end, looking as if amateur performances were the only joys in life.

But the whole crowded house was enthusiastic. Encores were ready for everybody. Then, at the last curtain, cries for "authors" brought out Alfred Hill, in his long black curls, and Mrs. Marjorie Brown, in white with a little fan and a scared expression. Marjorie Brown, by the way, is the authoress of a little book of verses called "Weeds," published some years ago.

Hetty Holroyd scored heavily, both in singing and in frocking. In the first act she wore one of the very newest skirts, a pink muslin tucked lengthways from the waist to the knees, and flowing out freely from below the tucks. This was worn over deep rose-pink linings, and was finished off with a pink hat turned off the face. In the second act—the fancy-dress ball scene—the fair Hetty wore a white brocade princess frock, with long lace sleeves, and a few chiffon billows round the feet. To hear the angels sing she put on a yellow silk "matinée" with a big white turned-down collar that suggested choristers, who are next door to angels, sartorially speaking.

"Lady Dolly" was dressed more simply by Miss Bertha Caldwell, who had less to do, and wore a white tucked and insertion muslin in the first act with a wide white toque. Her snappiest dress was her fancy ball get-up of orange silk, vandyked deeply over short white silk petticoat. There were some really lovely dresses scattered through the play. And plenty of opportunity for dressing, too—dressing of all sorts. A fancy-dress ball, for instance, is a great temptation to some people, and I noticed half-a-dozen or so in "Lady Dolly" who—er—succumbed. King Charles I., for instance, with a wig of washed-out curls hanging in his eyes, and—but let me pass over some of the others with a sigh.

Mr. Burns-Walker rolled admirably in white trousers, blue coat and cap of a Jack Tar, but got into the wrong shade of make-up for his Romeo costume—a rich-looking dress, by the way, of scarlet velvet as to the cloak, lined with white watered silk, over grey satin suit heavily embroidered in steel. Mr. Willie Beattie played a young and handsome Svengali from Spain in a big black hat and cloak, and a sweet baritone voice that deserves much encouragement. Miss Meta Haytor, the housekeeper, in dark brown velvet polonaise looped up over a tan-colored petticoat, made a big hit with her lively "Tip it a Wink" song and dance. And the choruses sang excellently, and danced not half as leggily as you might expect. The ever-green Mrs. Warskitt was responsible for the dances.

Moths on the ermine, of course. The men's legs, for instance. An amateur is deadly afraid of padding, but with the assistance of a little support it might not have taken us half-an-hour to discover—without a programme—that Mr. Harry Brewer was a Duke. Also, the chorus in the first act hadn't the country-house air about it—the easy, away-from-home manners and swagger-frocking of a house-party at the Duke of Deanclyffe's. Also, the songs yielded too easily to encores, while the ballets never came back at all. Furthermore, amateurs should never be asked to act in a play in which they have to say the word "Senor." It seems too hard and cruel a thing to ask of them. In "Lady Dolly" they played the changes on that "soft, meandering Spanish name" until it went from Senna to Senor; thence to Senore; thitherwards to Sinner, where I stopped listening to it.

Alfred Hill has the gift of catching the ear. Song after song—I have seldom heard such an opera full of songs—was caught at by the audience, and, apart from a lot of "reminiscence" about the music, the house enjoyed that comfortable feeling that tuneless music alone can give. Now and then you thought you were at the "Gondoliers," or at half-a-dozen of the operas, but always the music—singable, ingenious, pretty—hinted at a big future for the author of "Hinemoa," the work Alfred Hill is best known by.

Things are not very lively in the mountains just now. A recent widow is there, going round in a rather novel costume of black, with a high black hat, bright brown gloves and golden brown boa, and followed by a large coterie of—no, not men. The only available man—Mr. Holdship—fell off a chair while pulling down a window and broke his collar-bone, and her following is all women.

Of course the plague scare keeps on sending up train-loads of people. And, of course, Sydney hotels and hash houses don't like that. In fact, the story that started in Sydney last week that Katoomba was full of raging typhoid was probably started by a jealous Sydney landlady without any "guests." Anyway, the scare was hard-worked

down here. One's Sydney letters continually alluded to the typhoid up there. Katoomba was on the verge of a scare, but local doctors and land agents succeeded in flaunting a quite clean bill of health over the libelled township.

By the way, in Sydney last week two doctors had their lives taken by the same agent—Report. For two days it was all over the city that Dr. Jarvie-Hood was dead of the plague, while Dr. Goode was permitted to have died of inoculation. Both these well-known medicos are quite alive and well, and driving about as usual.

Speaking of health resorts, there certainly is one in the Mountains—I am not going to mention any names as a lot of Society is settled there for the Plague Season—where a scavenger is very badly needed. Old boots, old jam-tins—all the hideous paraphernalia of the people that moved last week—lie rotting on the paths and spare grass, unnoticed by the gaudy Council that spends its gilded time looking after the health of the big ferns in the show gullies.

The only joke alive just now. "Heard of the 20 new cases at the Victoria Markets?" "Good Lord!" (properly knocked over, stunned and breathless) "who are they?" "Cases of apples."

Have you noticed the queer advts. going about this time of year? Brought on by the plague, perhaps. This one:—

LADY (whose opportunities of conversing with men are rare) desires correspond with educated, large-minded, cultured man (over 30 preferred), to discuss Current Topics, Literature, Religion, Art, etc.; no object in view save the broadening of her views, mutual improvement, and edification. Neither correspondent to seek to discover personality of the other. M.E.N.S., G.P.O.

And this—what you get from "Home Notes" when you seek to pierce the sweet mystery of your future husband:—

I think you will have the chance of marriage in about two years' time. The man will be of small build, rather thin, dark hair and eyes, and indifferent complexion. His health will not be very good, and will be a source of some anxiety to you.

And this, referring to the late Mrs. Kiss' sale at Randwick:—

LADY'S Writing Table in ivory, said to have been presented to the late Sir Warren Hastings.

Is this an old story? Schoolboy, writing: "Oliver Cromwell was a very bad man. He took his king and cut off his head, and he said, 'Had I but served my God as I have served my King he would not have deserted me in my grey haire.'"

The Broughs' return on Monday drew a houseful of old, staunch friends, so familiar at a Brough play as to look like a family party. A lady with the newest way of wearing flowers in her hair had the dressing all her own way—hair puffed out over a frame, dressed high on top, and just over the face a snappy arrangement of red and pink roses—big rose on one side, little rose on the other. Somebody says that the very tip-topmost of fashion doesn't put its head in a frame, but Sydney, perhaps, has not heard that rumor. The whole theatre had its head inside sixpenn'orth of covered wire.

I saw nothing to lose my heart to in the dresses of this new play, "The Happy Life." Grace Noble sported a pretty round hat—toque rather—of brown mink with a purple crown, and some deep upstanding purple in the front. Her yellow satin evening dress was plain and trimless; so was Mrs. Brough's white satin. Mrs. Brough did herself an injustice with her hair on her neck in the first act, and somehow she seemed not to make herself as attractive-looking as usual all through the play. Emma Temple's dresses, too, never accounted for her reckless tearing-up of that £5-note from Leslie Victor. Miss Bessie Thompson as a hash-mosque keeper in black looked many degrees slimmer since she started taking boarders. As far as clothes go, the men were much smarter; but do you like Mr. Lovell in a short coat buttoned up across his narrow chest?

The chief moral of the play—a pretty, affectionately-written little romantic-comedy—seems to be that if you want a misunderstanding to last three acts—or four months—you must never allow the wife to catch her husband—or the husband to catch his wife—just when either is going to confess the love that is there all the time. There was one time when Mrs. Brough cried "Cyril!" and Mr. Lovell had barely left the room. He was in the greatest danger of hearing. And if he had heard that pleading voice—it was then half-past nine—where would the rest of the play have been? So that, when you get home from "The Happy Life" you feel you have had a series of miraculous escapes from ending the play at the first act.

Mr. Lovell also had a narrow escape—from being written down a prig. That time when he settles down to a happy evening in his chambers. He gets down his books, and a shiver runs down your backbone when he announces his intention of revelling in Homer! The good young hero who sits up to read Greek at nights isn't a favorite this end of the century. Then he reads aloud—a little coldly—"And thou beside me singing in the wilderness," and the shiver vanishes, and everything is all right again, for we can reconcile Omar and a twentieth-century hero with pink lamp-shades.

Speaking of Greek reminds me that the attendant in the Art Gallery of an Australasian town, after showing a lady round, suddenly asked her to kiss him—platonically, of course. But the lady had no platonic kisses ready; besides she had a husband. The disappointed kiss-seeker went immediately and resigned his position, and has left for other shores, where, perhaps, he will find ladies that believe in Plato.

The will of a recently-deceased N.S.W. military officer of high standing dispels a society rumor that he was dependent on his wife, who predeceased him, for pocket-money. The Potts Point story

was that each morning he found a sovereign beside his breakfast-plate. His estate was sworn at £28,400, which he divided between the four sisters of his wife.

The many friends of Mrs. Louisa Lawson, Henry Lawson's mother, will be sorry to hear that she is still unable to resume her editorial duties at the DAWN office. Injuries she received while alighting from an electric tram nearly two months ago have turned out to be very serious.

Writes my Melbourne correspondent:—

"Much sadness hereabouts, concerning the ending of the twenty unhappy passengers, who at four o'clock on a bitter morning, left the wrecked Glenelg in an over-crowded boat with five miles between them and the Gippsland shore. Most of them were returning holiday tourists, and so near home one doesn't anticipate danger somehow. One of the missing had arranged to spend his leave in Sydney but was persuaded to alter his plans at the last minute because of the plague. One poor fellow, not content with the searches of police and local residents, has gone down to scour the district for traces of his wife and three friends. Which recalls the Ingelow poem about 'Elizabeth,' swept away in the high tide, and her husband who said, 'Oh come in life or come in death, come my lost wife, Elizabeth!' just before her body was washed to his feet.

"The 'Medio' Women's Rowing and Yachting Club will make a desperate bid for some laurels on the Albert Park Lagoon next Saturday (7th). For the last two months the girls in blue have been daily hauling in the main sail, and 'dippin' together (in rowing parlance) on the somewhat smelly lagoon, and now they are about to display their skill and muscle before the multitude. Albert Park goes ahead. It supplies us with a Rotten Row, a polo course, golf-links, a women's bowling, rowing, and yachting club, and model boarding-houses. The new Minerva's Paradise.

"Seeing that a certain fair spinster has returned heart-whole from a dazzling dawdle abroad, everyone thinks that her devoted lover—son of a brewer, with brains and money—is to be at length rewarded with the gift of her lily-white hand in matrimony. They say that the widowed mamma approves of the choice, but religion has to be squared. The Anglican community clings to the maid's family as its head and front, and, on the other hand, the Old Church has the allegiance of the brewer and his olive-branches. So that there will have to be a wrench somewhere.

"Frenchy-looking pasteboards have been sent out by Janet Lady Clarke, as President of the Alliance, for a flare-up at Cliveden on April 26. The date first fixed was the 12th, but post-cards followed hot speed on the invitations warning the 'most desirable' people that the hostess would be obliged to postpone her party to the 26th. Long notices of functions are dreaded now-a-days. Life—in Africa—is so uncertain.

"A married candidate for the Vic. section of the Imperial regiment, who grew abusive on hearing the reason of his being passed out, was told that men with wives would not be allowed to enlist as a means of shirking their responsibilities. 'Fat lot you know!' he replied hotly. 'My missus told me she'd break my neck if I didn't enlist.'

"The curse of over-Respectability has come home to roost with Melb. Women's Hospital Committee. At last meeting of that delectable aggregation the fact could no longer be concealed that the finances were getting into a lamentably bad way. An attempt was made to conceal the real position by putting up a long discussion about an alleged reduction of the Govt. grant, but the device was too clumsy to deceive anyone. Last year Govt. gave a lump sum, in addition to the usual grant, to provide for additional buildings, and because a similar extra was not available this year as well the committee tried to throw dust in the eyes of the public by affecting to believe that the annual grant was to be reduced. Fact is, the public has grown tired of subscribing to a hospital mismanaged by the cold crowd of 'society' mutual-admirers that still brands unmarried mothers in its wards; and thus one of Australia's finest institutions may go to ruin through the frigidity of its fashionable conductors. An attempt is now apparently being made to—er—conciliate the press. Mrs. Spowers, wife of one of the Argus proprietors, and Mrs. Syme, wife of David of that ilk, are now on the committee, and probably some female relatives of Sam Winter, of the HERALD, will be added at the correct moment.

"Photography is the business in Melbourne chiefly boomed by the war. One newly-established studio, where a dozen of yourself on cardboard can be had for 8s. 6d., is simply rushed by the more impetuous of the girls left, or about to be left, behind. On a recent Saturday no less than 35 sat before 11.30 a.m.

"But, like everything else in the world worth having, that much-flattered photograph has been bought with a price. Most of the women who yield themselves to the camera first visit a fashionable hairdresser's as the chief aid to looking beautiful. There, seated in one of the revolving chairs, deft fingers remove the hairpins, scanty locks fall sparsely, and a minute later one's best

friend comes in and, talking the while, calmly, coldly, critically, takes notes for future reference.

"In 'When the Lamps are Lighted,' at the Royal, Sheridan, as a nursemaid with a knowing old face on her, flaunts a trim foot in a tiny tan shoe. Envious she-beholders accuse said J.S. of overcrowding his tootsies; but in view of his buoyant dancing one doesn't feel much like 'roaring and crying' over the sometime widdy's so-called 'toes in torment.'

"Talking of feet, that seeming sphinx, John Chinaman, must be more fanciful than he looks if, as stated in a recent lecture, he calls the cramped supports of his womankind 'golden lilies,' and says poetically thereof—'Every golden lily costs a jar of tears.'

"Another deep-down layer of Cabbage John's character is his thin-skinned pride. Nowadays, local missionaries are apt to discourage their pupils' religious tea-parties, knowing that a Chink convert in the role of host to 'Christian fiends and fellow-countymen' tends to become frivolous and puffed-up. Ah Sams thwarted in their hospitable instincts jabber rebelliously, and have been known to backslide *en classe*. 'John' knows that if he makes no return after being feasted and publicly prayed for by adherents of neighboring missions, he will be branded as 'stingy' by the Naicest local Chows.

"Someone once said to a mission Chink, laden with tea, ginger, lacquer-tray, and silk kerchief for the teacher's birthday, 'You like Miss Z. very much, John?' 'No likee muchee. Cousin give one plesent, more cousin give two, my bludder give thlee, me give four.'

"To return to the Sheridan Co. Maud Gwynne as the person with the penniless led-astay past and prosperous, penitent present shows her white shoulders above a yellow brocade flounced with white silk-muslin. Maud Denny, as the dressy sinner's innocent offspring, frocks becomingly at the paternal villain's expense in cerise-trimmed white muslin by day, and in pale-blue dinner gown with Virginia-creper spray when the lamps are lighted and rival suitors in dress-clothes shoo one another off the grass.

"In same co. an engaging small boy in red satin blouse is unanimously labelled Sheridan junior on the strength of his frizzy top thatch and shapely shins. His natty supports recall those of a four-year-old French girl, who at a recent military farewell won general notice, thanks to the exquisite fit of her dull-red shoes. In simple frock and hat of white pique with plump glossy bronze legs showing above trim white socks, it was La Petite's shrill parly-voo and Parisian shoe-leather that smote all beholders. Said a paper-boy from the top of a lamp-post: 'They fit the bloom' kid just like she's dipped her trotters in red paint.'

"Apropos of the little Mam'zelle aforesaid, mothers of fair-haired tots, who witnessed the brownie's triumph, tried to minimise the glory of her ankles by comments on the width of her vivacious mouth and the shallowness of her dimpled cheeks. Poor mothers! How they champion their bairns. Just the other day, a timid little Melbourne mother, accompanied by baby and his photograph, trailed round in search of Justice, braving one legal harpy after another in his den. It is a solemn fact that the flustered pilgrim was set upon bringing a libel-action against the photographer of her child! No friend or relative, apparently, had cared to lend her countenance in her hopeless quest, so gathering up Babs and that malicious caricature, 'she had set forth to tread the wine-press alone.'

"At last skirts are returning to a more decorous pattern. Instead of the pleats which rarely met properly, or the 'sheath' which showed the fat wobbling form of its wearer to an amused public, we are to have a wide fold, which, when it sits well, is elegant, and even when it doesn't is better than its predecessor. For it is decent, while the other shape afforded glimpses of the under-garments, and no one is interested in the frill of a blouse, the band of a petticoat, and various tapes. It is rumored that the sheath will 'stay' for evening wear. If that is so, let me beg that fat women will have their corsets made to order, that they will have them as long as it is possible for corsets to be, and that they will lace them tightly, and have their petticoats as carefully made as their dresses. I don't think they will be comfortable, and I think they (the stays) will cost a great deal. But there is no other way out of it. A woman has only to study another woman's back in a sheath skirt as she walks along to see that corsets should extend over the hips and be laced tightly, so that the whole form should look one firm, rounded, immovable block.

"In little Professor Gregory, the new geological expert at Melbourne University, the Yarra-side city is finding that it has taken a remarkable man to its bosom. The Prof. has tramped through Spitzbergen on a scientific expedition, and has explored in the icy heart of Nova Scotia. He is an advanced thinker all round, and could take up political economy in a style that would shake up the dry bones of the University, if permitted. He is a D. Sc. of London University, which means that he had to work for his honors: men with wealth and influence go to Oxford or Cambridge; poor students take their degree at London. He has known what it is to live, and has found some phases of his career quite as hard as the hardest rocks he has chipped.

"Since Mr. John Ancock departed this life there are quite a crop of good mimics of the Brassey ah-aw style of address in Melbourne, but the Speaker takes the cake from the crowd. If you listen with your eyes closed to Mr. F. C. Mason making one of the labored speeches of Uncle Tom, you can picture the ancient mariner before you with one hand thrust through his shirt-front, the other clasping a chair. Mr. Mason 'does' several leading officials cleverly, and is himself taken off to the life by another figure-head official.

Yours affectionately, GOULI-GOULI.

Baden-Powell, the handsome and resourceful defender of Mafeking, is an ardent admirer of the sex, owing to the fact that he has always moved in the naicest social circles, where every charming female form is adorned with the P.D. corset. The educated admiration of so brave and cultured a soldier is warmly appreciated by feminine lovers of the manly devotion displayed by the gallant P.B., who is the idol of innumerable wearers, the world over, of the artistic P.D.*

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PERSONAL ITEMS.

There is a movement to transfer the remains of R. L. Stevenson to Scotland from Samoa, where they are on German territory. But surely it is time to give the clever, over-rated Stevenson a rest!

One of the most popular Premiers of Victoria was twice fined for sly-grog-selling in 1853. It closed his shop. The merchant who supplied the liquor was afterwards a member of the Leg. Council.

Since his arrival in Sydney, Primate Smith has every year composed a set of verses to commemorate the birthday of Dean Cowper, of St. Andrew's, Sydney. His hand is now to the plough for the coming event.

It is unlikely that Major Reay, editor of Melbourne E. HERALD, will again dabble in ink after his South African blood-bath. He is very keen on soldiering, and the HERALD editorship is not such a good billet as to wax him to the chair. At first opportunity Reay will seize a staff appointment.

Alfred Stephen, late N.S.W. Chief-Justice, was the first Australian resident knighted for services in and for Australia. George Stephen, generally accepted as the first, obtained his title in England and for services performed there. He afterwards came to Australia and settled in Victoria.

When James M'Culloch was Premier of Victoria he always, at the end of the night's business in the Assembly, moved "That this House do now adjourn." Graham Berry, with equal invariability, used to move "That this House do now adjourn." When James Service came along it was noticed with surprise that though a Scotchman he could say "house."

The heroism of Labor. Four years ago a Broken Hill miner had one of his legs so badly crushed that it had to be amputated; but an artificial limb was substituted, and, covered by his clothes, the leg looked as good as new. So he held his tongue, applied for work and got it, and kept his secret until the other day a boulder came along and crushed both legs!

A very well-known Sydney public man who has taken a very active hand in plague-suppression matters, was last week careered towards the Town Hall to a meeting to stamp out rats and such sources of infection, accompanied as usual by his faithful tyke on a chain, when he was seen to stop, take out his handkerchief and wipe the dog's nose with it. Then he replaced it in his pocket. Talk about plague-precautions!

When Justice Simpson, of N.S.W. Divorce Court, was on the District Court Bench, the salary was only £1000 a-year, and no provision for pension existed. Thinking the emolument too small he, after a short experience, resigned, returned to Bar and politics, and pressed on the attention of Govt. and Parliament the necessity of increasing District Court Judges' salaries. Premier Stuart harkened, raised the salary to £1500, and fixed the pension at £750. As soon as the Bill passed he offered a District Court seat to Mr. Simpson, but, although the latter would not have left the Bench in the first instance had the office carried these emoluments, he now decided to decline, and did so. He considered that he would expose himself to criticism if, after publicly advocating a betterment of the position, he availed himself of the advantage. Which affords a remarkable contrast to the action of Chief-Justice Griffith and others.

Dr. Diehl, whose name is now in most Western mining messages in connection with sulphide treatment, is chief chemist of the London and Hamburg Gold Recovery Co., and the "Diehl process" is really the co's. He has been for three years steadily experimenting on Kalgoolie sulphides.

The side-wall of a Melb. building is adorned with Titanic figures of the Australian Premiers of '98, each carrying a bag as an advt. for a local firm of manufacturers. The advt. is appropriate, seeing that all the Premiers, except Oom John, have been presented with the sack.

Rev. F. J. Chavasse, just appointed Bishop of Liverpool (Eng.), was six or seven years ago elected by Sydney C.E. Synod to be Bishop of Sydney, but was rejected by the N.S.W. Bishops, who possessed a controlling vote. The Sydney Synod picked him chiefly for his rigid churchmanship, and the Bishops rejected him mainly because the Synod chose him.

Dan'l O'Connor rises up from the political grave to contest the Sydney seat vacated by Agent-General Copeland. Daniel's age is now an unknown quantity, and the cry of his brogue has been heard in N.S.W. politics since the days of Governor Bligh or thereabouts. N.S.W. will never quite get rid of Dan'l. He stays like the Great Pyramid, and the depths of his supply of grease no man hath plumbed.

Dr. William Crooke, M.R.C.S., Eng., long ago of Tasmania and more recently of Melbourne, one of the victims of the Vic. boom-burst, and now battling bravely as a medical practitioner at the venerable age of 86 in Bourke-street, Woolloomooloo, had a cruel experience lately. The gallant old man was set upon one evening lately near his house by three ruffians who beat him severely and robbed him of a much-valued presentation gold watch and chain.

Old "Jimmy" Hoskins, M.L.C. of N.S.W., is dead, aged 77. The ancient, once a working gold-miner, many years ago got into N.S.W. Leg. Assembly, and, in the long run, secured office under Parkes, and then under Robertson; he was one of the nonentities who formed the joints in that masterful politician's tail. Hoskins, when he got office, hadn't any money to speak of; but he steadily drew his £1500 a year, or whatever it was, lived at a boarding-house on a couple of pounds a week or

so in all, and made a prisoner of every spare sovereign; so when the inevitable cold day came he was able to make a little fire of his own. James Hoskins was the only man, bar two, that THE BULLETIN knows to have made a competency however humble, out of politics.

The bad quarter-of-an-hour's tongue walloping and table-hammering which arose lately in a Sydney club because a member referred to Joseph Chamberlain as a "fraud" had an almost exact counterpart in Sydney over 60 years ago. The Radical Chief-Justice Forbes called Sir George Murray, the then Secretary of State, a "rascally ruffian," and set a jingo dinner-table in uproar. That was one of the counts which excited Major Mudie to horsewhip Forbes.

THE BULLETIN, whose editorial staff of five all wear fearsome goggles of one sort or another, is able to truly sympathise with Messrs. C. E. Dekker and Thompson Leys. The former, editor of Sydney E. News, and an indefatigable up-to-date reader, has had to temporarily leave the office, having worked himself almost blind; and Mr. Leys, editor of Auckland (M.L.) STAR, passed through Sydney, the other day, en route for Europe to consult a famous oculist.

The new Russian Consul-General for Australia, M. Nicolas Passet, refuses to be interviewed. Russia had a consul in Melbourne some years ago—he died there—who did allow himself to be seen by the press. It happened that a Russian Jew refugee made some remarks as to the way in which his kinsmen were treated by the Government, and the consul defended his country, though not too successfully. Evidently the matter was read in St. Petersburg, and a new consul apparently comes with something like a padlock on his lips.

Ex-Professor G. A. Murray, pro-Boer enthusiast and successful dramatist, settles in London. He is cousin of W. S. Gilbert, nephew of Sutherland Edwards, and son of N.S.W. Speaker Murray. He is also a Sydney native. His wife, a daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, is more democratic still than her Greek-professor husband, most of her time being given to the promotion of women's trade unions. On the other hand, Mr. Murray's brother, a Sydney barrister well-known in boxing circles—he was some years ago English amateur heavy-weight—has gone to the war as a N.S.W. contingent officer.

An English writer on Chamberlain:—

Joseph Chamberlain smiles; he does not laugh. This smile is peculiarly unsatisfactory, as if an adder had taken to grinning. Mr. Chamberlain, too, has a wandering and uneasy eye, and a habit of glancing furtively around him as if he expected each moment to be arrested. He began life as a debating society Tory. Then he became a Republican; and now he has rejoined the Tory party. All his inclinations, manners and dealings savor of the shoddy middle-class, whose god is wealth, and who look upon Heaven as a place where special stalls are resumed for themselves. The sky will fall when anybody trusts Mr. Chamberlain; but the sky is not likely to fall.



A DEFINITION.

CHOLLY (to the barmaid): "And what is your idea of virtue?"

HEBE: "Patience, dear boy, patience!"



EVIDENTLY NOT THE EMPYREAN.

NEWHUM (who has come out to better himself): "Hullo! this is the workingman's paradise, is it!"

A BULLETIN correspondent:

BULLETIN, 31/3/00, re the number of N.S.W. police magistrates of over 65 (two over 70). This looks very like fish of one and fowl of another. The brave and brainy Mr. Baylis, P.M. for years at Wagga (whose decisions have never been upset on appeal, and who personally tackled Morgan's gang, and is supposed to have shot one of them dead before being himself shot by Morgan, a wound which kept him in bed for months), was retired about three years ago because he was over 60, and despite his protest that he was as physically and intellectually fit as ever. Since Mr. Baylis's retirement he was offered and refused the chief magistracy of Norfolk Island.

Perhaps the worst work ever done by the late sculptor Simonetti was the statue of Gov. Phillip in Sydney Gardens—an effigy which could hardly, by any possibility, have been erected in any other alleged civilised city. The figure stands, with both feet on a plane, leaning back with the weight thrown on the left foot, yet with the right leg advanced, and bent at the knee as if about to spring forward. To render such an attitude possible, the right leg would have to be some 6in. longer than the other. But perhaps Phillip was lame.

Died recently on the West Coast (Tas.) Tom Donovan, one of the fast-disappearing class of "old-time" miner. Tom was once deputed to report on an alleged "good thing" in the early days of quartz-mining in the Flyspeck. The report, contrary to expectations, was frosty for the venture, and concluded thus:—"I believe the company have several hundred pounds in hand to open the show. If they desire to spend it on the ground it could be done by driving a tunnel on the line of reef, and I firmly believe that the deeper they got into the hill the sadder and wiser would the shareholders be." Donovan was never asked for another report.

John Peters, dead at Dubbo (N.S.W.) was a full-blooded Chinese with a considerable Australian history. About 60 years ago he left China with an English missionary and penetrating to western N.S.W. devoted himself to church services for some years. He got employment subsequently in the Wellington flour mills and rapidly attained the position of manager. He next started a general business of his own and failed. As his English was good and his Chinese very good N.S.W. Govt. accepted him as interpreter for the western courts. Finding time at his disposal he opened a store in Dubbo and succeeded in building up one of the largest businesses in the district. But what he made as interpreter and storekeeper went in wild-cat mining, so that he died in rather poor circumstances at the age of 73. He had been initiated into Freemasonry as a boy in China and for years was one of the heads of the order in Australia. He married in Dubbo and leaves a family.

That recently-deceased Maorilander, the Hon. Thomas Dick, was an astute person with a face like an undertaker's horse, and was frequently a victim of the waggy of the late Johnny Sheehan and other jovial souls who kept the M.L. Parliament of the early eighties alive behind the scenes. One mirthful night Dick was dragged before Sheehan's Comic Court of "Parliamentary Honor and Good Conscience," and was gravely tried for the heinous offence of playing at marbles in the lobby. Impassioned addresses were made for the defence by Joe Tole and others, and eventually the jury of legislators, by their foreman (the man who painted the blemishes off his Berkshire boar in preparation for a certain historic agricultural show), found Dick guilty of arson in the third degree! Dick once lived at the rocky islet of St. Helena, from which isolated spot, strangely enough, F. J. Moss, another M.L. parliamentarian and contemporary of Dick's, hailed. Moss once ascribed Dick's habitual solemnity to the fact that as a youth he was employed as cicerone to the grave of Napoleon, and conducted the visitors to the spot with a sonorous groan of "This way to the t-o-o-o-mb." Atkinson, after giving Dick his portfolio, asked old-time journalist and wit Charles Orlo Montrose what he thought of the Ministry. Montrose replied that he thought it was chiefly composed of "Tom Dick and Harry."

It is not generally known that Hori Grey was once offered the presidency of the Orange Free State.

Premier Make Lean, of Melb., sings as follows:—

The empire slumbers peacefully,
Unstilled by the rod
Of despot rule; servility
Ne'er thrives on British sod—
That glorious realm of liberty,
Whose rule is just, where all are free,
Where, fearless, each may bend the knees
Before his father's God.

There is canny Scotch caution in that last clause. There's a distinct reservation in the matter of the divinity, observe, and it is plainly to be understood that the man who bows his head to any deity but the one sanctioned by his father must take his chances. Here is another helping of the bard M'Lean:

With iron thews, the tracker's eye,
Though somewhat slouching mien,
Those horsemen bold, 'neath southern sky,
Have sun and weather seen.

Most of the rest is akin to the above, and the Premier Poet makes it evident that one can be a bad poet and an extremely commonplace politician. A good politician may be excused for being a bad poet, but two wrongs should never make one write.

Copied from the late James Tyson's pocket-book, found at Heyfield, October 2, 1899, supposed to be his own composition:—

Ingromba, 16th Nov., '03.

Let the wealthy have their customs,
And keep the wealth they own;
But, while claiming all their pleasures,
Let other men's alone.

Let them boast their halls and mansions,
And live as best they can,
For we have learnt 'tis love and home
That makes the richest man.

June 7, 1864.—Made a wager with Mr. Rutherford of best new hat that James Tyson is not married within two years.—JOHN ADAMS, Witness.

Dr. Fraser, it appears, had sound reason for questioning the right of the Melbourne surgeons (at the Alfred Hospital) to operate upon his perforated head. In his student days he was lectured into the conviction that a bullet or other foreign substance in the brain is not necessarily as dangerous to the patient as an attempt to remove it. Up to now, Dr. Fraser has the best of the



BEHIND THE SCENES.—A FACT.

MR. IRLD GREENE (utility): "Dreamt last night I was playing lead."

MR. G. PAYNTE (character): "Thank heaven, I didn't dream I was in the audience!"

medical argument. Having survived an unsuccessful operation, he is getting along comfortably with the bullet, and is, moreover, recovering the use of his paralysed limbs, thanks to a course of scientific massage directed by himself. With his one remaining eye Dr. Fraser watches his own case with grave professional interest. Any cerebral irritation, caused by worry or a chance bang on the skull, might produce grave trouble at the bullet-place. The bullet is not placed exactly to his liking, but he bears no ill-will to his wife on that account. In fact, Dr. Fraser is careful to avoid ill-will to anybody, because it would be a bad thing for the brain, and if he used any rough language to the nurses at the hospital he hopes they will regard it as incidental to the cerebral disturbance which annoyed him at the time.

The season for visiting the old country having come round again, the upper four-hundred of Sydney are booking passages for London, and as a safeguard are as usual depositing their plate and other valuables in the Sydney Safe Deposit. In many cases they are also renting safes for the storage of their deeds, etc. In either case the rentals are very moderate, and the business of the Deposit is, we learn, rapidly increasing. A visit is freely invited. The address is Ash-street (back of Paling's), off George-street.

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Aboriginalities.

Saw a large black ant carrying home a sirloin of grasshopper when two red ants, a size smaller than Darkey, sortied from behind a chip and set upon him. Watched the fight that followed for half-an-hour, then went home, got my magnifying-glass, and returned. Had been absent 20min. Fight was still raging. Through the glass I saw clearly a horrid sight. The breasts of the two Ruperts were torn away and their vitals exposed; the head of one was severed—he, of course, was out of the fight then; the other Rupert was chewing off the near foreleg of Darkey whose two feelers already strewed the field. Darkey's jaws were at work on his enemy's neck, and presently he succeeded in decapitating him also. Time: 1h. 18min. Darkey—write it upon a monument of brass—staggered about on one leg, all he had, and that wounded, looking for his grasshopper-joint, and, when he found it, tried to resume his journey, pushing it before him! Battles of ants have been celebrated by greater writers than I. Aeneas Sylvius gives a good war-correspondent's account of one "fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth." The fight I umpired was fought in N.S.W. on last St. Patrick's Day, during the Premiership of Lyne the First.

"W.M.F.": Just been watching an interesting ant-fight. Between the house and the kitchen is a covered way, of which a pismire community has long held possession. This morning a few beef-ants invaded. Pismires came out in numbers and killed the invaders, but while they were dragging away the pieces a strong body of the enemy arrived, and "severe fighting ensued." In a few minutes the floor was strewn with slain, and beef-ants could be seen running about with legs ornamented with a couple of pismires' heads, still hanging on, though the bodies had been nipped off. Some of the beef-ants were real Trojans. No pismire could approach them without being at once cut in two, but when more than two of the little chaps got hold of a beef-ant it was generally a case with him. In some cases the pismires fell foul of each other, but the beef-ants made no such mistake. In fact, they helped each other by dragging off the heads of dead pismires. Gradually the beef-ants beat back the pismires right across the floor to the grass, where the pismires rallied desperately, but to no purpose, and after nearly an hour's fighting the beef-ants held the field in undisputed possession. It was a glorious go. *Apropos*—man isn't the only animal that fights for fighting's sake. Rams lay each other out from pure pugnacity. Soldier-birds fight to the death for a day's amusement. Beef-ants hold pitched battles amongst themselves, returning to the same ground day after day and fighting till sunset. A pair of spur-wing plover will fight to the death, generally on a moonlight night, but this is for possession of an island fancied for nesting purposes. Some stallions will murder every gelding they can get at. Knew one to put his teeth clean through a strong bell that was hanging on a gelding's neck, then let go and kill the other horse in one act.



LIGHTNING CALCULATION.

"My little darling, you are FOUR to-day."
LITTLE DARLING: "That's one and three others!"

"Beth": Saw a peculiarly-marked "brumby" the other day. He had been caught by chance as a youngster, and as it was inconvenient to take him along at the time, a stout strap was buckled round his neck and he was left

main body literally "marked time" till the stragglers rejoined. The insects were about 2½ in. length, brown and hairy, and left behind them a broad, ribbon-like track in the dust.

"N.Q.": A chance for an enquiring chemist or bush entomologist. A sure fortune awaits the man who can master the problem of making wooden telegraph-poles impervious to the white ant for a term of years. Every ant-resisting device has, so far, been a monotonous failure. Arsenical poisoning lasts just as long as the sap lasts. It costs Q. Govt. from £5000 to £8000 a year to repair the ravages of the ant. Iron-wood is about the only wood they dodge, and that does not grow high enough. Have seen blocks of iron-wood intact after 14 years under a tank; blocks of other wood had to be renewed every two or three years. Poles eaten by the ants are outwardly quite good till a breeze comes, but if pinched by the hand crumble away like a politician's reputation. At Junction Creek, N.Q., a new pole was eaten from core to husk inside of two years.

"L.H.K.": On a road near Mans (Vic.) I used often to see basking two brown snakes, which at my approach always skeddaddled into a big log. One morning, however, one of the reptiles wasn't so smart as usual, and got the stick. In order to bag the mate, I, at the suggestion of an old bushman, placed a looking-glass a few yards in front of the snake's entrance, and retired to cover. I had just concluded, after a long wait, that it was a billet for Job to tackle, when suddenly the "devil's necklace" appeared, and seeing his reflection in the glass, thought, I suppose, it was his old woman, rushed forward to welcome her, and met his fate.

Some 20 years ago there lived in a Southern township a Chinaman whose great ambition it was to possess a white "Maly Ann." He communicated with several, and offered a warm heart and a long pigtail, but his overtures were rejected with scorn. Then one day there came to him a photo. of a nice white girl, and a letter saying that the writer's home was not happy, and that she longed to bestow her hand on some honorable Chow and find calm domestic bliss in his house. An answer directed to the local post-office was requested, and if it was favorable, the writer said she and her brothers and the clergyman would come to Ho Cat's place next evening. She added that she had long watched Ho Cat's honest career from a distance with silent admiration. The letter having been interpreted to Ho C. by a friendly Caucasian, the wedding took place next evening, and though the bride was a bit awkward in her skirts, she was a nice-looking bride, and her whiskers hadn't yet become too obtrusive. The clergyman was no drunker than might have been reasonably expected, and barring two sudden shrieks of laughter (which, it was explained to Ho Cat, arose

"A.M.": Any of your readers ever seen a young ibis? Have seen tens of thousands of old birds on the Darling Downs and western plains of Queensland but nary a young one. Where are the breeding grounds of the ibis?

"Scotty": Medical item. When a man is "on the burst" his nails grow very fast and, consequently, smooth. You can count his recent sprees (if more than a week each) by the bars just as you tell a cow's age by the rings on the horns, caused by winter and summer.

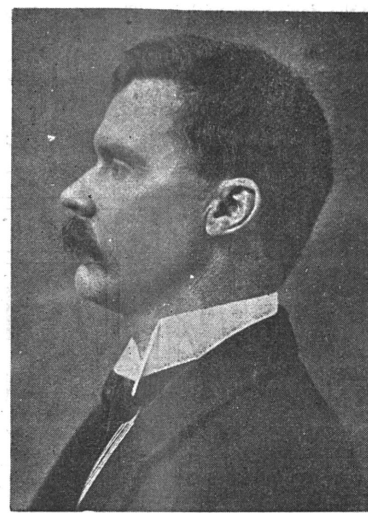
"Kunjei": Recently saw a body of about 70 caterpillars crossing a bush road. They kept so close together that some were forced up on the backs of the others, and were thus carried along. All stopped at the same time to rest; then, with a beating of tails on the ground, which could be distinctly heard, would advance again. On some being separated by an inequality of the ground, the

from hereditary Asiatic cholera, he read the burial service with commendable gravity. Then the newly-wedded pair and friends sat down to supper, but in the middle thereof "Maly Ann" Cat asked to be excused for a moment—and never came back. She is still absent, and that is 20 years ago. Rumor has it that a long-legged youth with a skirt and bonnet under his arm was seen leaving Cat's bedroom per window, and running for his life, but no reliable evidence is forthcoming. The brothers left immediately after, dragging the "clergyman," whose language was something awful. All that night Cat sought for his missing wife, and cries of "Maly Ann" were heard for miles around. Next day he offered a heavy reward for the recovery of Maly, and when that produced no good results he wrapped himself in gloom, and presently went off his Chinese dot. He has remained off the same ever since. His house and vegetable-garden have gone into other hands, but now and then, on pleasant summer evenings, a harmless, demented heathen, who lives nowhere in particular, comes and moons over the fence of the old home. It is Ho Cat looking for Maly Ann.

Aboriginal chivalry:—"Brandy" and "Judy" were "on the drunk." Judy planked a sixpence on the counter and demanded more rum, but Bung, thinking she had taken enough, refused and shoved her out of the bar. Brandy then annexed the sixpence, tried his luck, and the rum was forthcoming. It was transferred from the glass to Brandy's mouth, and when Judy lovingly put her arms round his neck and kissed him the liquor was duly passed on to Judy's mouth!

"Werrimee": Re animal chivalry. It is true that the dog will not bite a slut, but the same can't be said of the horse. Stallions frequently take a dislike to certain mares, often at first sight, and will kick and bite them if they attempt to join the mob. I have known stallions also that would permit aged geldings to feed among the mares, but would not allow a strange mare to join. These instances refer to paddocked animals.

"Alex M.": Re animal chivalry. There are notable exceptions to the rule that Mr. Dog will not bite Mrs. Dog. There are certain strains of bull-terrier that, once roused, make no distinction of sex in this way, and about the most savage fight I ever saw ("turn-up," not "set") was between a 2-year old dog of this stamp and his mother. The old lady came out on top, too; but I heard afterwards that, later on, her son turned the tables and killed her.



W. LISTER LISTER.
Photo., Crown Studios. (See Red Page.)

"Schee": Re "Animal chivalry" (B. 13/3/00). I had a greyhound dog that, happening to meet a lady-dingo in the bush, forthwith contracted a morganatic alliance with her. Sundry of Barney's orthodox partners, however, chanced to come upon the scene and, true to the instinct of the sex, chased the hussy-dingo for her life, Barney himself joining in the hunt and helping to put his late paramour to death.

A hunk of bush phraseology:—"Yes, ole Brown was a reg'lar ole coot, a right down pukacker. Yer could ring a tatt into him anytime. He rolled 'is marble in last year—too much nose-paint, yer know." Which all meant merely that Brown was shiftless and credulous and had died through excessive drinking.

"Fishplate": The value of oatmeal-water as a reviver for hard-grafters in Australia is asserted by the fact that nearly all Vic. railway contractors now send buckets of it round amongst the men two or three times a day, at their own expense, reckoning that they get a pound's worth of work for every shilling spent in meal. I think the original "giant refreshed" guzzled oatmeal-water.

"R.W.S.": Can any BULLETIN reader say if it is possible to graft one native tree on another; as, for instance, kurrajong on mulgah, or gidgea on belah. Such crosses, if possible, would make nice ornamental trees.



PART OF THE (AMATEUR) BALLET IN "LADY DOLLY"
(Opera produced by Sydney Liedertafel at Sydney Palace Theatre.)

Photo., The Falk Studios.

Maoriland fifth contingent's cannibalistic war-whoop: "E rima! Patu Tangata! E rima! Kai tangata! Ko kiro! Kai mati, hi, ha!" Freely translated: "Fifth man-killers! fifth man-eaters! charge to the death!" And yet there's not an aboriginal amongst them.

"P.": My contribution to Australian snake-literature. Was at a farm in S.A. lately when hay was being cut out of a stack. Near the bottom was found, while I was there, the dried remains of a snake, head-downwards, body almost perpendicular. Another had been found in the "cut" before this, in the same position. Was told that the snakes thrown into the stacks nearly always manage to work their way to the bottom, but cannot get through the hay horizontally. This was loose hay, not sheaved; it is doubtful whether they could move much either way in the latter. And, anyhow, there would be little chance of their being brought in from the paddock unnoticed with sheaves.

tied to a tree. Before the party's return he got away and was not re-caught till long after. Meantime he had grown so that the strap was in a groove in the neck fully two inches deep, and was out with much difficulty. The horse was otherwise perfectly sound.

"L.A.M.": Round about here (Strath-downie, Vic.) we have a cream-colored parrot, same size and shape and notes as a common rosella; goes with a flock of rosella parrots and has been in the same paddock for at least two years. [Albino rosella, probably.]

"Eller": Re snakes swallowing one another (B. 17/3/00.) On the Nepean once I saw a black shag trying to swallow a fish, which had stuck halfway down. Saw bird and fish next day still in the same fix, and shot the former. The Australian Museum has a stuffed gull with a half-swallowed fish.

Franz Josef Lager Beer

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MACONCHIE'S.

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ROWLAND'S ODONTO FOR THE TEETH.

Whitens and Preserves them, prevents decay, sweetens the breath. Ask for Rowland's articles, of Hatten Garden, London. Sold by Chemists and Stores.

"Eve": On our farm we have an ancient turkey gobbler which last year took on himself the hatching of the eggs of the pride of his harem. This year the eggs of the P. of his H. went astray, and the old chap, to keep himself up to the mark, is now sitting on four green apples, collected and put in a nest by himself.



A BLACK MYSTERY.

"I say, Ranji, how d'ye know when you're dirty?"

"F.R.R." gives his experience, as a public-school teacher, of boarding in the N.S.W. bush:—

Dear BULLETIN.—Re bush teachers ("Xerxes" and "Domino, B. 10/3/00). Here's my experience: Failing to gain a scholarship for admission to training-college, I was sent from a comfortable suburban home to a provincial school down Monaro way, 300 miles from Sydney. The school "building" was one end of a cockie's shed, the other end serving as a dairy and my bedroom. Bill of fare (at 18s. a week): "Biltong," half-baked soda-bread and tea. Couldn't sleep for the rats. Devised a trap and amused myself drowning the rodents in dishes of skimmed milk. Heard that neighbor Mulligan dined on fresh mutton occasionally. Spoke to him about going to board with him, but he had no room for me to sleep in—not even a dairy. Advanced him a fiver to build one; but when my cockie heard that Mulligan had bought half-a-dozen sheets of iron, he nosed round until he was able to sheet home to me the charge of financing Mulligan. Then charged me with saying I was starved at his place, and, when I denied this, called me a liar! In the battle that followed I suffered defeat, and "effected a masterly retreat" upon Mulligan's kopje, harassed by a heavy fire of profanity from the cockie and his son. Mulligan spent two days splitting slabs for my room; on the third he killed a cow, bought with the remainder of my fiver, and on the fourth he coolly told me he was going shearing, and could not accommodate me till he returned. (Did not see him again for five years.) I was consequently obliged to eat dirt, and resume occupation of the rat-infested dairy. Was soon afterwards removed 15 miles further up the mountains to a place in which, during three years' residence, I was obliged to shift my quarters five times. Same old salt junk, damper, tea, and no vegetables. My health completely broke down, and I was sent to the fruitful West. A splendid district. Ten families, with 96 children, 21 of these where I went to board—and only five rooms. Never admired the character of Herod so much as during the 12 months I remained there. At the end of that time *twins* appeared, and I fled.—F.R.R.

The guileless Chow:

Jim and Joe had not long started their ring-barking contract when, one Sunday, they called at the Chinese ring-barkers' camp on the adjoining block. "How muchee Missa Smith pay you linkbark?" queried the boss Chow. "Shilling an acre," replied the whites. "My Oh! you too muchee fool! Missa Jones him pay us one shillin' ninnepence!" Joe and Jim promptly interviewed their boss re raising the price; were unsuccessful, and threw up the contract. Week later, the Chows came along and triumphantly secured the job at a shilling an acre—the price they had received for their just completed job.

Mr. Kembla (N.S.W.) takes the cake for the biggest pumpkin of the season. The grower offered it to the biggest man in the neighborhood if he could carry, or roll, it out of the yard. The man tried his hardest, but failed. An average man, on tip-toes, can just about see over the vegetable, which was grown on a Chinaman's grave. [The biggest agricultural perjury of the season?]

Two Irishmen—Healy and Denny—contested Kingston's seat in S.A. Assembly, and the election (which resulted in favor of Denny) took place on St. Patrick's Day. On one ballot-paper was written—"Won't vote for either; too many (blank) Irish in Parliament already."

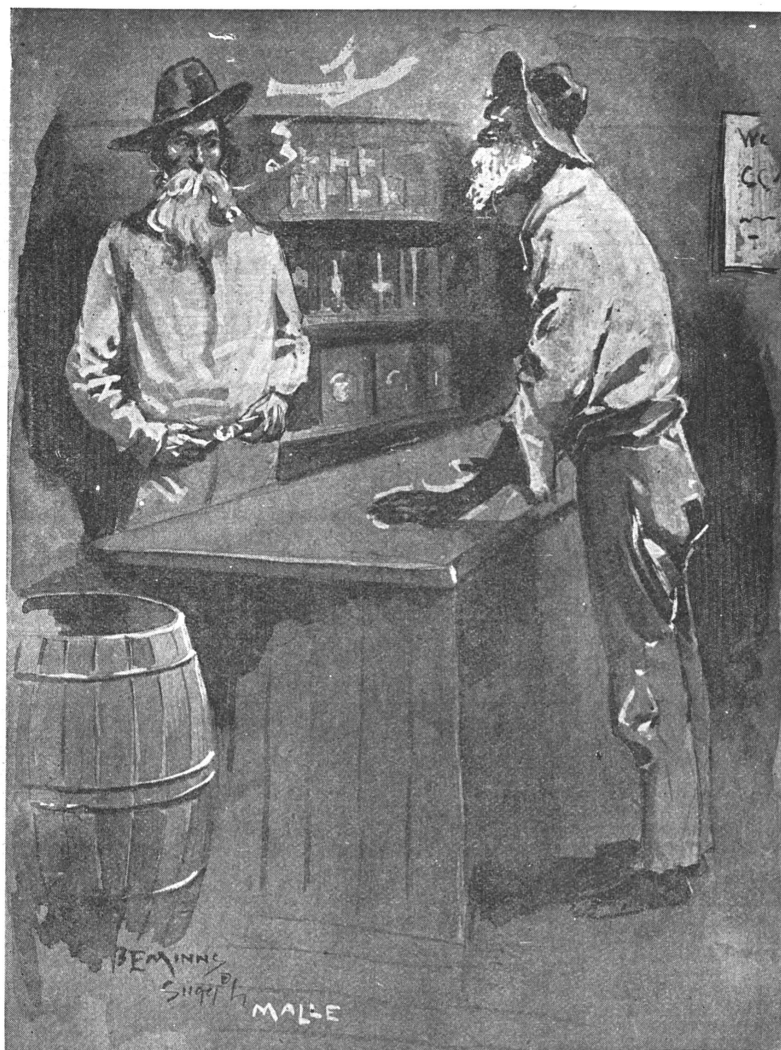
THE AUSTRALIAN GEM TRADE.

H. Newman, the well-known jeweller of 175 Elizabeth-street, Melbourne, is the largest buyer of opal in Australia, and opal miners will find it to their advantage to send their opal direct to him. The firm has a reputation for straight dealing extending over a period of 40 years, which is a sufficient guarantee to consignors that they will be honorably treated. H. Newman is also a buyer of all other Australian gems.*

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS.

No notice will be taken of communications insufficiently stamped. Name and address must appear on M.S. No liability is undertaken in any case re contributions voluntarily submitted, whether sent by post or handed in; and in no case will M.S. be returned unless stamps (of any province) accompany.

Job: You can't possibly prove that it is expedient in the public interest for a lawyer-politician to practise in a court, the presiding magistrate or Judge of which has to look to him, the politician, for preferment or the other thing....F.S. (Melb.): Sorry we cannot act as bailies of disinfectant-bottles....Prodigal: Will give you another calf if you stop writing "poetry"....John A.A. (Dun.): We don't publish your adulatory sonnet to that politician. You evidently dunno the gentleman....Trotter: We want only much-condensed matter, unless you possess a style so masterful and brilliant that at first acquaintance it absolutely makes the human heart stand still. Judging from your latest, you want a whole parish to cavort in. THE BULLETIN isn't a parish....Leso: The moss-rose kiss lacks heart. Give us a kiss of peppered poppies....C.J.: Depends on your personal taste: probably, for politics and literature, THE SPECTATOR....M.H.: "O dying stroke of frenzied fate!" describes it exactly....J.D.A.: Oblige us by meandering down to Sussex-street and permitting your rat to meet another rat. Then fraternise all three of you....Saltbush: "She wore a dainty dress of white, all lace and insertion, and a large black picture hat with feathers drooping over the brim." How lovely for a fashion journal! But here we wear the insertion all round our hat, and the brim droops over the feathers...."Annie" "would not like her name and address published." "Annie" is as safe as Sydney slum-houses....J.M.S.: Well written, but a cat makes a poor kind of heroine....D.B.: (1) A foreigner could become naturalised and get a vote for the Transvaal Lower House after two years. But the Britishers there didn't want to be naturalised and become liable to military service against Britain—the only country that the Transvaal could ever have a serious war with. The Johannesburg "reformers" wanted a vote without being naturalised—to govern the Transvaal without taking the oath of allegiance to it. They wished to eat their cake and have it too—they occupy the position held in Australia by the two-faced impostors who pose as Canadians on 24th May and as U.S. citizens on 4th July. (2) The Outlanders are mostly in Cape Colony and Natal now. (3) The W.A. miner's chief grievance is that in '97 the mining town of Coolgardie returned one member for 2080 electors, and the pastoral district of Ashburton one member for 54.....J. Winter: THE BULLETIN said Forrest's Government refused the goldfields "even a fifth their fair share of Parliamentary representation." And it is quite true. Also a lot of other places. Perth included, don't get their fair share, or anything like it. When 54 electors at Ashburton (1897 figures) have one member, what is the fair share of, say, 2080 at Coolgardie?...Gothenburg: (1) Dunno; (2) Dunno; (3) Dunno....Anti-Pat: It all boils down to the old query: The Minister allowed the miserably ill-paid country teachers under him to be harried for Patriotic Fund donations that they could ill spare—and so far as the country is aware he gave out of his big salary no donation himself or so miserably small a one that it escaped notice....Law: Why didn't you enclose newspaper-cutting containing report of cas? We get hundreds of letters in which perfect strangers give us their bare unclothed assurance about things, many of which are loaded. But we are now very old in the tooth....F.T.C.: Don't care to say the politician named washes once every two weeks. If he could prove that he washed every ten days he might have us for libel. Plenty of politicians wash oftener than you might think....J.M.L.: Thanks....Babonic Plague Scare: (1) The Sydney plague was caused by fish poisoned through the Corporation's habit of sending its garbage out to sea, for the luminous idea of dropping the garbage overboard only struck the Corporation long after the plague started. Before that, the refuse was stacked up in one of the public parks and left there. (2) The dead fish only began to appear after the plague had well started. It is commonly supposed that the disinfectants which scared inhabitants were using in the streets and sewers poisoned them....Eller: The fact that the plague patients have been principally men is due to their having been workers in the infected locality....Het Thule: Reads like an outbreak in the lighter moments of a March hare....Maoriander: You must carefully dodge the real question. Seddon didn't ask to have his concession inserted in the Bill, while it could



WASNT TAKING ANY.

STOREKEEPER (to Jackie, who does odd jobs for tobacco): "Can't give you any 'bacca to-day, Jackie, we're clean out. Have to give you flour or an equivalent."

JACKIE: "Oh, damn de quibertint—gb it flour!"

perennial spring....T.G.F.: The carpet snake is strictly non-venomous—having no poison-apparatus....C.R.A.: We certainly do not "require" people to "call for rejected M.S. and ascertain, by a little conversation, the reason for rejection."....Milky: "City" is flat....Ben S.: Rob. M.G. dull....Savage W.: Lack of originality and force....B.B.T.: Tolerably bad. And we wouldn't print if it was tolerably good....Bota: Re-write "Advice" in fewer verses, with shorter lines....R.C.: Last batch unusable. And give up those flagrant imitations....L.M.D.: "Answered" No....P. Jacey: Kindly get a motive younger than the siege of Troy....A.R.: Polin was 900 yards from the horizon when last seen, and still going strong....Patriot: Don't....J.B.C.H.: Feeble efforts squashed....Tee Jay: Neither up to mark....E.M.D.: Spoilt by dragged-in rhymes....Rita: Interesting personal experience, but hardly suitable to BULLETIN....Rough-rider: Mildly funny, but out of our line....Louie L.: They have some distinction; may use....Foundling: Not worth printing....Mitty: Don't remember the "poem." No need to be "rough" on your unpretending little sketch—which may appear....Tyro: Both very amateurish....E.F.B.: Not enough in it....W.B.: Postmistress' rather feeble and slovenly....Ron: But Alex. M. had been writing in THE BULLETIN about the Malay Archipelago (in which he lived eight years) a considerable time before Conrad was heard of as a writer, and the sketch just printed had been in hand in this office for years. If you have the courage to support your gross charges with your name and address—send 'em along. Don't stab a man in the back....Scoffer: Your M.S. very difficult....Gotta Rock: Afraid it won't do....C. Vincent: Our troubles....P.T.F. (2): We don't like "Imm"....Chas Davis: None usable....Ne'er-do-well: Probably....Het T.: You have to learn the poet's business first....F.H.W.: Considering....D.E.D.: Too trivial....S.B.: Sorry it doesn't come in the net....F.W.O.: Unusable....A.E.P.: Not enough experience....C.M.O.: Nine assorted buboes and temperature 118°—your poem's doomed....J.M.: "She kissed you as you slept!" Inscrutable woman!....Cosmo: "Memory" dropped; sonnet held....Leslie: Almost thou didst persuade us....H.V.W.: Some pathos and picturesqueness of style, but, on the whole, not quite up....Paul M.: Not enough in it....Ben Sun: "Mugs" weak beginning; "Australia," neat, but rather feeble. Nancy C.: Humor in one, and tolerable skill in both, but neither quite up to mark....Colonial: Tell us—when did THE BULLETIN misrepresent Card. Moran?...D.H.: Thinking about it....J.D.A.: Too infantile....Vindex: Doesn't touch us....M.L.: Considering....Ezrom: Can't use....Florio: Most of it too trite. Please call....Lover of Justice: Many thanks....A Jingo-haunted Digger: Fine yell, though it arrives rather late....P.F.: After being read by the whole staff, "Parson's Bust" voted too unsavoury....E.S.: Hardly worth space....T.G.F.: All been said before in a much calmer tone....Dash: To be strictly legal the alteration should be initiated by the parties signing the document....C.: Two good verses:—

Meg Waterford, of Wexford-street,
A matron of acknowledged sense,
Read in the Sydney morning sheets
Each day the Plague Intelligence.

Her shelves she scrubbed, her clothes she aired;
Her floor with acids aye was wet,
And last to catch the wicked rat,
Her ancient rodent trap she set.

Then the yarn rather falls to pieces.

TO ARTISTIC (AND INARTISTIC) CONTRIBUTORS.

A.B.B.: Subject unsavoury....Jack Hart: May serve as suggestion. All would depend on the humor of the thing, and your drawing lacks humor....Snap Poo: Will consider....Prompter: Ditto....Herbert C.: Ancient wheeze....Unavailable: S. Handa, G.G., E.C. (Dim.), E.A.A.D., H.R.W., B.H.L., Ruth B., Dun Cow, H. West, Chis., B.H.L., H. Mac., Fischer W., Ray Hull.

One evening lately at a house in Gisborne (M.L.) three ladies casually met whose united ages totalled 266 years—92, 88 and 86.

TO DARKEN GREY HAIR.

Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer, quickest, safest, best, restores the natural color. Lockyer's, the real English Hair Restorer. Large bottles 1s. everywhere.*

The most pathetic incident of the war thus far is the despatch of a greenstone souvenir to Lord Roberts from the Ngatiporou tribe of Maoris. Who was the instigator of this greenstone thanks-offering for Bob's valuable services to "Our most high and beloved Queen Victoria?"

In the United Kingdom no less than 349 peerages and baronetcies have been created since 1880. Thus, as only 140 have become extinct, the number of hereditary titles has been increased by 209. There have also been 749 knights added to the total. Companions of orders of knighthood have been swelled by 1500. Allowing for one man having several titles, it yet appears that this year, 1900, there are at least a thousand more titled and decorated persons than there were in 1880.

Ladysmith "Justice."

ENGLISHMAN'S GRAVE STORY.

Recent events in South Africa, the glamour of War, and the distance tempts us to forget that our countrymen who, happily, are not always fighting, have much the same troubles as we at home. Englishmen are Englishmen all the world over: tellers of the truth and haters of injustice beyond some other nations that might be named, and these national characteristics lend weight to a story that came from Natal just before the war. Mr. W. A. C. Bester is a Justice of the Peace for Ladysmith, and he told of some grave experiences:—

"For a long time," said he, when interviewed, "I suffered from very poor health. I always felt tired, was afflicted with swollen and very painful legs, which made it difficult for me to walk, and also with severe bilious headaches. Often I felt so bad that I had to leave my work and go to the house to lie down; and I think that others not so active as myself would have given in altogether and taken to bed. Very often when I walked I became so giddy that I felt like falling; in fact I did fall twice. On one occasion, I remember, in particular, I had gone out early in the morning to kill an ox, and I felt so bad afterwards that I fell down, and my

KAFFIRS HAD TO ASSIST me to the house. Indigestion also caused me a great deal of suffering.

"Needless to say, I consulted the doctor and took the medicine he prescribed, but with no good effect. Afterwards, having read in the newspapers of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' pink pills, I tried them, and although the first box did me only a little good, after using three boxes I improved. For some time I went on with Dr. Williams' pink pills, and they completely and permanently cured me of the indigestion and torpid liver which occasioned the troubles. For the last two years I have not felt a touch of my old complaints. My son-in-law was afflicted with neuralgia, and, acting on my advice, he used Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people, which were recommended as a nerve tonic. He used to suffer terrible pain from neuralgia in the head;

HE WAS TORTURED so that he could neither eat nor sleep, and felt thoroughly miserable. The pills did him an immense amount of good, and when I saw him last he could eat, work, and sleep admirably. He was a man again, and a strong one. What is my opinion of Dr. Williams' pink pills? Well, I have no hesitation in saying that I am convinced, providing they are properly used, they are certain to prove most beneficial in cases like mine."

ZIESS

AND GOERZ

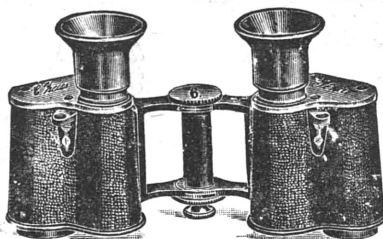
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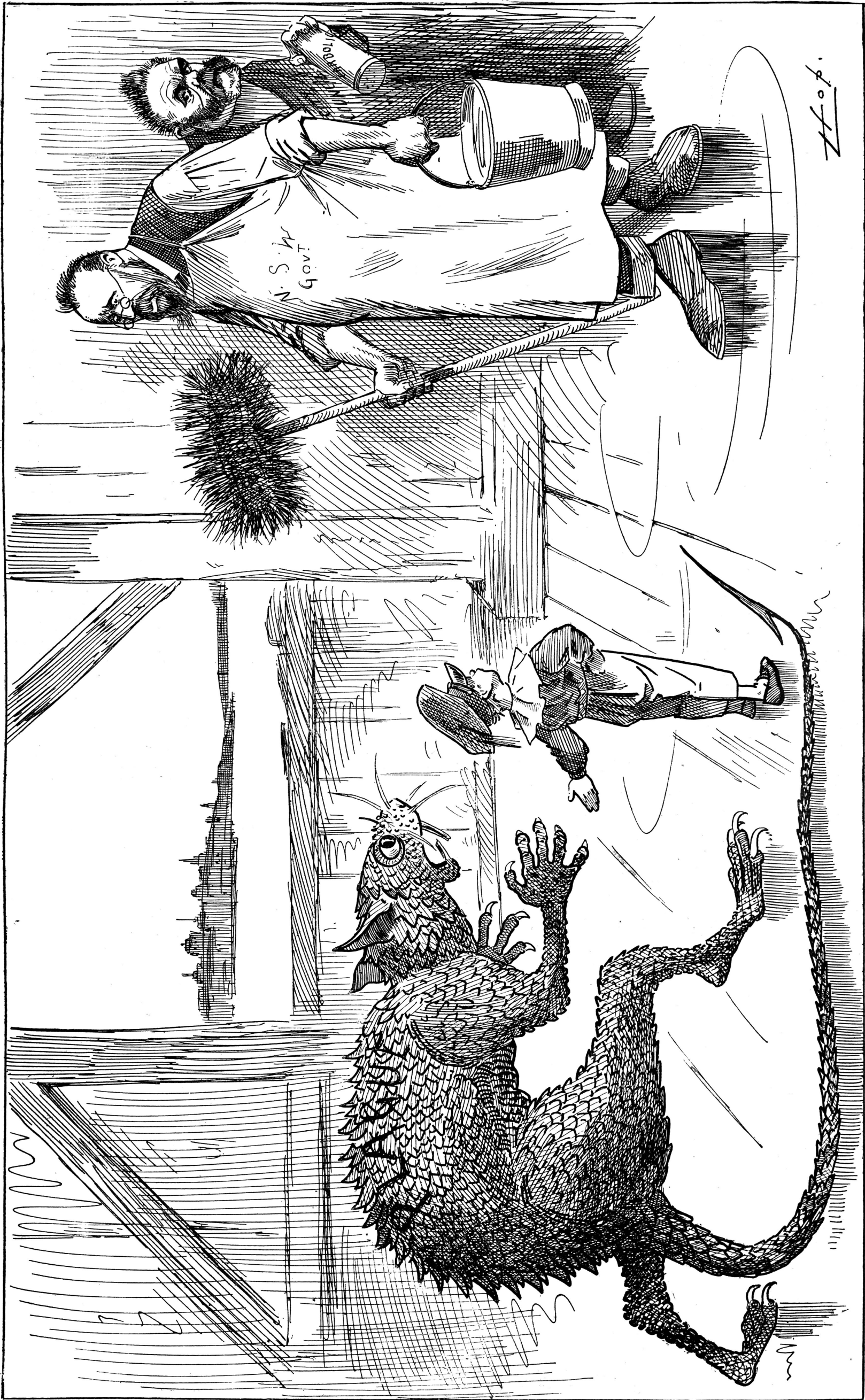


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THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

PADDY (log.): "Times are changing, Daniel, me bhoys!"

An Afternoon Tea.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

"MARRIAGE," said the Woman reflectively, "is a failure. You have only been married a few months, but you will soon be disappointed with it. I am."

"I am not," said the Girl; "I always imagine things will be so much worse than they really are that I am generally agreeably surprised." She was a blase girl—very blase.

"Some things," returned the Woman as she sipped her tea—"some things cannot possibly be worse than imagined to be. Now, marriage—How d'you do, Mr. Sinnick?"—(to the man who had just entered.) The casual observer might have noticed a mottled appearance on the Girl's face—under the powder. That was a blush.

"We were discussing marriage," continued the Woman, "what is your opinion of it?"

"Unprintable."

"But seriously?"

"It is too solemn a matter to be treated seriously. I have been a bachelor for such a long time—ever since I was born, in fact," he added, confidentially.

"Don't be frivolous. Tell me now. Have you ever known a Love marriage—a real marriage for Love?"

"Yes, lots," replied the man—"for love of money."

"How very cynical. Two lumps?"

"What is Love?" he asked. "There was a girl once whom I loved madly for nearly five weeks." He sipped his tea thoughtfully. "I was never so miserable in all my life. Then, one cold, windy day, I met her. Her nose was red, and her hair was out of curl—and I fell out of love immediately, and with enthusiasm. It was a most comfortable sensation. One cannot appreciate true happiness," he added, "till one has fallen out of love."

"I don't think so," said the Girl, suddenly. "Now I am perfectly happy with Jim, and we both love each other," but she was looking at the Woman, not at the Man, who smiled discreetly.

"Of course," said the Woman, hastily. "By the way, I have a piece of news. Do you know that Mr. Swift has brought a wife home?"

"Indeed!" returned the Man, "Whose wife?" he added, languidly.

"How coarse you are! But I always thought he was running after that Baxley girl."

"So he was," replied the Man, "till he suddenly discovered she was in love with him. That finished it, of course. Wonderful how soon a man cools down when he finds his affections are reciprocated. Rose without a thorn, you know."

The Girl looked at him sharply. "Is that always the case?" There was a defiant ring in her voice.

"No, no, of course not." He gazed wistfully at her—he was rather good at wistful expressions. "The rose that belongs to another is the most longed for."

"Pooh!" but she looked forgiveness. "Marriage with such men is simply the last resort to get at the otherwise unobtainable."

"My dear," remonstrated the Woman. She moved across the room to get a photograph.

The Man leant back lazily. "So desperate a measure is seldom necessary," he murmured, with the insolence of long success.

"Not with one so fascinating as you," she returned bitterly, "but—" The Woman was holding out the photo to him "Maud Willoughby,"

she said. "Isn't it good? Such a dear girl."

He made a rapid mental calculation. "A very dear girl."

"Now, that's a girl you should marry!" She eyed him narrowly.

He looked up at her and smiled curiously. "Do you mean a double entendre?" he asked softly.

"Your remark is ambiguous."

"Poor girl! she was in here the other day. Seemed very low-spirited and unhappy. Don't know why. Said she wished she'd never been born. Such a hackneyed expression though. Do you ever feel that way?" She turned to the Girl.

"Really, my dear, I have quite forgotten what it is like not to be born. I've been born ever since I can remember," she answered flippantly. She rose smiling. "I must get back to Jim."

"Going? And you too?"

From the window she watched them pass down the street and laughed quietly. "Poor Jim," she murmured.

At the corner the Girl stopped. "Better leave me here."

He took her hand. "This evening?" but she shook her head. "We go to a dinner. Must go. Besides"—her lip quivered—"Oh, what's the use! You are only amusing yourself. In a month you will have forgotten me."

"Don't, don't! You know I never can. Won't you believe me?" He gazed pleadingly into her face and she believed him, for he was a Master of Arts—of many Arts. "To-morrow," he whispered. To-morrow. Say yes.

"Yes," faltered the Girl who was "so happy with Jim," and walked quickly away.

He too turned. "A month, did she say? Well, it might run to two."

C. ROSS-JOHNSON.

In a recent Sydney damages-case a juror on the retirement urged his fellows to write the amount or no amount they assessed on bits of paper and to allow the foreman to add up and divide by twelve for the common verdict. The course would save time and discussion, but it is just as well it was not tried. Years ago that plan of saving time spread among jurors in England, but was stamped out by the Judges. The jury should reach its verdict by roads of reason, not by a process of chance which excludes the effects of one man's reason on another.

THIN HAIR

Lots of people have thin hair. Perhaps their parents had thin hair; perhaps their children have thin hair. But this does not make it necessary for them to have thin hair.

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Bad as it is, Cronje's St. Helena is a heaven to Queensland's infamous prison island of that name. The wooden structures in the latter place are old, filthy, and, in every sense, abominable. The physical degradation is even deeper than the moral of the bulk of the prisoners.

There is much more money in secular than religious fiction. Sydney clerics growl painfully because their beloved HERALD in Saturday's issue prints the religious column in small, close type, while in another part a vain novel sprawls down the page in big, bold characters.

Another Bad Liver.

ANOTHER NOVOCASTRIAN

FINDS A

Welcome Friend in Need.

The Case of
Mr. W. T. SCOURCE.

(A REMARKABLE RECITATION.)

"I used to be one of the happiest, jolliest fellows alive, always ready for a joke or a laugh," said Mr. William Thomas Scource, of Euston Terrace, close to Croydon Railway Station, Adelaide when he was interviewed by our reporter; "but when I fell into bad health all my lightheartedness vanished. I could see or think of nothing to smile at—gloom and despondency became my portion, and my life was a misery without a single ray of brightness."

"Will you tell me about your trouble, Mr. Scource?" enquired the man with the note-book, his interest fairly excited.

"It was this way," said Mr. Scource. "At that time I was working at employment that made my hours and meals very irregular. I had always been a strong man for my size, and, with the carelessness of good health, took no count of it; but I have no doubt this was the primary cause of my later suffering, for gradually I fell into a bad state of health. When I got up in the morning I would feel more tired than when I went to bed, and my limbs would hang to me, limp and languid. My mouth always had a nasty taste, and my tongue was white-coated with fur. My appetite left me; often and often I have taken my lunch to work and brought it home untasted; and when I did eat it was quite common for me to retch the whole of it up again directly afterwards. My complexion became sallow and yellow."

"An Indian. I suffered constantly from a pain in the side under the heart. I think it was the wind off my stomach that used to get there. The spot got so tender that I could not bear even the weight of a waistcoat over it. I suffered with a racking pain in the top of the head, a bilious headache, and a pain between the shoulders and down the neck. But my worst trouble of all was the pain across the loins; it would take me so sometimes, when I had laid down to rest and tried to move, that you could have heard me sing out a mile away. In getting up in the morning this pain would render me quite stiff till my back had been well rubbed. My eyes in the morning were quite bloodshot, and when I looked about objects appeared to whirl round and round, and I could see little dancing stars. My night's rest was broken, and gave me no refreshment. I was slow to doze off, and when I did I was soon awake again, startled by some horrible dream. In my sleep my mind could conjure up nothing but horrors—something dreadful was happening to me—I was falling off a cliff, or tumbling down a well without a bottom, and just as I was about to be crushed, the nervous fear of the moment woke me up. I became very thin in body, and the trouble at my heart caused me much anxiety. It would go all of a flutter, and when I went to take a long breath I was caught up short with a sharp, pricking pain. One of my worst symptoms was mental despondency; the bile in my system seemed to cloud my brain, and make all things dismal, hopeless, and distressing. When I was away from home I was forever thinking some misfortune would happen there; and these groundless fears made such an impression on me that directly I returned I would enquire anxiously of the wife as to their truth. But to find my fears without foundation on one day was far from preventing me dwelling on the possibilities of like calamities the next. And when you consider that I am, when in health, naturally of a light-hearted and jovial disposition, you will understand how serious my case had become. It is true I never gave up work; but many and many a day it would have been better for me if I had. When in good health I am not afraid to do a day's work beside any man in the country; but a long course of the symptoms I have

described brought me very low. And I noticed I was always worse on Sundays and during hot weather, and continually I was belching up nasty wind. This wind, as I think I told you, would gather round my heart, giving me great discomfort till it had shifted or come away. To help this I often took a cup of hot tea. The food I did eat did me no good and gave me no strength, and when I vomited it up, I noticed that it was in just the same state as when swallowed. It appeared as though my stomach was for the time paralysed, and unable to perform its functions. And all this time, remember, I was stiff and crippled with the horrible pain in the small of the back. A pain they call the kidney pain (a popular error—it is not "kidney pain"; it's a reflex liver pain.—Ed.), that would catch me at times after a sudden movement, with a sharp agony like a knife going into me. You can see that altogether my condition was such as to cause me the gloomiest forebodings, apart from the despondency caused by the complaint itself."

"Yet, I understand you recovered, Mr. Scource?" enquired the pressman.

"Yes; and I will tell you how it came about. I was looking over the paper one day, when I saw a published testimonial from a person who had been cured of symptoms like my own. It was that of a Newcastle patient. Now I happen to come from Newcastle, New South Wales, myself, and know the gentleman. This gave me confidence that the testimonial was genuine. The medicine mentioned as curing my friend was Clements Tonic; so I immediately bought a bottle, and I am pleased to say that my experience was only a repetition of the thousands of others who have tried that great remedy. Clements Tonic started to cure me from the jump, so to speak. First I got a good appetite, then a good night's rest; the heart trouble, the bilious headaches, the wind and indigestion disappeared. The pain between my shoulders and side went away; and—greatest comfort of all—the stiff, horrible pain across the loins gradually eased and disappeared. There is no doubt that Clements Tonic fitted my case, and found out and relieved all my bad symptoms with a rapidity hardly credible to one who has not experienced it and proved it."

"You state, Mr. Scource, that by reading a testimonial you were led to try this remedy. May I hope that you will do as you have been done by, and pass the glad tidings on to others."

"If you wish me to give you a testimonial that will be published, I do not object. Print it as you like; though I am far from being anxious to see my name in type."

STATUTORY DECLARATION.

I, WILLIAM THOMAS SCOURCE, of Euston Terrace, Croydon, Adelaide, in the Province of South Australia, do solemnly and sincerely declare that I have carefully read the annexed document, consisting of four folios, and consecutively numbered from one to four, and that it contains and is a true and faithful account of my illness and cure by Clements Tonic, and also contains my full permission to publish in any manner my statements—which I give voluntarily, and without receiving any payment; and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of an Act made and passed in the sixth year of the reign of his late Majesty King William the Fourth, intitled "An Act to repeal an Act of this present Session of Parliament, intitled 'An Act for the more effectual abolition of Oaths and Affirmations taken and made in the various Departments of the State, and to substitute Declarations in lieu thereof, and for the more entire suppression of voluntary and extra-judicial Oaths and Affidavits, and to make other provisions for the abolition of unnecessary Oaths.'"

William Thomas Scource

Declared and subscribed at Croydon, in the Province of South Australia, this 26th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and ninety nine, before me,
HENRY D. BRIDGER JP

YOU CAN SLEEP

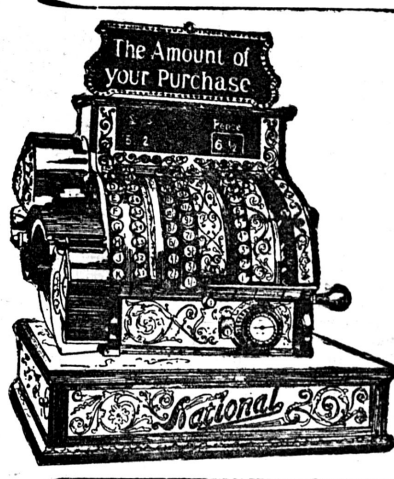
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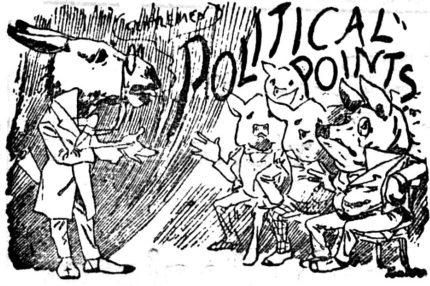
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BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL.

INVALIDS
AND
THE AGED.



Albury is so sure of catching the Federal capital that land there already scores an upward price.

Before the war in the Transvaal it was £1 to 30s. a day for the white mechanic, and no vote. After the war it will be 6s. to 8s. a day and a vote. In fact, that's mostly what the war's about.

Surely it is the irony of fate that impels one Maloney to oppose "the jaynil" Dan O'Connor for Phillip Division, Sydney. That historic official minute, "Asp'int Maloney," is still unforgotten.

The deposit-money of a candidate for a southern Tasmanian constituency was garnished by an alleged creditor. Local long robes are much exercised as to the legality of the proceeding—for which there seems to be no local precedent.

Not one Anti-Federal meeting in Perth or on the W.A. Goldfields has been a success. Many have been called, but every time resolutions in support of Federation have been carried. And Perth and the Goldfields are three-fourths of W.A. in a population sense. It is the build-and-cow vote of the great wilderness which makes the provincialist majority in Parliament.

The anxiety of N.S.W. Postmaster Crick to secure the interests of the Eastern Extension cable monopoly is remarkable. The other day there was a deadlock in negotiations, caused by the co.'s refusal to accept the terms laid down by N.S.W. and Vic. Govts. And now Postmaster Crick is announced as modifying the terms to suit the monopoly, with Vic. protesting.

Dear BULLETIN.—Rev. W. H. Kemmis writes to S.M. HERALD urging the Government to appoint a day of humiliation and prayer for the removal of the drought. Why not also appoint a day on which to pray for the disappearance of the Public Debt? If it would disappear N.S.W. would have nearly £2,500,000 a year, which now goes in interest, to spend on irrigation.—Yours truly, RESIGNATION.

Minister Perry states that N.S.W. Government is thinking out a scheme of compulsory arbitration in industrial disputes, and may do something next session. Probably the less original thinking it does in the matter, and the more servile in its imitation of the successful Maoriland law, the better. N.S.W.'s present voluntary-arbitration law is the result of original thinking. Under it certain officials may arbitrate in any industrial dispute if both parties are agreeable, and the court's award is final unless one party refuses to take any notice of it. So the party that reckons it has the worst case always refuses to arbitrate or refuses to accept the award, and the court never had any real work to do except watch the flies on the ceiling.

Sydney MORNING HERALD has just stated in its leading column that Australia is willing to help Britain "in just quarrels" but it "would be a great mistake to suppose that because Australia has proved herself ready and able to help the Empire's cause she would therefore be inclined to view with complacency the inauguration of a system (of Imperial Federation) which would render her an unimportant portion of a large confederacy." So the HERALD implies (1) that some of Britain's quarrels are not just; (2) that Australia doesn't want closer union with the Empire; and (3) that it isn't going to pledge itself to stand by the mother-country as a regular thing or to be permanently Jingo. When the cold and cautious HERALD goes on like this it must have sampled the war-frenzy with its thermometer and found a big drop in the public temperature.

Indignation meetings are being held in Tasmania over the re-election to the Assembly of ex-Minister Miles, who left the House under such fishy circumstances, but the trouble is that after the select committee on Miles and the Macquarie Harbor renders brought up its report he was allowed to "resign" his seat. Now Speaker Brown says he doesn't think there's any machinery to prevent Miles from taking his seat and keeping it unless something new turns up and some fresh action is taken. But it is commonly reported that the Lewis Govt. has a bludgeon up its sleeve to slay Miles with at one stroke.

It is notable that, though the E. E. Cable Co. is fully prepared to offer large reductions in its rates if it is allowed to lay an Australia-South Africa cable, and thereby squash the Pacific State-owned cable scheme (for the Pacific cable might pay as one of two competing cables, but there would hardly be business enough to give it a show as one of three), it flatly refuses to promise not to raise its rates again. The idea apparently is this: It took years to arrive at some kind of agreement re a Pacific cable. If the Eastern Extension Co. lays its few cable and greatly reduces its rates the Pacific cable agreement will almost certainly go to pieces, and then the co. will gaily put the rates up again. It would probably take years to form another Pacific cable agreement; besides, if one was coming in sight the E.E. Co. could always drop its rates once more. If the E.E. Co. won't promise a definite and permanent reduction it is safest to regard it as a definite and permanent danger and to act accordingly.

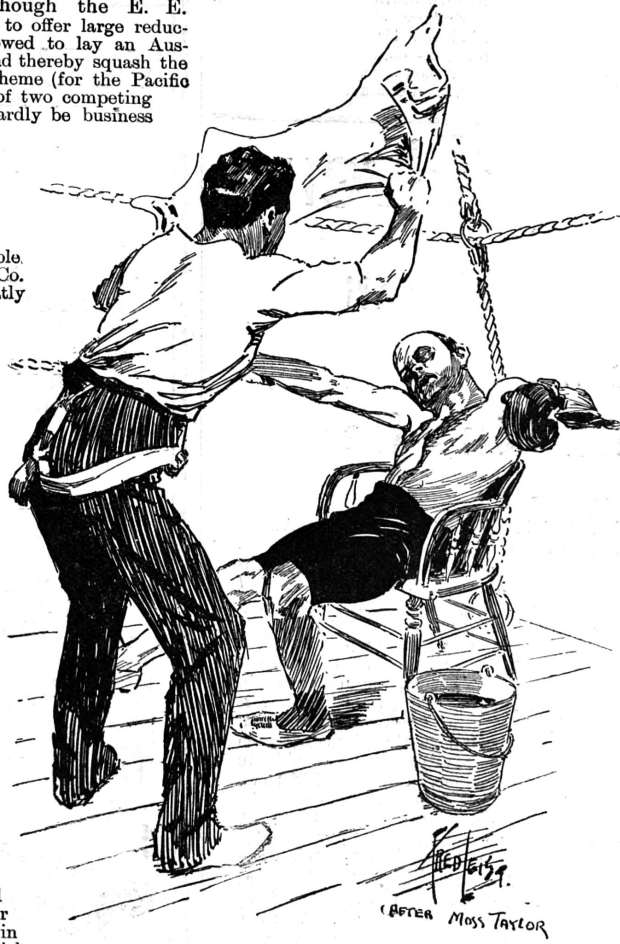
The widely-reprinted statement of "Smiler" Hales that he had found the war-correspondents in South Africa to be the worst liars in his extensive acquaintance—people who could tell more and worse lies by hand in an hour than a Coolgardie mining expert could do with a steam type-writer in a week—is worth bearing in mind among that class which pins such childlike faith to the reports of these atrocity-mongers. If "Smiler" tells the truth then the correspondents in general are grievous liars. If he doesn't tell the truth then one correspondent anyhow is a grievous liar.

An "Independent" Labor party, consisting mainly of Glassey and Keogh, will probably be formed for coming Q. session. *Independent!* The Boodlewraith dearly loves its independents.



HIS OPINION.
1ST PHILISTINE (looking at "Impressionist" picture): "Wonder what school of painting that belongs to?"
2ND PHILISTINE: "I should say the Ragged School, if you ask me."

Interesting and instructive to note how carefully the "great" dailies avoid all mention of capable articles in the serious magazines dealing with the war as a shame to England or treating the question with anything like impartiality. (For instance, not one of them quoted a single line from J. A. Hobson's blistering and brilliant article in January CONTEMPORARY.) In a dispassionate article in the Feb. CONTEMPORARY the writer, like a remorseless literary tracker, follows the guilt of this war to Milner's mad-house politics and the rash and splenetic bungling of Chamberlain. Reitz comes in for a minor charge of pawnshop diplomacy, but it was the trained and vaunted statesman, Brummagem Joe, who ran amuck, and who has demonstrated the terrible risk a nation runs in trusting diplomacy in the hands of a man with the moral force of an under-cook and the hysterical tendencies of a Malay.



NOT GREEDY.

SECOND (to broken-up pug): "Go on, Billy, stick to it! You ain't arf licked yet."
PUG (who has had enough stoush): "All r-r! You have the other half—I don't want it all."

Public enthusiasm is a queer thing. A few years ago in Queensland M'Ilwraith propounded his National policy and talked big things about cutting the painter, and Bananaland roared itself hoarse with applause. Now a man who talks about cutting the painter gets stoned in the streets.

Q. Govt. with one hand despatches hundreds of men to Africa—many of them, doubtless, never to return; and with the other imports 430 immigrants from England—including 175 single men—by a vessel leaving at the end of March. And the people pay to bring the men and to send the men away!

M'Call gave Braddon a close run for his seat at Tas. general election. Only a 16 majority enabled the leader of the Opposition to get back to the House. The Govt. has a pretty strong following, and Braddon, having views on the Federal Senate, will not try very hard for office in the local jumble.

A great Maori carnival in aid of the War-relief fund is being held at Wellington. And but the other day the Maories were fighting Britain for their country. Well, Jonah survived being in the stomach of the whale; what nation knows that it may not be comfortable to lodge in the stomach of the Lion?

The absence of their leader, ex-Premier Kingston, will make all the difference to S.A. democrats at the coming Council elections. Moreover, the determined stand threatened by the Laborites as regards their direct nominees is already causing dissension. The Tories have learnt the danger of vote-splitting, but the democrats promise to undermine each other as of old, and Labor greed is again at the bottom of it.

Over 2000 men applied to be taken on as filth scavengers and plague trappers in the bubonic-plague area of Sydney. And, when they took these unromantic and deadly risks, they undertook to submit to quarantine conditions. What wonder, then, that young (and middle-aged) Australia wanted to go to the war, or anywhere else, where work and wages offered an inducement!

A man at Gordon (Vic.) was recently fined £10 for speaking disrespectfully of Queen Victoria when drunk. And yet he might speak disrespectfully of God, when either drunk or sober, and be fined 10s. at most—more likely he wouldn't be fined at all. And he might say dreadful things about Canute or William IV., who were as much English sovereigns as Victoria is, and nothing would happen to him. The writer once heard a truculent person use most disgraceful language about Canute, and he even went so far as to curse Henry I., yet the policeman who was promptly appealed to wouldn't take any notice whatever.

The mysterious disappearance of the West-Australian Separation petition recalls a similar S.A. experience way back in '51. The document conveying S.A.'s Constitution was taken by a Colonial Office clerk to the sailing ship "Ascendant," bound for Port Adelaide. Instead of handing it to the captain he gave it to the steward, who put the parcel on one side. When Adelaide was reached, the authorities, with much ceremony, waited on the captain, who protested that he had seen nothing of the precious document. It was subsequently found in a bag containing linen saved for the wash!

Russia told the Boers applying for intervention—"No; with the greatest regret. But you should have come to us before going to Lord Salisbury. Then our answer would still have been—"No; with the greatest regret." "This," said Lord. TIMES as per cable, "is perhaps the unkindest cut, acidulating platonic sympathy with an intimation that the Republics had looked the wrong way, but it would have made no difference if they had looked the right way." And do you know why the comment was worth cabling? Because of the one beautiful, precious word *acidulating*—lifting the sentence to the heights of epigram.

London SPECTATOR's suggestion is that on the proposed monument to be erected in London to celebrate the colonies' share in the South African land-grab there should be inscribed—"We could not have loved the Empire and the Motherland so well loved we not freedom more"—a coarse and clumsy parody of Col. Lovelace's lines:

I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honor more.

Also, it is proposed that the inscription shall be in three languages—English, French (for the French-Canadians), and Dutch (for the loyal Dutch). But why not also in Hebrew (under the three balls of Lombardy)—for the benefit of Messrs. Eckstein, Wernher, Beit, Rothschild, and co.?

"Mary Moses" to THE BULLETIN from Dunedin:—

Dear Mr. Editor.—You know Maoriland's Agent-General, Mr. Reeves? Well, the editor of Dunedin STAR, Mr. Mack Cohen, says he is a pro-Boer; he does give it to him. Mr. Reeves sends cables about the war, and when Mr. Cronje and all his men were caught in a trap by Mr. Roberts, Mr. Reeves sent us word that "Cronje fought well yesterday, but is expected to surrender soon, as the British are five to one." Then the editor got so angry; he said that "from the tone of this and other messages from the same source it seems doubtful whether the Agent-General's sympathies are in the right quarter." And then a funny thing: when Mr. Cronje and all his men gave in, Mr. Reeves was the first to send us the news; he was 12 hours before anybody else. I asked father what the editor would say to that, and he laughed and said, "Cohen is a great patriot; he might be knighted." I won't knight him; will you?

It is over four years now since Bigjohn Forrest announced his great Coolgardie water scheme. It was to cost £2,500,000 and a clear cool stream was to be flowing gaily into Coolgardie in three years. Reckoning that the money could be raised at 3 per cent., and that the works could send along 5,000,000 gallons a day, and the fields would take it all at 3s. 6d. per 1000 gallons (and thus pay £875 a day for water) Bigjohn saw glorious prospects ahead. Now after four years the works are not nearly completed. W.A. has been borrowing money at 4 and even 5 per cent. And Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie have got so used to struggling along with their precarious but cheap water supply that many of the inhabitants don't want to see John's snake-like length of pipe crawling towards them over the plains for another century.

Dr. Ashburton Thompson of N.S.W. Health Board on the whyness of Sydney's dilapidations:

I have no doubt at all that most local governing authorities are ready to do whatever they see to be necessary and whatever the Board of Health recommends as necessary for the public safety. If they do not always do so the reason is neither more or less than this: They have no money. Municipalities are only able to raise a miserable rate of 2s. in the £. The money so raised goes to keep in repair miles of streets and roads. Consequently, if we go into a district and say, for instance: 'You have no garbage destructor. Why is this?' They reply: 'We know it is necessary, but we have no money with which to buy one.' The sooner the public understands this the better.

And to a limited extent THE BULLETIN defends the N.S.W. Municipalities Act and says "Rats!" What's the use of lamenting that the metropolitan municipalities are allowed only to raise "a miserable 2s. in the £," and so can't keep the place in order, when among 41 sets of miserable aldermen there isn't one game to raise more than a miserable 1s. 6d. in the £?

An Australian M.P., who has steadily decried the war, has actually addressed what the daily press describes as an "orderly" public meeting—and obtained a vote of confidence, and been presented with a purse of sovereigns! At Grenfell, N.S.W., Mr. W. A. Holman, speaking at great length, defended his action over the South African affair. He said that though only one of the ten resisting the dispatch of troops, there were at least 25 others in the House, who had not the courage of their opinions. [This is no doubt true: THE BULLETIN can name 23 of them.—Ed. B.] Regarding the Tasmanian incident, a portion also of that was suppressed, the papers not publishing that this Hobart meeting was simply disturbed by a gang of larrikins headed by drunken sailors. At the close of his speech a vote of confidence was carried on the motion of Mr. Marks, seconded by Mr. Flinn. Afterwards Dr. Rygate presented Mr. Holman with an address and a purse of sovereigns, which he acknowledged. The Mayor presided. But then Grenfell is a gold-mining constituency.

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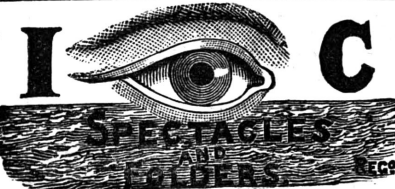
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At Poverty Point.

Richards would do well to re-enforce his prohibition of speeches from the stage by perspiring vocalists. Nowadays every blessed songster of self-importance takes the liberty of "saying a few words" to the audience once in a way, or every night. He is "grateful for his kind reception," or he "hopes to prove himself worthy," &c., or he "promises to do his utmost during the engagement"—just as though the people in front wanted his personal, ungrammatical assurance on these points.

At the marriage of Lord Chesterfield last month, Ada Crossley sang an Ave Maria, composed by Leon Caron, Williamson's conductor.

"D." : Australians who still cherish a remembrance of old Jemmy Ashton will be glad to hear that Ashton's circus still exists—run by James Ashton, Jr., and comprising quite a troupe of third-generation Ashtons amongst its performers. Saw it up North lately, an excellent show, right up to the old man's ideal of good horse-acts—in that respect far ahead of most of the big tent-shows.

The quaintest item on Melb. Royal stage is the small, three-year-old edition of John F. Sheridan, a marvellous reproduction of J.F.S. in miniature, even to the elegant outward and inward curve of the legs which Johnnie makes so conspicuous in Widow O'Brien.

Nellie Stewart's age suffers severely in reputation from the fact that she has been before the Australian public since she was five years old, or thereabouts. People who remember to have heard of Docy, Maggie, and Nellie Stewart in the long ago, and who don't know that Miss Nellie is the youngest offspring of her mother's second marriage, are apt to think the "old favorite" 25 per cent. older than she is; and they make out that she was travelling around with her step-sisters sometime before her parents had ever met. Nellie, however, got some consolation for this grievance when she made her first appearances in England a few years back. The critics unanimously accepted the charming stranger as a young actress "with considerable stage experience."

Dainty Irene Franklin, at Melb. Bijou, is a petite American person who warbles coon songs and the ditties of the more elderly nigger in a quietly effective way, relying much more upon intelligent facial expression than the ordinary or common-place serio-comic, over whom she fairly soars. But it is Dainty Irene's hand-play that knocks 'em; her neat, little white hands seem made of the most precious kind of rubber, and they flutter about the stage like the wings of a moth. It is quite a shock to think what might have happened to the Antipodean world had the young lady from Chicago elected to attack it as an expert in three-card monte or a practical pocket-pick.

"J." : Nance O'Neil, more than any other actress at present on Australian boards, has the true art of making art conceal art. Hers are portrayals of human nature as we see it off the stage—not on. Her work appeals to you much more the day after you have seen it. It isn't the usual stage fizzle-wizzle brilliancy which dies away with your supper or your dreams, but a picture which more strongly takes form and color during your sleep. A picture that next morning you want to hug, and resolve to keep it for ever in the amber of memory.

George R. Sims is the author of "When the Lamps are Lighted," Johnnie Sheridan's newest dramatic hotch-potch at Melb. Royal—

Some time ago G.S. invented
A hair-restorer aptly called,
And yet we find (the fact's lamented)
That in the drama just presented
The author seems extremely bald.

J. C. Williamson is, it is said, casting an inquiring eye over Melb. Alexandra with a view to taking up the big, ill-situated house and making it his Southern headquarters. If J.C.W. decides to seize on the Aleck he will knock out the present front, abolish the cook-shops and the plebeian odors of onions plain, and onions fried that haunt the circle and the galleries, and rob the house of its present neat-market aspect. The Aleck has had its good times in the past, and Williamson, with proper material and popular prices, may lift it again; but the prospect of ever drawing five-shilling patrons down Exhibition-street seems remote.

Winston Churchill, in reply to an enquiry from agent Edwin Geach, says that he will consider the matter of an Australian lecturing tour, although he does not love sea-voyages. Young Churchill's value to the importer would depend mainly on his lecturing qualifications—voice, appearance, platform manner, and dramatic force. As a hero he lost prestige when, taking fright at the news of Kitchener and Roberts being ordered to South Africa, he cabled the War Office that Buller was "quite equal to the chief command of the job." Evidently the silly little cablegram was intended to block Kitchener, the man whom Churchill had justly enough abused for his unspeakable savagery (it was Kitchener who had the Mahdi's tomb burst upon and the bones scattered) in the Sudan expedition. Winston Churchill's message of advice was a nine days joke, and some of his former colleagues (he held a lieutenant's commission in a cavalry regiment a while ago) sent him a wire, "Don't make an ass of yourself."

Maggie Stirling expects to return to Melbourne from London before the end of this year. She has had a good measure of success there, and says she has improved both in health and as a singer.

Chas. Kean spoke through his nose. As Shylock, he said, "You take by life when you take the beans by which I live."

"Haresfoot": Nat Douglas filled the bill entirely, to my idea, as heroic leading man for the Stock, and his faults would not have prevented him from being a considerable fellow in England 100 years ago. He was at his zenith in Sydney, supporting Mary Gladstone. What a fine Gennaro, in Lucresia Borgia! A little after this I saw him play Belphegor with power, at the trumpery Melb. Polytechnic. Miln was afraid to let him act Othello, and engaged insignificant (but not contemptible) little Leake for it.

"Haresfoot": The best play under the title of "The Jewess" is the dramatic version of Halevy's opera, "La Juive," which is sensational enough for anything, the finale being a judicial plunge of the fair, young Hebrewess into a cauldron of boiling oil! Scene laid in Switzerland. A Cardinal condemns the Jewess, out of hatred for her father, Eleazar, but just as she jumps into the hissing soup Eleazar shouts to the Cardinal, "She is thy daughter!"

Sarah Bernhardt has been warned, by an after-affect of influenza, that she is not physically immortal. She recently fainted on the stage whilst playing Hamlet, and was unconscious for some time after the curtain had been hastily lowered.

"The worm will turn. Actor-manager (to super, whom he has been badgering all the rehearsal): "I wish to God y'd turn your toes out!" Super: "I wish to God y'd turn yours up!"

Two of Sanger's Circus elephants recently went cranky, after the manner of their kind. The more dangerous 'east killed its keeper, who had amused himself whilst drunk by prodding it with a blunt spear (what a subject for a temperance orator!), and as this was the second keeper it had disposed of under similar circumstances Sanger shot it through the head. The other elephant, named Charlie, merely pushed its way out of the palace and roamed around the neighborhood smashing carriage gates, garden walls, etc., until it came to a peaceful wood, where it lay down to think. Sanger lured Charlie back to captivity by means of half-a-dozen decoy elephants, but the beast, having been once out on the razzle, is likely to repeat the dissipation at any time.

Robert Lorraine, actor, sued a London manageress for breach of contract. He was engaged to play the hero at £30 a week, but the manageress put somebody else into his place, on the ground that he mumbled his lines and was addicted to personal violence against other members of the co. The assaulted parties must have been pro-boers, for the case was adjourned sine die, owing to Lorraine having joined a yeomanry corps, which was to sail for Africa next day. From which it appears that the stage hero who prates of the Dear Old Flag is occasionally in earnest. But it is only very occasionally.

"O.P." : "Ben Sun" (B. 10/3/00) has struck the correct brand of bush-play. But why the touch of tre? The bushman's idea of entertainment is relaxation—something strong, funny and healthy, well worth a laugh and no thought. He doesn't turn-up to study problems or to be made miserable, as is alleged of the city person, and he abhors the flat, diluted joke of the cultivated weed. As an all-round chain-lightning man, or "strong point," the gumleaf man has no compeer save the Western Yankee.

"T.D." : I have met at least half-a-dozen "original discoverers" of Ada Crossley, yet Ada doesn't seem to have been "discovered" worth a cent before Madame Fanny Simonsen took the rather gawky girl under her wing and developed her golden voice and her then very dormant artistic instincts. The Simonsen used to say despairingly that she was a girl with the loveliest voice in the world, but couldn't understand that she had a soul.

Said that Hortense Schneider, the onetime dashing "creatress" of La Grande Duchesse and other Offenbachian heroines, is now hesitating between "a purely religious order and one given to active charity." At present she is a boarder among the nuns at a Toulouse convent, and when asked to attend the first performance of the revival of La Belle Helene poor sanctified Schneider shook her head and counted her beads. All the same, one would advise the veteran to go in for active charity rather than pure religion. There might be a lot of excitement in a philanthropic career for Schneider if she retains only a little of her old energy.

The young wife of poor old Sims Reeves was lately playing the fairy queen in a provincial pantomime.

The usual nomadic theatrical co. (they become even more usual than usual) came out on top in a Vic. western district township one night lately. The co. had reckoned on a three-night stand, but the first night barely realised hash for the crowd, and the ingenious manager had to brace his intellect to grapple with the public indifference. He hustled out dodgers describing in blazing type his wonderful new cinematograph of the war straight from Ladysmith, and the co. spread over the place, and held forth about the marvellous incidents to be depicted, till the residents were filled with wonder. Result, a packed house. After the usual performance a calico sheet was spread as a curtain, and the full strength of the co., dressed in as much military material as could be collected, worked off incursions, sieges, bayonet-charges, battle, kopje, and sudden death after the manner of the old familiar shadow pantomime. Nobody in the house had seen a cinematograph, so it was a huge success. The show ended with an alleged picture of a man suddenly seized by the plague in Sydney. The disease struck him as he was trotting across the field of view, and he suddenly dropped everything, and jumped four feet high, and then had awful contortions. A swagman in the audience gained great credit and beer that night by stating at the Rabbit-Catcher's Arms Hotel that he had seen people seized by the plague in Bombay and they always jumped like that.

San Francisco Chronicle:—"In Paradise" is undoubtedly one of the French comedies which Sardou had in mind when he recently said: "I cannot enter into rivalry with the younger dramatists who dance people about a bed and then let them disrobe. I still hold myself too good for that. I merely write historical dramas for the educated public of civilized nations." A bed in a Parisian boudoir is a conspicuous feature of "In Paradise." The dainty bit of furniture is obtrusively in evidence throughout the second act, and it serves to conceal three male admirers of its fair owner, while a fourth one—to whom she is engaged to be married—tours the apartment in jealous frenzy, and a fifth one—to whom she is married—occupies an ante-room. The dialogue? Well, a provincial matron warned her daughter to beware of "a nineteenth century man with an early Roman temperament," and also advised the maiden to "speak slowly so as to make her ideas last longer." An antique Parisian benedict boasted that he had spent the greater part of his life hiding in closets and wardrobes, and his equally ancient friend from the country confessed that it had been the dream of his matrimonial career to flirt with a chorus girl or an artist's model.

"You're a has-been." "You're a never was."

A long-distance telephone between Sydney and Melbourne is mooted in Sydney. In the U.S. you can talk with ease between Chicago and New York, 1000 miles.

Lord Rosebery is probably the Queen's favorite among all the peers. His mother, who still lives, was a bridesmaid to Her Gracious 60 long years ago.

Editor "Majah" W. T. Reay, Melb. HERALD's pet particular war-correspondent, on the Englishmen under Colonel Price:—

These poor English militia. . . . Why these men were sent to this country I can't imagine. They are little better fitted to fight the Boers than a crowd of school-boys.

What about the "distinguished honor" to Col. Tom Price when Gen. Roberts gave him a back seat hobbled with this string of detriments? But, apart from that, isn't Reay guilty of brutal disloyalty, or something?

Thus a Perth (W.A.) daily re the banquet tendered to the troops at Fremantle prior to their departure for Africa:—

The ladies who waited at the officers' table were evening dress, but those at the other tables were simply a distinguishing badge—a rosette or a piece of ribbon. Surely not a case of "simply that and nothing more."

London DAILY MAIL (a howling Jingo paper) re the landing of 600 so-called Transvaal "refugees":—

On the testimony of the ship's officers, scarcely one hundred of them deserved help. There were Russian Jews, Polish Jews, Peruvian Jews—all kinds of Jews. They fought and jostled, and though they had breakfasted well on board, rushed as though half-starved at the food provided. They fought for places on the train, and gambled in the carriages, staking sovereigns on a card! . . . These were the penniless refugees; and when the Relief Committee passed by they hid their gold and fawned and whined and begged in broken English for money for a tram-fare.

And these were some of the hapless Uitlanders we read of—the men who were heart-broken "because they couldn't get de franchise."

The rapid progress made by Acetylene Gas during the past year in the colonies speaks volumes for the future of the industry. The Acetylene Gas Co. of Australia, Ltd., Sydney, are prepared to give estimates for any kind of indoor or outdoor lighting. The recent night-cycling carnival was carried on by Acetylene installed by this Co.*

Hector Macdonald (now Major General), when promoted from the ranks to the position of sergeant, was congratulated by his colonel, and told to remember that a sergeant in his (the colonel's) regiment was equal in value to a member of the British Parliament. Evidently this commander reckoned that the man who is willing to die for his country is quite as good as the one who merely talks for it. But, by the same ratio, what must a colonel be worth compared with a leading civilian? A king, at least; and a field-marshal must be the Deity incarnate.

Shoreditch (London) has a garbage destructor which burns up about 84 tons of refuse daily. The residue consists of about 26 tons of clinkers, which, ground up and mixed with cement, make excellent paving slabs. The destructor only uses 1344 tons of coal per annum, and out of the heat generated by the coal and the refuse it supplies electric power and lighting to the surrounding district, steam to the public baths and wash-houses, and also steam to heat some adjacent public buildings. When the scheme is brought to perfection it seems probable that garbage will be a source of revenue instead of an expense.

M'Shields, Vic.'s two-headed Premier, with the caution characteristic of the Scotch half of him, lately declined to proclaim St. Patrick's Day a public holiday. Apropos, a constituent of said half, commenting on the matter, says it reminds him of the local policeman. When this intelligent officer falls over an over-laden Prodistan cooling his throbbing brow on the cold earth, he diplomatically takes him home to the warmer reception there awaiting him; but when he bumps up against a co-religionist in similar plight, he runs him in to show his official impartiality. (Query for Benedicts: Which is the kinder treatment?)

Nervous sufferers will find it worth their while to peruse Herr Rassmussen's advt. on page 27 of this issue.*

The fact that Lady Roberts has left for South Africa to join her aged husband tells its own tale. Evidently Bobs reckons that his sojourn in the country will be long, and maybe his wife is expected to prove a social factor in the conciliation of the Orange Free State.

The libel-verdict given to solicitor Coonan for a letter published in Wyalong (N.S.W.) STAR shapes peculiarly: "£25, to be reduced to shillings on defendant publishing an apology." Costs were granted.

YOST TYPEWRITER.

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BEAUTIFUL WORK
PERFECT ALIGNMENT
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BUSINESS GUNS AT THE FRONT.

Joubert, the Boer commander, carries a Yost Typewriter about with him in his 'bus. He would never have got his army into its present mess if he had remembered that—"Beneath the rule of men entirely great, the Yost is mightier than the sword."

"Put up the sword, States can be ruled without it."

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Are all well represented at the front. They are found to be business guns of sure and splendid efficiency.

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Mutual Life Association

OF AUSTRALASIA.

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT.

Adopted at General Meeting, Monday, 2nd APRIL, 1900.

NEW PREMIUMS ...	...	£34,127	Increase over 1898,	£8,270
RENEWAL PREMIUMS ...	...	£140,517	"	£8,257
TOTAL INCOME ...	...	£233,525	"	£17,323
ACCUMULATED FUNDS ...	...	£1,359,362	"	£101,759

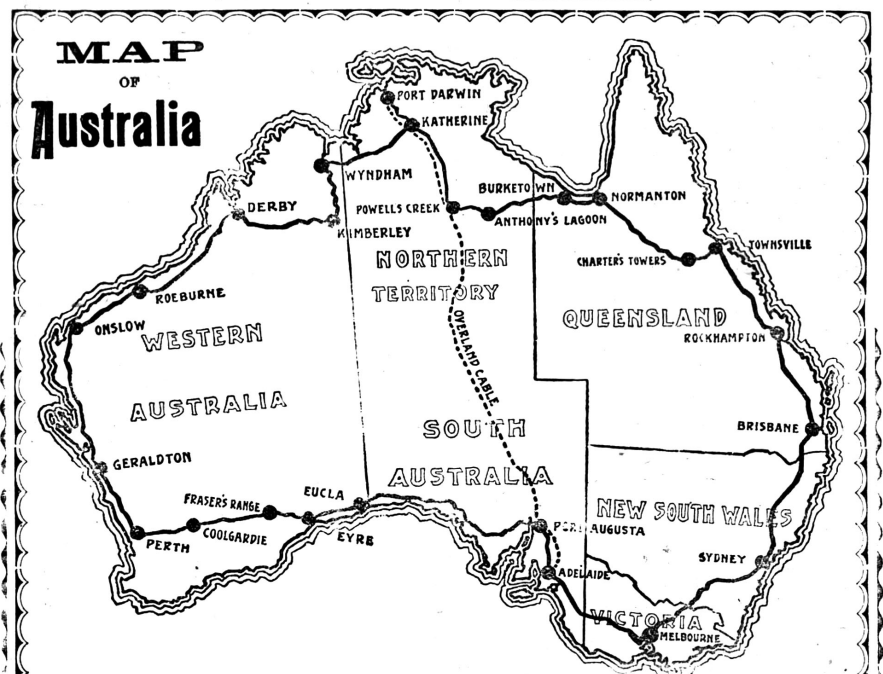
INCREASE OF POLICIES IN FORCE to £5,172,043.

REDUCTION OF DEATH CLAIMS by £10,598.

AND A VERY SUBSTANTIAL REDUCTION IN THE EXPENSE RATE.

J. C. REMINGTON, General Manager.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE: George and Wynyard Streets, Sydney.



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AUTHORISED CAPITAL £705,000

Capital Paid-up £100,000

Reserve Liability of Shareholders £250,000

£250,000

£2350,000

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Accumulated Funds, £2,261,656.

Policies issued, 79,765—assuring £24,735,171.

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FREMANTLE: Peregrine, Sat., April 7, 12 Noon.

BRISBANE: Burwah, Tuesday, April 10, 12 Noon.

MARYBOROUGH: Leura, Saturday, April 14, 12 Noon.

ROCKHAMPTON: Peregrine, Sat., April 7, 12 Noon.

BUNDABERG: Leura, Saturday, April 14, 12 Noon.

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CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED: £150,000 0 0

CAPITAL PAID-UP: £90,000 0 0

RESERVE LIABILITY: £150,000 0 0

Amount at Credit of Estates, Trusts, and Clients, 31st December, 1899: £6,277,747 11 3

Insolvency Department, Mr. L. I. Barker registered trustee.

Directors: F. R. Godfrey, Esq., Chairman; R. Murray Smith, Esq., C.M.G., M.L.A., Vice Chairman; John Grice, Esq.; C. M. Officer, Esq.; Hon. J. M. Pratt, M.L.C.

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Four per cent. Stock guaranteed by New Zealand Government: 2,000,000

Preference Shares subscribed for by New Zealand Government: 500,000

Amount of Capital payable by Shareholders: 500,000

Total Capital: £3,000,000

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CHIEF INSPECTOR: H. L. Heron.

INSPECTORS: John McNeil, R. M. Nicol, and Alban Hill.

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MANAGER: Edward Smith.

ASSISTANT MANAGER: Arthur Walker.

ACCOUNTANT: E. C. O. Howard.

London Office: 1 Bishopsgate Street Within (corner of Leadenhall Street, E.C.)

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ASSISTANT MANAGER: J. R. Legoe.

ACCOUNTANT: Lindsay Douglas.

Haymarket, Gosford, with agency at Wyong, Newcastle; with Branches throughout Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia, and in Brisbane.

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Reserve Fund: 1,010,000 0 0

Reserve Liability: 1,000,000 0 0

£3,010,000 0 0

DIRECTORS: Sir EDWARD KNOX, Chairman; G. J. COHEN, Esq., Deputy-Chairman; Hon. H. E. KATER, M.L.C.; Hon. HENRY MOSES, M.L.C.; Hon. RICHARD JONES, M.L.C.; T. A. DIBBS, Esq., General Manager.

Auditors: Hon. F. T. HUMPHREY, M.L.C.; J. de V. LAMB.

Head Office: George Street, SYDNEY.

T. A. DIBBS, General Manager; T. B. Gaden, Assistant Manager and Chief Inspector; A. J. Soutar, Accountant; W. C. B. Tiley, H. H. Massie, W. H. Pinney, Inspectors.

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Steamer.	Tons.	Leave Sydney at 1 p.m.	Leave Auckland.	Arrive at San Francisco.
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IN MEDIUM AND BEST QUALITIES.

FULL VALUE GIVEN.

A. BENJAMIN and SONS,

285a Little Collins St., Melbourne.

NOT A GUESSING COMPETITION.

A RECORD.—We sold 5000 of our Celebrated WATCHES & CHAINS at 6/6 in 13 months, and now to universally advertise our Famous 4/6 Paragon 14kt. GOLD CHAINS to Every Purchaser of one (either Gent's or Lady's) we will Present on Payment of 6/- extra the RAILWAY WATCH, as illustrated, guaranteed, timed to closest accuracy. It is a JEWELLED, FULL-DAY, PERFECT LEVER MOVEMENT, SHORT-WIND WATCH, wound and hands set from stem, strong and reliable, same as used on the railways of Great Britain. Gent's are medium size, and Ladies' a perfect little gem. They give entire satisfaction; that is why we send them out on approval, and if returned within 14 days money is refunded. These are unprecedented terms. We make this extraordinary offer merely to circulate our PRICE LIST, and to make ourselves talked about. The Watch and Chain is sent Registered (any colony) on receipt of 10/6 and 6d. for postage.

H. POTIER & CO.,

24 ROYAL ARCADE, SYDNEY.

OPALS • PEARLS SAPPHIRES.

Shipping.

THE ADELAIDE STEAMSHIP CO. (LIMITED).

Express Passenger Service to and from West Australian, South Australian, Victorian, and Queensland Ports.

FOR MELBOURNE: ADELAIDE, PORT PIRIE, AND GULF PORTS, ESPERANCE BAY, ALBANY, FREMANTLE, Transhipping at Fremantle to all North Western Ports, BRISBANE, MACKAY, TOWNSVILLE, And Ports North to Cairns For BRISBANE.

S.S. Allinga, Friday, April 6.

S.S. Wollawra (from Melb.) Tuesday, April 10.

S.S. Warrego, Friday, April 6.

S.S. Adelaide, Sat., April 7.

NOTE.—This steamer running under contract with the Queensland Government for the carriage of refrigerated cargo will maintain a regular weekly fast service between Sydney and Brisbane, and will connect with the P. and O. and Orient steamers. The attention of passengers is directed to this opportunity of quick transit between Sydney and Brisbane. The ADELAIDE is a first-class passenger steamer, all cabins containing only two berths.

Best & Cheapest Route to Goldfields.

Tickets are interchangeable with the A.U.S.N. Co. G. S. YULL & CO., LTD., Agents, 6 Bridge St. Sydney.

A. U. S. N. Coy. LTD.

ROYAL MAIL COASTAL SERVICE.

THE POPULAR PASSENGER LINE.

Despatch their Magnificent Steamships as under.

MELBOURNE AND COOKTOWN MAIL LINE—Weekly, via Sydney, Brisbane, Rockhampton, Mackay, Bowen, Townsville, Cairns, and Port Douglas.

TOWNSVILLE LOCAL PORTS—Weekly.

SYDNEY AND ROCKHAMPTON—Bi-weekly, via Ports.

SYDNEY AND BURKETOWN—Every 3 Weeks, via Brisbane, Townsville, Cooktown, Thursday Island, and Normanton.

SYDNEY, NEW CALEDONIA, and FIJI, Monthly.

SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE, Weekly.

SYDNEY, ADELAIDE AND WEST AUSTRALIA, Fortnightly.

Passenger Accommodation, Attendance and Cuisine unrivalled.

Full Particulars from the Agents:

SYDNEY—Burns, Philp & Co., Ltd., 10 Bridge Street.

MELBOURNE—A.U.S.N. Co. Ltd., Collins Street.

ADELAIDE—B. W. Macdonald, Currie Street.

FREMANTLE AND PERTH—D. Hamilton.

BRISBANE—British, India and Queensland Agency Coy. Ltd., Managing Agents.

P. AND O. COMPANY.

The Royal Mail Steamships of the above Company will be despatched as follows:—

FOR MARSEILLES AND LONDON,

Touching at the usual Intermediate Ports.

With Permission to call at Brindisi.

Steamer.	Tons	Commander.	Sydney, Noon
* AUSTRALIA	7000	I. Reeves	April 18
ARCADIA	6603	A. C. Loggin	May 5
ROME	5545	T. Leigh	May 19
HIMALAYA	6898	W. L. Brown, R.N.R.	June 2
OCEANA	6603	L. H. Crawford	June 16

* Proceeding via Hobart.

PASSAGE MONEY TO LONDON—Single, £35 to £70.

Ditto Ditto Return, £65 to £110.

Return Tickets (1st Saloon) between intermediate ports are available for Return by Orient and Messageries Maritimes Steamers having room. Particulars on application to E. TRELAWNEY, Agent, Exchange Corner, Pitt and Bridge Streets.

Huddart, Parker & Co's Line

TO—

MELBOURNE, HOBART,

LAUNCESTON, WEST AUSTRALIA,

NEW ZEALAND PORTS.

Fares and Freight at Lowest Current Rates.

"E. AND A." COMPANY.

The Steamships of the above Company will be despatched as follows:

FOR MANILA, CHINA, AND JAPAN.

Touching at Queensland Ports and Port Darwin.

Steamer.	Tons	Commander.	Leave Sydney.
AIRLIE	2500	St. John George	April 5
* GUTHRIE	2500	W. G. McArthur	April 19
AUSTRALIAN	3000	P. T. Helms	April 28
EASTERN	3600	W. Ellis	June 16

* Not calling at Port Darwin.

The above steamers were specially built for the Eastern passenger trade, and are fitted with every convenience, including Electric Light and Kilbourn's Patent Refrigerator.

Duly qualified Surgeons carried.

Passengers booked through to points in Canada, United States of America and Europe.

For further information apply to

GIBBS, BRIGHT and CO., Managing Agents, 37 Pitt-street, Sydney.

M'Ilwraith, M'Eacharn & Co. PROP. LTD., REGULAR LINE OF STEAMERS.

SAILING WEEKLY TO AND FROM WESTERN AUSTRALIA AND EASTERN COLONIES.

For Specially Reduced Rates, Passage Money, Stock Rates and Freight Quotations, apply

M'Ilwraith, M'Eacharn & Co. Prop. Ltd.

Or BURNS, PHILP & CO. LTD., Bridge-street, Sydney.

APRIL 7, 1900.

A globe-trotter says of Melbourne, in a Parisian paper, that it is "a fine modern city, having ancient insanitary arrangements. A system of underground sewerage is making very slow progress, but in the majority of houses they use the primitive system, *et ils le gardent pour une semaine*."

Stand Back and Then Look.

"MADAM," said a wise old physician to a woman who had brought a feeble, anæmic, and poorly developed daughter to him for examination. "Madam, the treatment of this girl should have been begun two hundred years ago."

"Sir," she exclaimed, "I don't understand what you mean."

"Probably not, madam," replied this student of men and medicine, "and you wouldn't even should I try to explain it."

How do you best see a picture on the wall? Why, by standing back and looking through your hollowed fist or through a tube. Well then, let us first read Mrs. Coombes' letter, and afterwards get a little of what painters call *perspective* on it and see if we can understand the lesson it teaches.

"In the spring of last year, 1895," she says, "I had an attack of pleurisy, which left me low and weak. Subsequently I could not get up my strength, do what I would. My appetite was poor, and after eating I had severe pains about my chest, at my side, and between my shoulders. I had muscular pains in my arms and shoulders—in fact, all over me. I got little or no sleep, and felt quite worn out in the morning."

"As time went on I got weaker and weaker and was scarcely able to get about. I came to be so low that I thought I never should be better again. I saw a doctor and took medicines, but nothing did me any good."

"In December (1895) my sister, who lives at Oxford, told me of the benefit she had derived from Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle from Mr. Cooper, chemist, Oldbury Road, and after taking it found great relief. I could eat well, and food agreed with me."

"I now gained strength, and after taking four bottles was well as ever and free from all pain, muscular or otherwise. I know others who have been benefited by the same medicine. You can publish this statement as you like. (Signed) Charlotte Coombes, 177 Oldbury Road, West Smethwick, Birmingham, October 8th, 1896."

That is her letter—a plain, truthful, and well-written letter. But what do we see behind the simple facts as she sets them down? Is there anything suggested by that attack of pleurisy she speaks of? Was that the beginning? No. Pleurisy is the name given to an inflammation of the spaces or cavities in which the lungs rest. When the inflammation attacks the lungs themselves we call it *pneumonia*; if the bronchial tubes, *bronchitis*; and so on. But they are the same thing, from the same cause—namely, impure blood. When the blood is thus polluted, the smallest provocation—a slight cold—may set up any of the above ailments. Rheumatism (which Mrs. Coombes had) belongs to the same group or family of maladies.

But how comes that impurity or corruption of the blood in which these things arise? I'll tell you, in the hope that you will remember it. Indigestion, dyspepsia, fermentation of food in the stomach, torpid liver, which leaves the bile acids in the blood instead of removing them, poisonous dirt and filth from the stomach getting into the circulation—that's what the trouble comes from. So we see that in cases of pleurisy, &c., there is always what the doctors call a "history" of dyspepsia. Although this lady had keen dyspeptic symptoms after the pleurisy, a previous imperfection of her digestion—whether she realised it or not—laid the foundation for the pleurisy, the rheumatism and all that followed.

Now that is what we see as we stand back and look. And this is the practical use you are to make of the knowledge: Take care of the condition of your stomach, and the first day you feel anything wrong with it, resort to Mother Seigel's Syrup without waiting to find out whether you are going to be worse or not. When your house takes fire you don't wait to see how bad it is likely to be; you stop it immediately. Do so with indigestion.

The old doctor was right in what he said to the woman about her daughter. The girl couldn't help the neglect of her ancestors; but we can do something towards taking care of ourselves.

Fisher & Company's

MIGHTY

AOK

(REGISTERED)

Freshly prepared from the famous African KOLA NUTS (COLA ACUMINATA)

A SUSTAINING & STIMULATING TONIC WITHOUT INTOXICATION

The Greatest Pick-me-up & Appetiser known. It makes you eat and makes you strong. It cures Indigestion.

WHEN OUT OF SORTS Take a drink of "AOK" IT SAVES DOCTOR'S BILLS

ALL HOTELS & REFRESHMENT ROOMS with SODA WATER CO. ALL CHEMISTS 2/6 and 4/6 PER BOTTLE. Pharmacy 337 George St. Nearly opp. G. Post. Off. ASK for "AOK" BITTER or EXTRA BITTER.

Old Favorites.

THE TOYS.

My little son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkind's,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful
art,
To comfort his sad heart,
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said:
Ah, when at last we die with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commandment good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

COVENTRY PATMORE.

NOCTURNE.

ITALY.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Climbers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the ilex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white-robed lover,
She reaches out her hand
And helps him in at the window—
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lip she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

THE UNREALISED IDEAL.

My only love is always near,
In country or in town.
I see her twinkling feet, I hear
The whisper of her gown.

She fooms it ever fair and young,
Her locks are tied in haste,
And one is o'er her shoulder flung,
And hangs below her waist.

She runs before me in the meads;
And down this world-worn track
She leads me on; but while she leads
She never gazes back.

And yet her voice is in my dreams,
To witch me more and more;
That wooing voice! Ah me, it seems
Less near me than of yore.

Lightly I sped when hope was high,
And youth beguiled the chase,—
I follow, follow still; but I
Shall never see her face.

FREDERICK LOCKER.

THE OLD LOVE.

I made another garden, yea,
For my new love:
I left the dead rose where it lay
And set the new above.

Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste?
My old love came and walked therein,
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile,
Just as of old;
She looked around a little while,
And shivered at the cold.

Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight;
She made the white rose-petals fall,
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe, clinging to the grass,
Seemed like a snake
That bit the grass and ground, alas!
And a sad trail did make.

She went up slowly to the gate;
And there, just as of yore,
She turned back to the last to wait,
And say farewell once more.

ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

with Wounds that Discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swollen that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves the impression? If so, under the skin you have poison that defies all the remedies you have tried, which, if not extracted, you never can recover, but go on suffering till death releases you. Perhaps your knee is swollen, the joints being ulcerated; the same with the ankles, round which the skin may be discoloured, or there may be wounds; the disease if allowed to continue will deprive you of the power to walk. You may have attended various hospitals and had medical advice, and been told your case is hopeless, or advised to submit to amputation; but do not, for I CAN CURE YOU. I don't say perhaps; but I WILL. Because others have failed is no reason for not now being cured. Send at once for

ALBERT'S GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS, which are a certain remedy for the cure of Bad Legs, Housemaid's Knee, Ulcerated Joints, Carbuncles, Poisoned Hands, Tumours, Abscesses, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Bunions, and Ringworm. Of all Chemists, Stores, &c. Price, in Great Britain, 1/4d. per box. Prepared by ALBERT, 73, Farringdon-street, London, E.C. Agents: ELLIOTT BROS., Sydney. Purchasers should look for the registered trade mark of the Grasshopper on a green label on each box. (Regd. copyright).

D. S. MAIR



WATCH REPAIRING SPECIALIST.

Watches Thoroughly Cleaned, 2/6

GUARANTEED 12 MONTHS.

BEST Workmanship. No Overcharges. Should you wish to have your watch Carefully and Thoroughly Repaired, you can save TIME and MONEY by forwarding it per registered post to D. S. Mair, 684 George-st., Sydney. ONE TRIAL SOLICITED. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Note Address: 684 George Street, Sydney.

The Sydney Merchants' Exchange is being raised by two storeys. The site was originally occupied by a cottage and garden, the residence of Archdeacon Cowper, father of the Ven. Dean Cowper, of Sydney—who will celebrate his 90th birthday in June. Gov. Fitzroy laid the foundation-stone of the Exchange building, 23rd August, 1853, and the building was officially opened by Gov. Denison 30th Dec., 1857. Both

Governors are commemorated in the salesroom by excellent oil-portraits. Right opposite the Exchange building is the oldest house in that neighbourhood, corner of Macquarie Place and Bridge-street, originally built, it is said, early in the twenties. It was the town residence of Simeon Lord (merchant), a wealthy first-family founder. In 1840 it was a fashionable lodging-house, and, later on, was occupied by Govt. as a branch Lands Office.

REPORT OF THE DIRECTORS

— OF THE —

Co-Operative Wool & Produce Company Ltd.,

For the Year Ended 28th February, 1900.

Presented to the Shareholders at the Third Annual General Meeting held at 11 a.m. on Thursday, 29th March, 1900, at the Company's Offices, 12 & 14 O'Connell St.

GENTLEMEN,— We have pleasure in submitting to you our Third Annual Report and Balance Sheet, which we cannot but consider eminently satisfactory. During the year ended 28th of February, 1900, there have been consigned to this Company

46,056 BALES OF WOOL,

which have been disposed of in the following manner:—

Shipped to London on account of clients 7,998
Sold 35,145

thus leaving on hand for disposal 2913 bales.

The Company's business thus shows the following satisfactory progress:—

Season	1897-98	14,198 Bales	TOTAL SOLD IN SYDNEY.
" 1898-99	33,066	12,548 Bales.	
" 1899-00	46,056	30,774 "	
		35,145 "	

and it should also be remembered that the increases, indicated above, have been made in spite of a general decrease of exports for New South Wales, the last season especially having shown a total decrease of about 110,000 Bales to date.

We have also pleasure in advising that the number of our selling clients has more than doubled during this season, and has now reached the very satisfactory total of 1184.

FINANCIALLY the transactions of the year show a NETT PROFIT of £8,788 1 0. It will be remembered that at February the 28th, 1899, the Company, after carrying £1,500 to a Reserve Fund, left for disposal the sum of 3,894 4 1

from which, after paying the Dividend and Bonus agreed upon by the Shareholders at their meeting on March the 28th, 1899, as shown on the Balance Sheet, there remained the sum of 1,244 8 9

which, added to the Credit for this year, leaves the total to the Credit of Profit and Loss Account of 10,032 9 9

From this sum the Board of Directors has carried the sum of £3500 to the Reserve Fund, which is thereby increased to a total of £5000, and thus there is left a surplus to the credit of Profit and Loss Account of 6,532 9 9

which the Directors propose should be dealt with as follows:—
Dividend to Shareholders 6 per cent., about £316
Bonus to Selling Clients 2 per cent., 4,550

thus leaving about £1666 9 9 to be carried forward to the Credit of Profit and Loss Account. The very heavy items of expense in Rent and Insurance are, we think, in themselves a sufficient justification for the action of the Directors in proceeding with the large new Store, now in course of erection, as, when completed, the former expense will be done away with, and the latter will be reduced by about 50 per cent. in the rate.

Messrs. C. S. McPhillamy, Jas. Leslie, and D. McMaster, Directors, retire in accordance with the Articles of Association, but, having given the necessary notice, are eligible for re-election.

We charge no One-eighth of a Penny to the Buyers, and the Bonus of 2 per cent., with the undivided profits, reduces our selling charge to less than 1½ per cent.

We have to return you individually and collectively our cordial thanks for your continued support, and we venture to hope that our efforts in the past merit a continuance of your patronage in the future.

We are, Gentlemen, faithfully yours,
THE CO-OPERATIVE WOOL AND PRODUCE CO., LTD.
F. W. BACON, Chairman.

Reserve Fund Account.

Dr.	Cr.
By Profit and Loss Account, Feb. 28, 1899..	£1500 0 0
	£1500 0 0

Permanent Buildings Account.

Dr.	Cr.
To Union Bank of A., Ltd. (Mortgage) £4,700 10 0	By purchase Land at Pyrmont £3,970 10 0
" Balance, as per General Balance Sheet 7,395 0 6	" payments to Contractor, on account, for Building now in course of erection .. 8,125 0 6
	£12,095 10 6

General Balance Sheet.

LIABILITIES.	ASSETS.
Authorised Capital £30,000 0 0	Permanent Building Account £7,395 0 6
Less Unallotted Capital 48,583 0 0	Office Furniture and Plant 287 1 8
Fully Paid-up Capital, 11,417	Cash at Union Bank £4,382 19 4
Shares £11,417 0 0	Cash in hand 34 8 11
Reserve Fund 1,500 0 0	
Sundry Creditors 847 14 5	£4,417 8 3
Profit and Loss 10,032 9 9	Sundry Debtors 11,697 14 2
	£23,797 4 2

We hereby certify that we have examined the books, vouchers, etc., of the Co-operative Wool and Produce Co., Ltd., and that the above Balance Sheet represents the true position of the Company as at Feb. 28, 1900.

(Signed) ALBERT BORCHARD, A.S.I.A. } AUDITORS.
J. ROBERTS,

Profit and Loss Account.

To Interest Account £12 6 10	By Balance brought forward .. £3,894 4 1
" Directors' Fees 199 7 0	Less Dividends,
" Insurance (Fire) 911 0 1	March, '99, .. £111 18 10
" Rents 2,285 14 9	" Bonus, do. .. 2537 16 6
" Depreciation of Plant .. 30 0 0	£2,649 15 4
" General Expenses of work- ing, including Salaries, Sta- tionery, etc., etc. .. 7,041 2 11	£1,244 8 9
	By Gross Earnings, Commission, Rebate, etc. 19,267 12 7
" Balance Cr. Profit and Loss Account .. £10,479 11 7	
	£20,512 1 4

(Signed) F. W. BACON, Chairman.
WALTER BROOME, Secretary.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF N.S.W.
MOORE PARK, SYDNEY.

METROPOLITAN EXHIBITION

11th to 21st APRIL, 1900.

£4000 PRIZES £4000

HORSES, CATTLE, PIGS, POULTRY,
DOGS, WINES,
FARM AND DAIRY PRODUCE.

£150 Prize Grand National Electoral Districts Competition £150 Prize
£25 Corn-Husking Contests £25
£50 Wood-Chopping Contest £50

Entries close WEDNESDAY, 14th MARCH.

Prize Schedules and particulars from

F. WEBSTER, SECRETARY,
TATTERSALL'S CHAMBERS.

SPORTING NOTIONS.

The hubbub in Sydney bowling-circles intensifies. City Club has openly revolted, and, whether intentionally or otherwise, is going the right way to bring down the whole structure of the N.S.W. B.A. with a crash and bury itself under the ruins. Latest is that Reeder and Hanigan (cracks of Balmain and Redfern clubs respectively) have withdrawn from the inter-provincial team to meet Victoria's reps. at Easter. Hon. Sec. Thomas of the governing body has resigned as a result of receiving a requisition from 23 bowlers—17 of them City men—to call a special general meeting of the Association "for the purpose of condemning the selection committee." The general committee was to have come together on Tuesday night to consider the situation. At time of writing, everything points to the probability of a state of confusion worse confounded being in existence when the Cabbage-garden trundlers arrive next week. It wouldn't be at all bad for the credit of the mother-province association if the spread of the plague caused the prospective visitors to abandon their trip for the present, as no matter what might have been fixed up on Tuesday night things will hardly be as they should be on such an occasion.

Bantam champion Bert Weekes and Dos Patterson supplied a hot go at Golden Gate A.C. (Sydney) Saturday night. Writer doesn't know whether it was the same old Dos or not, but there was an uncommon resemblance between him and a Dos Patterson who figured at Foley's White Horse in the last decade. The methods were there, the attitude and the ring, but time had left its mark. Dos was no nipper then, and he certainly isn't now; he was a last effort, though fighting he put up, and the manner in which he stood the heavy dose of stoush ladled out, sort of surprised old-timers. Weekes was palpably top dog up to the end of the sixth round, wherein Patterson suffered grievously, but afterwards his energy faded. Dos wasn't clever enough to make the most of this state of affairs, albeit he had the condition; consequently the other sat down for a minute's space, round after round, with points in his favour. Dos was out to do or die in the 13th, and made Weekes think a tornado had struck him, but it was a last effort. Patterson proved cold pie for the bantam premier in the next term, and was sent sleeping by a clinking right on the point. Weekes' work wasn't as good as it might have been; he fell off a lot after the sixth 3 mins., and might have gone under had Patterson been clever enough to make the best of the situation. Evidence that there's a big pug boom just now was given by the manner in which that huge crowd (probably a thousand) looking on, wedged itself into every inch of sitting and standing space and sweltered for over two hours.

"Old Timer": The Hegarty-Williams 20 rounds affair, at Metrop. A.C., Monday night, was the most unsatisfactory go seen in Sydney for a very long time; and yet five-sixths of the 600 people who paid 5s., 3s. and 2s. to be there didn't seem to think so till near the finish, when some of them indulged in a lot of banter. Hegarty's left, instead of being sent out straight, almost invariably went round the ribs or neck, and the two clinched and waited till referee McDonald came and separated them. Hegarty was very serious the whole time, but Williams was apparently much amused with the humor of the thing, for a broad smile always played about his face during what were intended to be most exciting situations. Opportunities with one or other off his balance were religiously ignored. Those of the spectators who "had faith" often yelled, "Now you've got him, Billy!" "He's done, Tim, finish him!" and wondered how it was the "fighters" stood off altogether on such occasions and allowed the chances to slip. A smack of willingness was given to the thing when their hands accidentally collided once, and the bump started an old cut on Tim's left eye, which Preston opened afresh in a spar at the recent Cribb-Higgins battle. It was a mistake, and probably Billy apologised in one of the hundred or more clinches. Old-man Williams was badly pumped-out towards the end—he could hardly lift his arms. "I declare this match a draw," said the referee; it would have fitted the state of affairs nicely if he had declared it a farce.

In the Bananalander Broughton they've fixed up a soft snap for the Maoriland cyclonic-bruiser Cribb. The pair come together at old Sydney Gailey (for this occasion only the "Australasian A.C.") next Monday night. Broughton hadn't a home with Preston in Melbourne the other day; he did nothing but clinch and cling to avoid trouble, so how anyone can figure his chance against Cribb as even fairly good is hard to see. It savors of a bid for the "gate" on the strength of Cribb's drawing-power, and is the sort of thing that knocks all zest for the game out of the public. The fighting craze will stand a heap, but it won't be fooled that way very often. Infinitely more acceptable is the prospective meeting between "Snowy" Sturgeon, the Q. middleweight, and Cribb. Sturgeon looks a tough 'un from Toughville, and comes with champion Mick Dunn's endorsement as "one of the best" at his poundage. Besides, Charlie Dunn (he of the perennial smile) is finding the necessary side-wager—additional and weighty testimony that "Snowy" is considered above the ordinary. Cribb may be backed to give a good account of himself against the third-rate material current now, but a George Dawson, a Jack Hall, or a Paddy Gorman would take all the steam out of him.

An effect of the present pug-boom in Sydney was witnessed at Newtown the other night. Several youngsters of both sexes whose "langwidge" wasn't anything like as well-clad as their persons, arrived at a quiet spot near Macdonaldtown railway-station and straightway proceeded to form a ring. Two decently-dressed members of the "gentler" sex (under 15, apparently) walked into the arena as jauntily as champions. There were no preliminaries beyond the rolling-up of sleeves. They turned out to be a pair of female Cribbs (Cribb as he was when he came to Sydney first). Wild rushes, clinches, misses and sprawls into the howling mob on either side of the impromptu square, characterised the scrap. "Go for 'er, Dot!" "Land 'er, Mary!" "Oh! that's a daisy!" "Give 'er another in the wind, old girl!" &c., were fragments of advice hurled at screech-pitch from all sides by the partisans of the respective belligerents. Lovely woman's hair-pulling and face-scratching tactics were discarded for the nonce. Parabolic right and left swings swept through space like threshing flails, but rarely fetched up against anything more tangible than the atmosphere. Round after round (L.P.R. rules—every fall meant a couple of minutes spell) of this wild and woolly work went on without any harm being done beyond the bursting of neck-gear and the releasing of artistically-arranged hair-knots. By-and-bye "Mary" weakened palpably, and, while resting before the next round, "Dot" remarked to her second, "This is my first fight and I ain't doin' too bloomin' bad, am I?" Then she rushed up with blood in her eye for the next scramble but over confidence wrought her ruin, for just then one of "Mary's" promiscuous swings was sweeping round and "Dot," crashing full tilt against it, went down on her knees exclaiming "You cowardly — to hit me like that!" and burst into tears. The winner's second cuddled her frantically, and at the same time yelled to the crowd, "Hey, chaps, what do you think of my donah now, ain't she a beauty?" "Dot" had no friends, but, pulling herself together, she died "Mary" to have another "cut," the next night, "When I ain't got my best dress on." This outburst brought a few of the push to "Dot's" side, and preliminaries were fixed for a return "go." During the negotiations an endeavor was made to get "Mary" to "take on Eva," but "Mary" wasn't having any—"Not me," said she, "Eva's too bloomin' good." Before the crowd left the convincing-ground a general hunt was made for sundry pads, pins, ribbons, &c., reported missing by both sides.

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Starlight, the colored pug, has returned to Meib. with his pants turned up and with a lordly contempt for the common colonial. Starlight is now English to his finger tips, and says the people here don't know they are alive. In dear old London, doncheknow, one meets a different class of people altogether, and the wonder of it is to know how the poah devils in the blawsted kawlinies contrive to exist. "Gwine to de theatre de oder night," says Starlight, "what sort of a show am dey givin' us? Shoo! No class at all. Why, at the opera in London, de actors would have been pelted with fried fish and potatoes, I tell yer. Shoo! No class at all."

Late Yankee exchanges contain references to Sydney Rocks phenomenon Griffo's lapse from the paths of rectitude. One paper says, "Griffo is himself again," and proceeds to announce that he was locked up the night before charged with "drunk and dis." It also tells of the ingratitude he displayed towards his benefactor, "Gentleman" Geo. Dawson, and the many attempts George made to hand his fellow-countryman out of the dens he would persist in getting into. Griffo must surely be labelled "done" now.

"Old Timer": How long will pug-patrons stand the rag-spreading hint for a "shower" at bruising-matches? Every time a couple of the toe-rag section of make-believes get together and do some tapping and getting-away—principally the latter—preliminary to a fight" between Paddy Someone "of the Rocks" and Mick Somebodyelse "of the sewer-works," they stretch out their dirty towels in the middle of the ring as an invitation to the crowd to throw in coin. Two or three of their pals start the shower with coppers and there are always a few "mugs" who will ostentatiously part a shilling or two because they think it looks well. Which is how the management gets out of paying for these extras. This now occurs in every hall every time. Two sickening spars were put on before the Cribb-Higgins go last week, and the towel was spread in the orthodox fashion by each pair. Sydney's so-called clubs are playing the game very low.

The V.R.C. last week cancelled the disqualification of Sam Allen, whose sentence in the Parliamento case was a nominal "life." The broad dusky countenance of Samuel will presumably be seen again in the betting paddocks, opening its mouth to cry the odds as of yore.

Nomination-day for V.R.C. Champion Stakes has been wisely brought forward to the date fixed for receiving Newmarket Handicap and Australian Cup entries.

If Merriwee has got over his teeth troubles and is looking bright, the little tin should be worth a modest wager on his Sydney Cup chance. The colt that could win a dry Derby and a wet, sticky Cup must be equal to a good one, and as for his rather mean appearance—well, it's the same appearance that he presented last November. They run in all sizes.

Obit. Sydney horse-trainer W. Kelso, at Mosman (Sydney), last Monday afternoon. Deceased hadn't been himself since returning from that trip 'Ome a few years ago; still, his death was sudden and unexpected. Prior to leaving for England the management of Orville Lodge racing establishment was handed over to "Young Bill," who has since run the show with all the remarkable astuteness his father evinced. In his younger days the old man put up some phenomenal sack-racing performances (which haven't been approached since) on the old Albert Ground and elsewhere in Sydney. He started with horses in a very small way, and got his first big lift per medium of Lord Orville, who won Tatt's Cup (Sydney) 18 years ago. Nobody knew better than "Old Bill" how, when and where to place a horse, and there were few, if any, better judges of condition and pace; hence his long list of successes and frequent big scoops, equalled by no other trainer on the continent. Kelso never "got home" in a Melb. Cup, but he turned out winners of Tatt's, Summer and Birthday Cups, also Metropolitan, Maribyrnong Plate, Royal and Carrington Stakes, Anniversary and Hawkesbury Handicaps, and innumerable suburban events. He was buried on Tuesday.

Still another Australian for India. Argyle, the champion hurdler.

At Dapto, N.S.W., things are still primitive as regards racing matters. The course is not railled off, and, from all accounts, Sydney jockeys Steve Callinan, M'Gee, and "Toby" Moran had a peculiarly interesting time. They annexed the programme among their men, bar first race, loss of which was due to their inferior knowledge of the track. Moran, who was leading, found himself yards too far outside the course, whilst M'Gee went inside a boundary-post, and was dislodged amongst grass and weeds almost the height of his horse. On regaining perpendicular M'Gee found himself also surrounded by a herd of pigs. Amongst the six events was one for spring-cart horses, won by Moran's mount, a condition of the event being that the horse that came in first had to afterwards draw half-a-ton of "live committee" up a steep hill. To add to the interest of the half-ton portion of the event, Bill Beach, of sculling renown, was on board.

A clever exponent of Tod Sloanism is the Sydney pony jockey, W. Evans, whose recent success is most notable. Last week he piloted four winners at Forest Lodge, three at Rosebery Park, and two at Brighton.

Three-year-olds have now won Doncaster Handicap two years in succession, Syerla won it in 1898, and Vigorous in 1899. The "hat-trick" performance is likely to be brought off by Sequence, who looks a bigger moral than his predecessors. Even if the Far Niente colt fails there are other three-year-olds to complete the trick in Cornquist, Sweetheart, Goldsmith, Chataigne, and Nambuca. Ten years ago Sir William won with the heaviest load (8.6) a 3-year-old has yet humped to the front. Sequence will carry 11b. less.

The ex-Australian nag Survivor started first favorite for the Lincolnshire Handicap, but finished sixth in the race.

A 5s. Tattersall's ticket, addressed to Val Bundy, one of the three survivors of the coaster Glenelg, was received at the office of the Melb. agents on the day that he was found starving and emaciated, staggering along the Ninety-mile beach. A superstitious speculator wrote to Bundy, offering him £1 for his chance, but the sailor considered his luck good enough to stand on, and declined the offer.

Editor BULLETIN.—Re Tattersall's sweeps. A large number of the men on this line (the Emu Bay Railway) are constant subscribers to these sweeps, and a considerable amount of apprehension has been caused among them lately by the fact that in at least eight cases known to me (one of them, in fact, being my own) the tickets have been found to have been made out first in someone else's name, and that name erased, the recipient's being substituted. Now, there may be nothing wrong in the matter, but when so many instances happen among comparatively a small number of subscribers it is apt to awaken some kind of a suspicion that something is not quite correct about it. What is the explanation?—ALIAS.

In Maoriland, where trotting prospers, people are often treated to big fields, good sport, and quaint surprises. Nineteen upsaddled for a trot at a minor horse function, the other day, and the owner of the ultimate winner invested a fiver. She paid £50 18s. per £1, and, there being no one else on, he scooped the whole pool.

An unusual occurrence: Two dead-heats in two trots on same day in southern M.L. lately.

The decadence of the 'oss. A rat-tailed sorrel was lately sold at Tauranga (M.L.) pound for 11d. Auctioneer's eloquence failed to squeeze out another penny. A mare and foal went for half-a-crown at same sale.

The occasional appearance in Queensland of a high-class racehorse of uncertain pedigree makes old-timers wonder whether the stolen sire, Duke of Athol, was really taken North, as some said. The horse was stolen from his stable at Bylong, near Ryistone, and, despite the offer of a £500 reward, he was never found. Three weeks later, the charred remains of a horse, minus the legs, were discovered at the foot of Liverpool Ranges, and these are supposed to have been the last of the Duke. He was remarkable for his color—golden chestnut and much white on the legs. At the time of his disappearance, Duke of Athol was three years old, and had been bought as a yearling in England by Mr. G. F. Want for 1900 guineas, and soon after sold to Mr. Tindale, of Bylong, for 2000

guineas. He was by Blair Athol from Circe by Dundee from Lord of the Isles, and when exhibited in Sydney won first prize in the blood-station class.

Onkaparinga (S.A.) race-meeting, held once a year (on Easter Monday) is one of the most popular meets in Australia. The Steeple, run over a difficult course, generally falls to Vic. owners, and this year the Manifolds have strong nominations, including Cintra, Mysore, and Apsley. The prosperous little club's Steeple is worth £1000 to the winner.

An ill-clad, collarless country cousin netted over £100 on a race a while back, and though he got into a pleasant state of mind through mixing drinks he knew what he was about. Quietly entering a spare room, he tied the crumpled notes up in a big red handkerchief. None of the vast army of spiliers suspected the truth during the homeward journey. They thought the mug was carrying mushrooms.

The establishment of a Government stud-farm for the production of servicable cavalry and other horses is mooted in M.L.

Two prominent M.L. racing-men set out to christen a new buggy lately, and soon got "fresh." Tea'd at a wayside beer-depot, and drank buggy's health with great enthusiasm. Pub. ostler ditto ditto; and, when told to harness-up later on, he costumed the wrong nag. The chad was a beauty. With a new-born joy in his heart he went off at a gallop, and simply couldn't be stopped. It was Mr. Publichouse's steeplechaser. The pair hung on for five miles, when road turned sharply into township. Horse jumped the fence at the corner, and out of the wreckage arose loud blanks and other shocking observations. A burly cop. took these remarks sadly to heart, and the pair had to spend the night in the local lock-up, which is one of the chief attractions of the place.

A lean, cadaverous moke, nourished on yard-posts and indifferent water, auctioned by a country poundkeeper lately, was secured by a local horse-nondesuch at a prairie price, and he entrained the prad amidst much chaff. At the ordinary race meet he won three races, however, and at adjoining township shook three more, beating other neddies pointlessly. The "done-brown" crowd squealed, and discovered the horse to be a "ringer"—a noted performer. But the trainer had "shot the moon." Seems that he had quietly secured nag from owner, turned it out one morning when he saw impounder coming along, and on sale day bid up for it. The pound game was, of course, only a ruse to convince the public of his *bona-fides*. Can there still be another new way left of playing the great horse game!

Vic. turf authorities are bringing up Mo with a round turn for loudly anathematising the punter to whom he may be handing money whenever a heavily-backed favorite gets home. The V.R.C. is very properly teaching Ikey that he must let off steam in some other less offensive fashion or go elsewhere with his book and pencil. There are a few in Sydney whose manners could be much improved were the A.J.C. to take them in hand.

S.A. League of Wheelmen finished its meeting at Adelaide on Saturday. 6000 people looked on; profit, £250. L. M. Jackson got away with the Adelaide wheel-race (2 miles) by three-quarters of a length in 4min. 15sec. A clear run would have been seen W. C. Jackson in front—his protest about being bored on the grass wasn't entertained. Jackson got even subsequently by gathering in the 5-miles Australasian Championship. Walne (second) had no hope against Jackson in the straight at the finish. Time, 11.38 2-5. Walne, however, cut the half-mile in 53sec. (Australian record).

N.S.W. squatter-cyclist Don M'Kay completed his round-Australia grind at Brisbane, Tuesday afternoon last week, and on Saturday left for Newcastle (N.S.W.), which will make the longest continuous ride yet accomplished in this part of the sphere. He occupied 48 days from Perth (W.A.) to Brisbane. White's 53 days 7 hours was the previous best. Mac, also squeaked Denning's record (44 days) from Fremantle (W.A.) to Sydney, by getting over the distance in 40 days 19 hours.

The All-Maoriland team failed to shine against Melb. C.C. stars at Christchurch, visitors winning by an innings and 132 runs. The M.L. men seemed beaten before they started, and 89 saw them tramping pavilionwards. They batted more spiritedly in second innings, making 246. C. A. Richardson's 114 (not out) being the one bright spot in the local score-book. He is not a stylish player, and has but few strokes, but he gets there just the same. Melbourne's final match, at Invercargill, was a trundling picnic. They won by an innings and 118 runs. In South-landers' second try six of the crowd made "ducks," and three others singles. The Melb. team won every match, except at Dunedin, where the locals managed to make a draw.

Great kickists though they be, Maorilanders are unspeakable failures at cricket. Trumble repeated oftended advice at Christchurch, the other day, when he said they'd never be worth a rap until coaches were employed, and Associations paid generously for up-keep of grounds. Gones, said the Melb. oracle, could be secured in Australia for a couple of pounds a week.

The humor of country cricket: "Hon. Secretary—O.C. Dear Sir,—I am sorry to have to inform you that it is impossible for us to meet your club on Saturday. Our cricket-ground is situated on a goldfield reserve, and a rush took place on it last week. Our ground was pegged out and is being sunk upon, so that it is totally unfit to play upon. Apologising, etc."

Annual report of N.S.W. Rugby F.C. Union springs a surprise in the statement that a loss of over £113 was incurred in connection with the Englishmen's visit last season. Seeing that the Britishers were amateurs, and therefore couldn't be recompensed in cash, and remembering the big crowds that rolled up to the Union's matches, details of how that loss came about would be interesting.

Otago (M.L.) Rugby Union has raised £587 odd for the mother of Armit—Maoriland's crack three-quarter back, who met with an accident that ended fatally in the Taranaki-Otago match. Armit was prominent for years, and did much towards placing Otago football in its present forefront position.

Cabled that Cambridge owned the University boat-race (rowed on the Thames last Saturday) from start to finish and won by a quarter-mile. Seems hardly feasible that there should be so big a disparity between two first-class crews, but the betting beforehand (6 to 1 on Cambridge) indicated some such happening. Oxford opened with 36 to the minute and Cambridge with 33, but former soon settled down to 32 and latter 30. Winners' time was 18.47, while losers put up 19.45. Previous

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best (accomplished by Oxford) was equalled. Cambridge has now 24 wins to Oxford's 31. Only one dead-heat is recorded, and that occurred 23 years ago, when the dark-blue bow caught a crab. Up to last year Oxford secured the honors nine times in succession.

The Albert Parks—winners of recent Victorian 8-oar supremacy—only got home twice in 11 years—viz., '89 and this season. Yarras have won four times, Banks twice, Mercantiles twice, and Ballarat and Wendouree once each. Albert Park also owns the premiership of '90-'91, having scored 312 points. Ballarat comes next with 98.

'Ome mail brings news that Hunter River (N.S.W.) sculler Geo. Towns has failed to connect with either the Shoalhaven (N.S.W.) fier Wray or Champion-of-the-World Gaudaur. Towns says there is talk of Gaudaur and young Ten Eyck visiting Paris Exhibition for the purpose of rowing in the all-comers' single and double scull events; if they go, the Hunter River man and Maoriland Sullivan will also cross the channel, but should that not come off Towns purposes journeying to Canada with the object of heading Lion Gaudaur in his den and forcing him out if possible.

Sculling seems to run in the Towns family. At Newcastle (N.S.W.) on Saturday, a professional handicap in outriggers was won off scratch by a younger brother of the Australian who holds the championship of England.

The Effie and Nick Johnson combination again proved their invincibility in Sydney Harbour, when the crack 22-footer off scratch finished ahead of the Plover Lamin, and the Keriki Lamin. The Effie seems to be Donnelly's masterpiece. When Mr. Sam Hordern found his imported boat to be a failure he gave Donnelly an order for a boat, the price to be supplemented if she proved successful in her first effort. The Plover, the new boat, duly won her maiden race and Donnelly got his honorarium, but her success ended there and her owner parted with her in disgust.

Boy Pert scared all opposition in N.S.W. Central District Public Schools 100yds. swimming championship at Domain Baths (Sydney) last Friday, and swam over for the gold medal. Previous Wednesday "Snowy" Baker annexed Eastern Suburbs Schools supremacy. There's little between these lads, who are both big, strong fellows. Their meeting in the All-Schools premiership should be a great struggle over every inch.

Recent M.L. Swimming Championships at Auckland produced nothing out of the way. Tyler (Auckland) was head-and-shoulders above all others. He appropriated the hundred, the furlong and the quarter rather easily. The only Southerner competing (Stroud, of Wellington) swam second in the last-named struggle, while Sainy occupied that position in the other two. There was little to rave about in any of the events. Last year's holder of the plunge premiership (Russell) won again with 55ft. 3in., beating the next man (Wilson) by 2ft. 7in. Russell would be a top-notch if he could only get over that tendency to turn long before the impetus of the take-off is expended—he'd probably do 60ft.

The big ideas of M.L. swimmers are amusing. Hoey, of Whangarei, was to have left for Paris last week to swim at the Exhibition, and Lindberg talked of following suit. If they were champions, one could understand this, but they are not on the top rung even in their own country, and the best Maoriland is about a fourth-rater compared with any front-rank Cornstalk. Then there is talk of sending a team of M.L. swimmers to America. A team of Sydney schoolboys would do infinitely better.

Some months ago Mulcahy, the big footballer, found trouble and the hospital at the hands of a crowd of Port Melb. colored lumpers. Just before Col. Tom Price's crowd sailed, the Mulcahy asked a day off "to pay a debt he owed." "Quite right," said Col. T.P., "mightn't have another chance." That evening the colored folk of P.M. saw stars, blood and hair. One dark cloud stopped a bottle with its ear, another was seen dressed in its boots only. After dark none were seen at all—Mul. had paid them in full. The day the boat sailed two policemen and a warrant came aboard. "What!" roared Col. Tom, "arrest a soldier of the Queen—Red flame, brimstone, Blanky, Blanky, get out!" And they got out.

The Melb. police, on the night of their war-fund show, were allowed three free drinks—of course, that was nothing to Robert, who is tested up to 20 on joining. Just as single-stick was having a rest and the band played a new thing, about a fellow who had no mind, a copper was seen to wriggle on to the platform, turn round three times, as if for luck, and fall. Great excitement as two other vigilant officers, quite sober, rushed to pick up the fallen one. Bang went two heads, crash two helmets. The tension was terrible as the copper rolled off the platform. After a great struggle he was lifted up and thrown into Prof. Miller's tall hat—and the performance went on.

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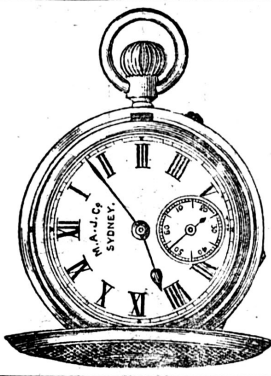


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"HERMES" on the above subject:—

At some time or another during the last four months nearly every jingoistic paper has risen up and solemnly said that the Brito-Boer war was merely a struggle between "Progress" and "Reaction." The statement was meant to imply that the Britisher is progressive—which he is; and that the Boer is reactionary—which he isn't. He is quite as progressive as the Briton, though he started a little later. Seventy years ago there was no South African Republic, and the Boers had not left Cape Colony, and the Transvaalers have done in less than 70 years what it took the English in England many centuries to do. When they entered the Transvaal the voortrekkers were socially and almost in every way little more advanced than the Vikings when they descended on the coasts of Britain—only the Viking fought with arrow and battle-axe, and the Boer fought with a long smooth-bore musket. They found the land a howling wilderness and a hell of skeletons. The hordes of DRAKX and MOSLEKATSE had swept through the land, and burnt with fire what they could not slay with steel. And when the tough old voortrekkers came into it MOSLEKATSE's hordes fell on them also, but, after desperate fighting, the dusky impi withdrew and waited for reinforcements. In the end they went down before the long line of waggon which bristled with steel and jets of fire and smoke, and the "Lion of the North" drew his shattered forces back beyond the Limpopo and troubled the Boers no more. Then the Boers theoretically divided the land into 30,000 farms of 9000 acres each, and every adult Boer received one, in return for which he had to do military service as the barons did in the days of WILLIAM the Conqueror. Military service was compulsory, but taxes were not. It was etiquette to pay the taxes if possible, but failure to do so carried with it no penalties as long as the burgher service was rendered faithfully. Just as old England was split up into seven kingdoms in the days of the Heptarchy, so the present Transvaal was at one time divided into four republics. In the old feudal times in England no man was imprisoned for failure to pay any taxes that might be levied; so it was in the Transvaal. A man was no more compelled to pay his taxes than a gent. in the gallery was compelled to leave "a colonial robert" at HARRY RICKARDS when that comedian sang "Pie! pie! pie!" The commercial national spirit which compels a man to pay his taxes and leaves it to his own option to render military service was a weird anomaly to the Transvaal Boer.

In April, 1877, Sir T. SHEPSTONE found the Transvaal a consolidated republic and bluffed it into acceptance of British annexation. The Boers had progressed out of anarchy to consolidation by that time. It didn't take them a quarter so long to unite as it took Australia. But when the British came along they enforced payment of taxes, and the first Boer who said he was sorry that he hadn't got his taxes to spare was flabbergasted at the sight of police seizing his trek oxen and waggon and auctioning the lot for the amount due. The Boers were horrified. It was the same as though the "pyrotic" gent. in the gallery had ignored the small tambourine and a large blue policeman had heaved him into gaol, and sold up his few sticks and thrown his wife and children out to starve, all for not dropping in, into the box or HARRY RICKARDS' mouth, while that comedian warbled the Absent-minded Beggar. The Boers rescued the waggon and the Middle Ages rose up and smote the 19th Century heavily upon the bullion. After some shooting and killing the 19th century got tired, or frightened, or something, and withdrew, and left the Middle Ages to hump the white man's burden on their own. But the Boer was moving all the time. Three-ball men opened business in Johannesburg and Pretoria. The Rand Boer found that he could make more money in one day by selling his farm for a gold-mine than he could make by growing fat-tailed sheep in two life-times. He became Europeanised and luxurious, and his womenkind hungered after the horse-hair sofa and wax flowers of civilisation, and the obliging loan-man came along and said the lot for the things should thou have if thou wilt but sign this little bit o' paper. The introduction of the Boer to the loan-man was so effective that in a little while about two-thirds of the occupied property of the Transvaal was mortgaged to British and Hebrew swindlers, and the country was well on the way to wholesale bankruptcy before the Boer leaders had realised the nature of a mortgage deed. Then they were unfamiliar with the 19th century landscape, and the Convention hung round their necks like a mill-stone, and generally they didn't know what to do. It was the Afrikaner hayseed taken down by the British confidence-man and the Dutch hayseed could see no way out of it but stoush. But KRUGER rose to the occasion. The rinderpest came along and the Volksraad, at the old warrior's instigation, voted a huge sum for the relief "of the poor burghers who have been ruined by the rinderpest and other plagues." The other plagues were the usurers. For consummate skill and quiet diplomacy there are few strokes to equal that "and other plagues."

The funds were applied to the redemption of the farms where the risk of eviction and foreclosure were most imminent. He gave sons who had, in their ignorance, signed away their prospective share of the paternal farm, positions in the civil service, and admonished them to utilise their incomes to pay off the mortgages and redeem their birthrights. The Boers may not be progressive, but this tired land could do with a few men about half as progressive as the stern, untutored peasant of Pretoria, who was more than a match for the polished finan-

ciers of Europe at their own game. Looking back over their turbulent history, the Boers' progress was like a lightning-streak. Within the life of the QUEEN they had conquered a new territory in successive independent commandos. They had split up into factions and fought among themselves. Under PRETORIUS they had compelled the British to relinquish the Orange Free State, and at last had consolidated their four republics into one compact State about twice the size of England and Wales. They had constructed about 1000 miles of railway (Western Australia with about eight times the area and about 14 years start, and three times heavier customs duties, had only 200 miles more of railways). The railways were constructed by private enterprise, it is true, like the early Australian lines, but the State took them over, and made them State railways, and owed the money for them as capably as any Australian province. And in the original construction arrangements the Transvaalers showed themselves brainy and honest as compared with the Australians. They never did anything so awful as the Tasmanian Great Western scheme, where an insane Govt. agreed to give about £700,000 worth of land to a company to induce it to build for its own profit a line worth £600,000, and then seriously debated whether it wouldn't also guarantee the interest on the entire cost of the railway in addition. The Boers never had any such fearsome stench as the W.A. Midland Railway (where a co. received 3,000,000 acres of land, worth at least £1,000,000, as a bonus to induce it to build and retain a railway worth only half-a-million); or like the Tasmanian Main Line; or the Moorland Midland railway swindle; or the Broken Hill railway, where a private co. exacts 40 and 50 per cent. dividends by the vast oppressiveness of its charges. The Boer railway dealings were clear and intelligent compared with the unspeakably insane or corrupt bargains the Australian Dopper Governments made with private syndicates. These Dutchmen, too, had practically no paupers and no unemployed. They established one-man-one-vote nearly 60 years before such a thing was heard of in N.S.W. They laid out Pretoria and Potchefstroom on at least more sensible and civilised lines than the Australians did Sydney. They had a fine public library at the capital. They organised, in recent years, an excellent system of national education. They took to sending their sons to European colleges. They came the demand to grant British subjects the franchise without requiring them to discard their British citizenship, and when the Boers refused, 90 per cent. of the British newspapers talked war and made wild threats. The Boer saw thousands of troops being drafted to South Africa, heard wild offers of assistance to crush him from the five corners of the earth, and like a brave man played one bold stroke. He issued an ultimatum, requiring that all troops should be diverted from the South African colonies, and a faithful guarantee that the disputes should be settled by arbitration. Otherwise he would overrun the colonies adjacent, and break things before the Imperial forces could arrive to save them. But Nature fought against him, the rains did not come in time to make the grass grow before General WITTE arrived at Ladysmith with the Indian Contingent, and now KRUGER is well on the way to be smashed. But the war is merely a gigantic act of foreclosure, and the brilliant FREXON, the victorious ROBERTS, the fighting BULLER, and that splendid army around which flames such an aureole of enthusiasm, are merely a crowd of bailiffs taking possession of the poor little selector's farm. The small selector was too progressive—that was the real trouble.

W. T. Stead says that Kruger's much-talked-of device for "staggering humanity" is to send the Boer women to the front. The women, it is added, are nearly as good as the men with the rifle, so that the situation would be an entirely unprecedented one.

"Student" writes:—

Curious coincidence! In BULLETIN, 24/3/00, is a reference to Prof. Hutton's opinion that, sooner or later, life would be producible by artificial processes, and Melbourne Age, of same date, prints a statement by a San Francisco paper that life has been chemically produced. Prof. Loeb, of California University, experimenting recently with some unfertilised eggs of the sea-urchin, subjected them to the action of a solution of sodium and magnesium, and within a few hours they hatched. In other words, the Prof. had found an equivalent for the fertilising "mit" of the male fish that neutralizes the calcium and potassium which alone prevent the automatic development of all unfertilised eggs in salt-water. In Loeb's own words: "This is a wonderful subject, and, in many ways, an awful one." But the development of the unfertilised egg being accomplished, there still remains the egg itself to be produced artificially; and students of the comparatively new science of embryology believe that this, also, may be done. In the new scheme of (artificial) life-creation, it is possible to dispense with the male, but the female is still an essential. Possibly in time, however, the common every-day scientist, dissatisfied with his surroundings, may merely have to shake a few chemicals together in test-tubes to have new society of all kinds around him—fish, flesh, fowl, and even a brand-new wife fashioned after his heart's desire. Prof. Loeb may well feel appalled at the vision of unregenerate man starting as a creator on his "own."

This indicates a possible return to reproduction by mere fission or splitting-up. Wells, in his "War of the Worlds," represents the Martians as having retro-developed into reproduction by gemmation, or budding.

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Archibald Forbes, the eminent war-correspondent, is dead, aged 62. He had long been in ill-health; when he visited Australia as a lecturer he suffered acutely from kidney-trouble.

Kenneth Mackay has, after all, seized his opportunity, and will resign the Vice-Presidency of N.S.W. Executive Council, to go to Africa in command of the Bushmen's Contingent.

King O'Malley, in Melbourne, holiday making after his Tasmanian election fight, regards his return as a Senator for the West Coast of the island as an absolute certainty. His recent election fight was a "reconnaissance in force," according to his account, and he feels sure of his chance. The only thing that really annoyed him during the recent fight was that the opposition paper reported one of his speeches under the heading "amusements."

"Slim" Piet Joubert did himself a bad turn historically by holding on to life during the last couple of months. Had his death preceded Roberts' and Buller's successes at Kimberley and Ladysmith he would have figured as the one General of the century able to keep the bull-dog breed at bay during two wars. The Boers' immediate downfall would have enhanced his glory and brought execration on the head of his successor.

W. P. Reeves, M.L. Agent-General, who has a good brain and is in a position to weigh the evidence, expressed his conviction that at no time did the Boers have more than 45,000 fighting men, counting the aged and striplings. To conquer whom Britain brought over 200,000. The parallel with Greece and the hosts of Persia is drawing uncommonly close. The present war will probably go down to history as the most ignoble in which Britain was ever engaged.

Suggested in print that the new billet of Art Professor or Instructor (or whatever they like to call him) at Sydney National Gallery should be offered to John Longstaff. But it is said that Longstaff, who will visit Sydney again in June, has almost made up his mind to get away to Europe this year. Just now he is completing, at his Melbourne studio, a masterly full-length portrait (rather larger than life-size) of the late Dr. Anthony Brownless, in his University Chancellor's robe and other official fixings. A most artistic picture, this, and a remarkable likeness of the old Chancellor, considering that Longstaff had to paint it from photographic and verbal descriptions of the original. The photos. were only vignettes.

It would indeed be a monstrous thing to cart plague-patients from Sydney to Little Bay hospital—10 miles over a rough road. The plague has been well-advertised, and people know plenty about it; when a man is stricken he is quite aware that the odds are in favor of his dying. That, to begin with, isn't inspiring; but when, on top of it all, an ambulance comes along and the patient is shut up in it, hearse-fashion, and while in high fever is bumped over 10 miles of road towards a strange place in the bush from which the cartee is pretty sure he will never return anyhow, his chance of recovery simply amounts to Buckley's. Dr. Creed is right: more accommodation must be provided at the quarantine ground, the ambulance being driven right on to the steamer.

The Sydney dailies, loyal to their traditional policy of suppressing facts likely to be inimical to class interests, refrain from publishing the names of business places in the city where cases of plague occur. From the standpoint of anti-panic policy, it is unjustifiable, as the suppression rather increases than diminishes the panicky feeling; while ethically it is indefensible. Surely it is wrong to let timid people run into danger—no matter how slight—without a warning. And when the locale of a case of contagion is merely alluded to in the papers as "a warehouse in Kent-street," an injustice is done to every other warehouse in the street, as it more or less puts them all under suspicion. The policy of suppression has done great injury to Sydney business in the country districts, and commercial travellers say that it is impossible to get an order for any Sydney warehouse, except for the barest of immediate requirements.

A RECENTLY-DISCHARGED ex-prisoner has been bearing intelligent testimony, in Sydney D.T., to the evil effects of the iniquitous and useless solitary-confinement system in N.S.W. gaols. Mental and physical starvation can have no possible reformative influence; while, as for the punitive aspect of the matter, not the blindest believer in this senseless barbarity would venture to say that the law, in imprisoning an offender, contemplates as an integral part of his punishment "the debasing of his manhood, the prostration of his mind, and the destruction of all fitness for the duties of honest citizenship." For the thousandth time THE BULLETIN repeats that a community which tolerates the deliberate and purposeless minimisation of an offender's chances of reform has no right to call itself civilised. Even the thumbscrews and the rack had the excuse of a definite end to be attained; but not even that poor plea can be raised for the more refined brutality of the solitary cell and the starved stomach and starved brain.

Recent Sydney daily paper advt.:—

WANTED, by young gentleman of good appearance, board and lodging, with young widow, no encumbrances. Locality no object.

The "straight griffin," indeed!

A Masterton (M.L.) man who got married recently was, with the best man, arrested at the church door, after the ceremony, on a charge of stealing turkeys for the wedding-breakfast. The flinty-hearted beak refused to release the bridegroom on bail to enjoy turkey and honeymoon, and gave the crestfallen pair seven days "hard."

At Broken Hill, N.S.W., a townsman bought at auction, for 1s., a dilapidated brass-bound writing-desk. The joiner to whom it was sent for repairs discovered in it three secret drawers, in one of which was a guinea of George III., dated 1793, and a packet of English Consols, dated 1822, for £600.

Allan McLean is not the only Australasian Premier represented at the front in S. Africa by a son. "Young Dick" Seddon, who is only 19, goes as a lieutenant with the fourth contingent. He had tried hard to get away with the first three ships, and finally overcame Premier "Dick" with the argument—"You are sending away other people's sons; why prevent your own going?" Richard, senior, saw it, but so loth was he to part with the lad that he could hardly bring himself to leave the steamer outside Otago Heads.

The exploration-party which left Coolgardie in June last had a terrible time of it in crossing the Western desert. Their Afghan camel-driver became demented through hardships, and, making an attempt to shoot the leader of the party, had to be himself shot in self-defence. Trying afterwards to struggle back to Coolgardie, 5 of their camels were speared by the blacks, and a couple of weeks later one of themselves met with the same fate. Later on 9 camels perished, and the camp of the party was several times plundered by blacks. Nothing but the most wretched country was discovered, and altogether the record is nearly as dismal as any in the annals of Australian exploration.

The bubonic plague, or "The Plague," or Black Death, is said to be of Egyptian origin and appeared at Athens 430 B.C.; Europe in general suffered from it for some centuries (the mortality is said to have totalled 25,000,000, London having lost over 100,000). In Mayence alone 12,000 Jews were assassinated as being the cause of the plague (a supposed judgment on the Crucifixion). In the 1665 outbreak the mortality of London was 68,600; in 1603-4 the death-figures were 30,578 and in 1625 they were 35,497. In 1656 Naples lost 400,000 of population. In Egypt 800,000 succumbed in 1792. During 1799, 3000 victims died daily in Barbary; at Fez 247,000 perished; the deaths at Malta in 1813 were on a similar scale. The only cheerful fact about the foregoing figures is that our great-grandfathers, and even our grandfathers were very bad counters, and the system of collecting the figures was most incoherent. Also the average local official of the time had an aboriginal idea of computation, and when he reached nineteen he invariably forgot where he was and doubled on his tracks, and added himself to the bill and multiplied it by his deceased wife's sister. That was how a city with only 40,000 population had 100,000 deaths annually for three years and had 45,000 population when the trouble was over, and then the plague broke out again and 150,000 died in three months.

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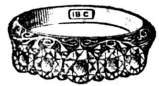
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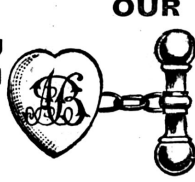
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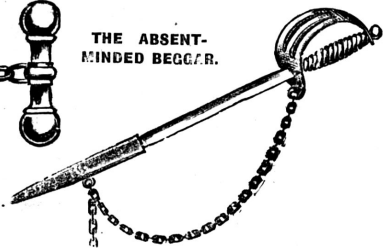
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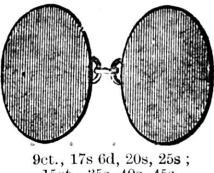


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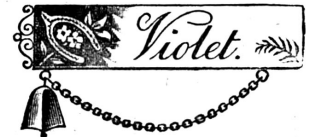
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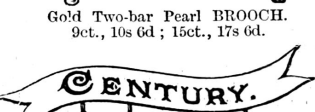
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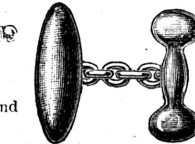
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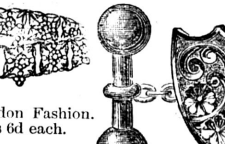
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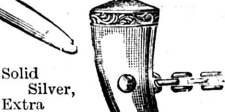
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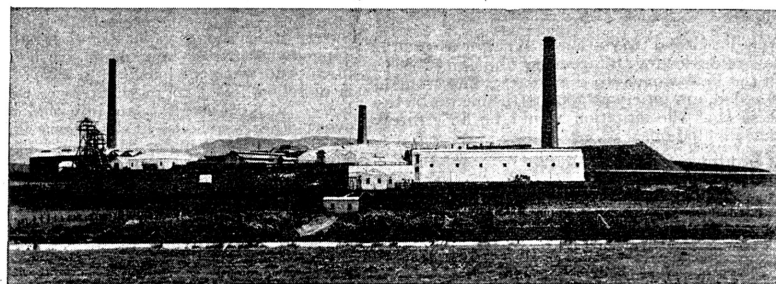
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I suffered great agony with WEAK NERVES and RHEUMATISM, and I sent for some of your ALFALINE REMEDIES, which completely cured me, and I have felt as well as I could wish, although it is two years ago.

I also tried your ALFALINE UNIVERSAL PILLS, which completely cleared my skin and purified my blood, and I am now using your ALFALINE HAIR RESTORER, which has thoroughly cleaned the scalp and made the hair grow again, and it has gradually turned the hair from being grey to that of its original color. I have also recommended your Remedies for a number of different complaints and I have never known them to fail, but to do all that was claimed for them. I have great pleasure to recommend these remedies to all sufferers, as I know they can be depended on.

You are at liberty to publish this as well as my photo. Yours truly, O. J. A. NIELSEN.

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Parliament House, Sydney.

To HERR RASSMUSSEN.

Dear Sir.—I can truthfully assert that since using your Eucalyptus Oil and Alfaline Rheumatic Pills I have experienced an immunity from my attack of sciatica. I have recommended the Alfaline Remedies to a number of my constituents, and I will do the same to all whom I hear complaining of rheumatic attacks. With kind regards, I have the honor to be, yours truly,

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Statutory Declaration.

I, THOS. MUDIMAN, Master Tailor, of 327 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, in the Colony of New South Wales, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:—

Whereas I suffered severely from a very troublesome affection of the NERVES, which affected me so much that I was quite unable to attend to my business. I tried several doctors and many remedies, but all of no avail. Whereas I, as a last hope, obtained some of HERR RASSMUSSEN'S PURELY HERBAL ALFALINE VITALITY PILLS which I hereby solemnly and sincerely declare COMPLETELY CURED ME within a few weeks, and although this is over five years ago I have remained well ever since. The ALFALINE PILLS also cured my wife, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously believing the same to be true.

Declared at Sydney this 29th day of April, 1898.

THOMAS MUDIMAN.

CHARLES COLLINS, Justice of the Peace.

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The AGE suggests that the Federal arms and ammunition factory shall, for economic reasons, be at Melbourne. Common prudence demands that it shall be far inland. Also, for about 100 powerful reasons, the factory should be owned and run by the Federal Govt., so saving the syndicate's profits and ensuring that the nation's gun will be properly loaded when required.

Dr. Todd, Sydney's medico-barrister coroner, struck a real old hayseed jury in the inquest on Verdant Bolley, who died under operation at Sydney Hospital. Four doctors testified that ether, not chloroform, had been administered to the woman. No one gave any evidence throwing doubt on this or suggesting that any drug but ether was used, yet the jury found that the woman died from chloroform, taken for the purpose of an operation. "Get out!" cried the coroner in effect. "We mean," said the foreman, "that no one was to blame." Finally the coroner drafted a verdict, and the intelligent 12, with a far-away look in their mild, moist eyes, signed and passed out to the noisy world.

The strange individual signing himself "A Member of the Parliament of West Australia" still storms the papers with letters declaring that all West Australia wants to enable it to join the Commonwealth with a light heart is permission to keep its separate tariff for five years, and that the action of the East in not granting this trifle is sinful. Yet the people of W.A. and the Parliament and the Ministry have none of them said that they would be satisfied with this concession, and wild oxen can't even draw John Forrest into a frank assurance that, if the concession is granted, he will be satisfied and will do his honest best to push the Bill through. Who is the dreadful member who gives the anonymous promise on John's account which John won't give himself? And fully one-fourth of the adult W.A. population has signed the Separation petition, declaring that they want to federate under the present Bill, only Bigjohn is in the road.

Alice Praed, Melbourne's very remarkable medium, has got six months' "hard." Alice wasn't a prosperous fashionable fraud with a large clientele; she had just one customer of any account, and she made the mistake of freeing on to that patron altogether too hard. Mrs. Praed's strong point consisted in telling Mrs. Parry that the Mother of God had spoken to her (Mrs. Praed) in a vision, and told her to tell Mrs. Parry that she (Mrs. Parry) was to give large cash assistance to her (Mrs. Praed), and to do it often and cheerfully:—

The spirits of Mrs. Parry's deceased husband and children also joined in requests that the medium be presented with black silk dresses, furniture, &c., and the Mother of God requested Mrs. Parry, she said, after one of her sittings, to take the medium for a trip to the Holy Land and America. In the course of her evidence Mrs. Parry said that at one of the sittings her daughter said she was to give the medium a grey silk dress like they wore in Heaven, so she got the dress. At the next sitting her other daughter appeared, and told her that the medium was very good, and her (Mrs. Parry's) dead daughters were teaching little children at school in Heaven. At still another sitting Mrs. Parry heard, through the medium, from St. Anthony, who said Mrs. Praed was a very good medium, but the Mother of God could not talk to her until the medium was dressed in pure white. So witness got these things also for accused. Mrs. Praed subsequently put on white garments and had a trance, and the Mother of God came and said she was pleased, and said she had not spoken to anyone for 500 years. The Mother of God also said Mrs. Parry was charitable and good, and praise from such a quarter inflated her considerably. The Mother of God directed that Mrs. Praed should have a special room, which was to be furnished throughout by Mrs. Parry, and later, at a new house the Mother of God was to give Mrs. Praed, a sovereign every time she called, and that she was to call every Monday morning. Mrs. Parry paid the £1 for six months.

Then things broke all of a sudden, for Mrs. Parry grew alarmed at the reckless way the spirits were throwing her money about, and asked a policeman.

Extracts (cut from a Forbes newspaper—Forbes district was the land of Ben Hall and co., highwaymen) from a letter written by a Contingenter to his mother:—

We are camped by ourselves again, about 50 miles from Modder River, but in the Orange Free State. We don't do any fighting, only looting everything we come across. We went out the day before yesterday, and took 45 horses and some cattle, and burnt a fine brick house. I have lots of little things, keeping them till I get home. We often see a few Boers, but they race away. We hear there will be a big fight up at Modder River to-morrow, but we never hear any truth out here. I don't think we will ever see any fighting; they are too careful of us, and we are too useful for scouting and robbing farms. You ought to see us when we get to a house. Every man is allowed to keep any little thing he wants, so we come home loaded generally. . . . All my mates are here; we have never been split up yet. They are always leaving men behind, but Forbes men seem the smartest, as they are always taken. Bird is cooking; we take it in turns of a week, but it won't be my turn for a long time yet. It runs alphabetically. We are all terrible thieves; fowls, fruit, anything we come across, in fact. We are not allowed to mix much with other troops, and we are not allowed to swear, except on special occasions: such as a horse treading on one's toes, etc. I have a nice lot of badges belonging to other regiments. . . . We milk our own cows now, and kill our own meat. We get meat as often as we like, and tea three times a day. The English soldiers laugh at the way we ride, but we don't fall off like they do. The Queensland men are the finest-looking men I have seen yet, but they are not well-drilled. The captain has two monkeys, and I often while away the time pulling their tails. We have any amount of horses to ride, a fresh one every day.

What an ingenious little prattler! Plenty meat, tea three times a day, and any amount of horses to ride! South Africa must indeed be the Australian's heaven.

An interesting murder case has just finished at Dunedin, in which Thomas Galloway was charged with the slaying of his wife. Early on New Year's morning the neighbors were aroused by accused, who stated that a man had got into the house and murdered his wife. G. had gone to bed alone about 12 and fallen asleep, and been awakened by a violent attack. He had sprung out of bed and, grappling with his assailant, wrenched the weapon—an iron bar—from him and beat him off, showing him outside into the passage. On looking round the room he saw his wife prone on the floor, severely injured about head and face. No motive could be suggested, and at first the case seemed one of ordinary wife-murder with a deliberately-concocted story. But the man's character was against this theory, and the neighbors swore he seemed to expect to find someone in the house on his return. The theory for the defence was a fine example of scientific reasoning. The wife was a chlorodyne-drinker, and the supposition was that, maddened by an overdose, or by want of the drug, she had attacked her husband, and he, startled out of his sleep in a dimly-lighted room to fight for his life, had struggled with and killed his wife under the overwhelming idea that he and she were being attacked by a stranger; when he thought he shoved the man out into the passage, the supposed man must have fallen inside the room. That they were not both in bed was proved by the woman being only partially undressed and by the state of the bed-clothes, while his story about being attacked was borne out by the wounds found on him. Verdict: "Not guilty."

According to the cable Boer Commander-in-Chief Joubert died suddenly last week. Just a few hours before his death General White, of Ladysmith, summed up his old enemy in a speech at Capetown. Joubert, he said, was "a soldier, a gentleman, and a brave and honorable opponent."

"Gentlemen," said Judge a'Beckett to the jurymen who acquitted Kathleen Fraser, "I congratulate you; you have exceeded even the hopes of her advocates." The delicately-doubtful compliment was, no doubt, lost upon the twelve. "Old Moley," father of the present County Court Judge Hickman Molesworth, was more direct, if less subtle, in his remark to a jury which had brought in a similar verdict. The man had gone to his home in Fitzroy (Melb.) one night some years ago, and, apparently in a fit of anger, had shot his wife dead. "Gentlemen," said Molesworth, "you acquit the prisoner on the ground that the shooting was accidental. Presumably you consider that he came home accidentally, that he took his wife into the bedroom accidentally, that he loaded his gun accidentally, that he pointed it at her accidentally, and that he pulled the trigger accidentally. (A long pause.) Gentlemen, you have my sympathy."

The resignation of Leake, Q.C., from the Leadership of the Opposition should give a fillip to West Australian politics. Leake as a politician was always lazy. He will make a good, quiet, tired fourth Judge. There will be a rush to step into his shoes. Illingworth has a chance, but he is a temperance-preacher and little liked. Vosper is ambitious, but impossible. So are a good many other candidates for Leake's old hoofgear.

It is gravely reported that some "festive cuss" stole the great W.A. separation petition, or that Gov. Jerry Smith dropped it somewhere, or left it in a cab. Anyhow it is persistently rumored that Gov. Smith has gone to England without it. It would be quite in keeping with the political methods of the W.A. gang in power if the great petition did vanish unaccountably, and Gov. Smith is just the undignified, careless, loosely-promiscuous individual who would be outside quarrelling with a policeman while the disappearance was going on.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST. Drink the best only, no matter how expensive. "D.C.L." Whisky is the best product of Scotland and bottled in Scotland under the supervision of Her Majesty's excise officers.

Re the art of singing, Sims Reeves supplies some remedies for the throat:—"All kinds of lozenges for the voice are to be avoided; some do harm, others have no effect, and none do good. Sugar and water, or a little glycerine, gives relief when the throat is inclined to be dry; this applies to persons whose throats are affected by the weather. About a third of a teaspoonful of Condy's Fluid in a tumbler of water, if used as a gargle every morning, will clear the throat and brace up the uvula, which, in some singers, is so long that it interrupts the pure emission of the voice, and introduces a grating undertone, while it also tends to make a tremolo on the upper notes."

"Law without Lawyers, by Two Barristers at Law." A thick red volume which has reached this office, is a most valuable epitome of British statutes. And in many offices an epitome of British law is of more practical value than an Australian one, for anybody can rush out at an emergency and get some information about Australian law by tendering the usual consideration to the usual shark, but British law is far off and not readily accessible when wanted. The present volume, published by John Murray of London, contains a vast amount of information, closely condensed and expressed in simple language without needless "whereas" and other obscurity, darkness, or circumlocution.*

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION. Apply Sulpholine Lotion. It drives away pimples, blotches, roughness, redness, and all disfigurements. Sulpholine develops a lovely skin. 1s. bottles. Made in London.*

The Year Book of Australia for 1900 (19th year of publication) is a great improvement on its recent predecessors. For many years it was in most respects a record of the five mainland provinces only. But this time a special effort has been made and Tasmania is once more included. This makes it much more complete, and if by any chance or possibility, Maoriland could also be taken in, it would be more complete still. The Year Book is a splendid work of reference in almost every political, commercial, industrial, and financial subject belonging to the six provinces, and in general it is both complete and accurate. A few small omissions can be noted here and there—for instance, in the fire insurance statistics the Farmer's Co-operative Co. is persistently left out, and therefore Maoriland is only credited with four companies when it really has five; but in most respects the Year Book is all that a work of reference should be.*

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Season—1900.

HAVING made special provision for keeping pace with the growth of what has now assumed the proportions of a most important branch of the Tailoring Business, we are in a position to invite the attention of Lady Patrons to our New Stock of Season's Goods, among which we might particularly refer to those

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Latest Novelties will arrive by each incoming Mailboat throughout the Season.

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Every Evening, at 7.45. Wednesday Afternoon, at 2.

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The Famous Military Drama, revised and brought up to date by Bernard Espinasse, Plan, Nicholson's. PRICES—5s., 3s., 2s., and 1s.

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Full Opera Band—The Excelsior. Troop of Dancers.

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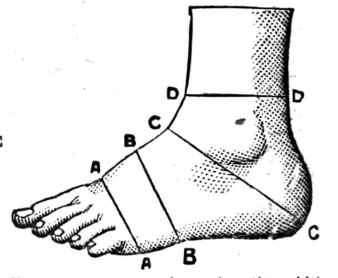
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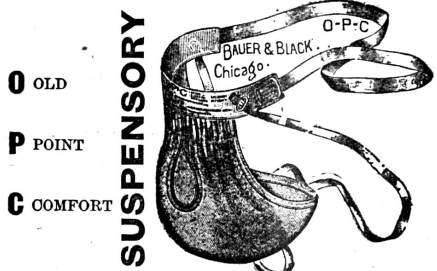
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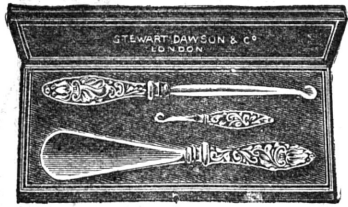
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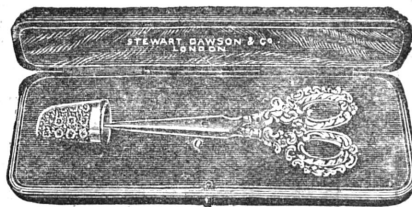
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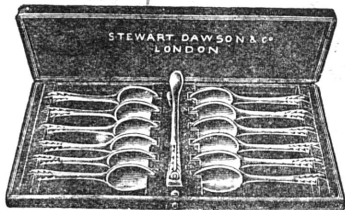
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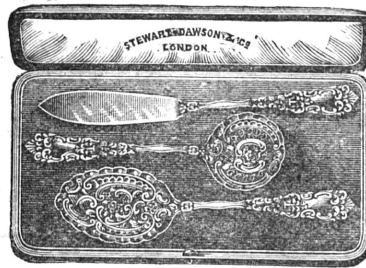
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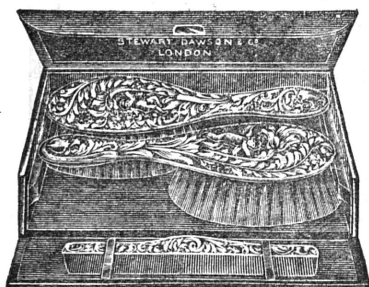
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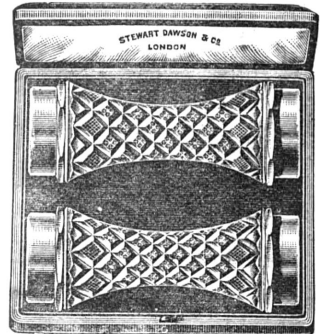
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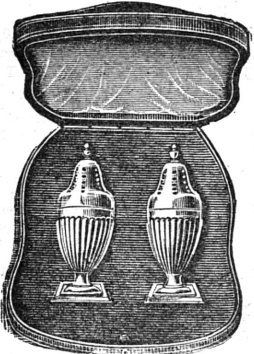
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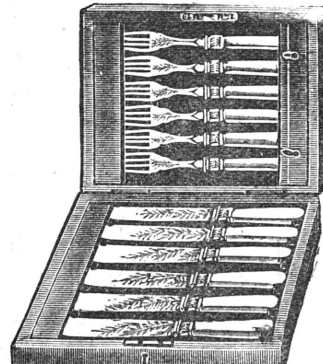
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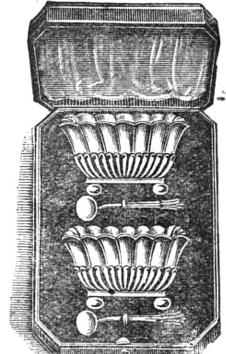
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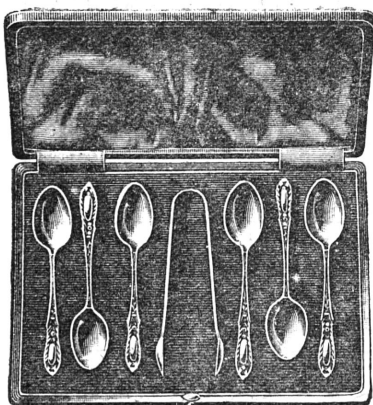
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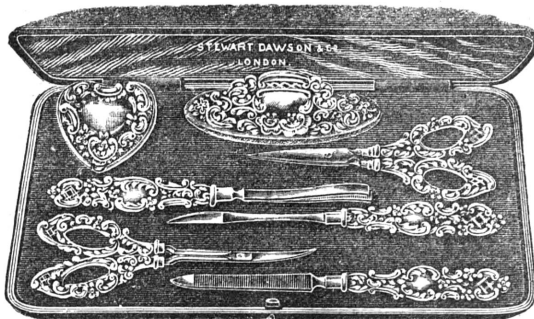
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Tally Right!

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

In the court-yard of the Elopura prison there is an unusual stir for five o'clock, at which hour even the poor convict was generally allowed to rest. But to-day he, too, must be up betimes, for there is to be a hanging in an hour's time—the largest hanging ever known in Borneo. No less than eight are to die, and Mandore Nyam, as he adjusts the ropes for them, and tests the working of the drop, curses his luck, for had not five others died from their flogging, and so cheated him out of his just due?

Nyam mumbled to himself the amount of the fees he had lost—twenty-five dollars. "Then there are the five ropes, which would have increased ten-fold in value through having encircled the necks of the vermin. "But Allah is merciful, and will find good use for the ropes before they rot with age."

And then he eyed his gallows lovingly. From the cross-beams, lengthened for the occasion, depended eight ropes, each ending in a noose. Then he turned his attention to the platform beneath, which was supported on two pairs of legs, to the back pair of which it was hung by hinges, the front pair merely acting as a prop.

Time and again are the sand-bags adjusted, and with a lusty "Tarik samoi," the convicts tail-on to the rope, the front props are jerked from under the platform, and the eight sand-bags dangle in mid-air.

The door of the condemned cell stood ajar, while its seven occupants were being prepared for death.

Many months ago they and their companions had turned on their white employer, who worked them almost to death and refused to pay them for their labor. The white blackguard had died a violent death, and in process of time the "crime" had been brought home; and now such as had survived the floggings inflicted to extort evidence were to die, except one, Ah Ling. They could not in decency hang Ah Ling, since he had been many miles away when the murder took place. So they flogged him more severely than the rest, sentenced him to 10 years' imprisonment, and sent him to the gaol-hospital to recover from his wounds.

At the hospital Ah Ling, only semi-conscious, was placed on the platform next to one of the condemned eight, Ah Long, who was too ill for the condemned cell, and had been sent to the hospital to await execution.

The door of the hospital opened, and Mandore Nyam appeared, bearing in his hands a suit of white calico. He had superintended the dressing of the other seven subjects, and had come in search of the eighth. Glancing carelessly at the tickets on the wall over each prisoner's head, he halted in front of Ah Ling.

"Truly it is well that he dies to-day, for were the execution ordered for to-morrow I should have had one less to provide for."

Ah Ling muttered in his sleep, and as the grim face of the hangman bent over him, he tossed uneasily, and with a start, opened his bloodshot eyes.

"Awake, you hog!" said the Mandore.

"Oh! let me sleep, Mandore; I am too ill to work," moaned the Chinaman.

"Who said you were to work?"

But Ah Ling did not answer, his eyes were closed again.

Seizing him roughly by the "tauchong" the Mandore dragged him to his feet. "Here, put these on, and hurry up," he said, shaking the clean calico suit.

"Let me die, Mandore! I can't even walk."

"You'll die soon enough, and you've not far to walk, either; so hurry up and get your clothes off."

Ah Ling looked the hangman in the face. "They do not often give us poor 'orang sala' (convicts) a change of clothes. Why should I alone have one?"

"Because, my friend, they remain indoors, while you must show in public soon."

"Mandore, you mean that our action is at last justified; that we are not to be punished for revenging ourselves upon him; that we are pardoned and shall soon be free?" And the glassy look in Ah Ling's eyes gave way to a momentary flash of excitement.

The hangman seemed to revel in his cruelty.

"You are only partly right. In an hour's time you will be free—but not in the way you think! But enough of this talk, I have wasted much time already. You eight men are all to be hanged this morning."

Ah Ling threw himself down on his knees.

"Oh! Mandore, they will never hang a dying man. Oh! let me die in peace," and as he spoke, the jailer and the doctor and those who had come to see the hanging, tired at the long delay, crowded round the hospital door.

"Oh Tuan, Tuan, spare my life! For one day only I ask it. I cannot live much longer. I want no food, not even a drop of water, and I shall not trouble you long. If I take up too much room in here, put me in the open; only let me die in peace."

Oh, Tuan, you cannot hang a dying man!"

"Poor devil," said the doctor; but the crowd only laughed, and the jailer roughly told the man to "Devil!"

At last the noose was on every neck—the last hood adjusted—and Nyam awaited the signal.

"Tahan Dhulu!" called the doctor, as he focussed his camera, and the hangman made one more effort to stand Ah Ling on his feet.

"Hit him, if the miserable beast won't stand," and in obedience to the command the hangman struck at the hidden face of the dying man.

"Just in time," laughed the doctor, as Ah Ling once more collapsed. "A moment later and the damned photo. would have been done for."

"That Chinaman is truly lazy," mumbled Nyam as he scrambled down from the scaffold.

"Oh, let the beggar rip; he'll hang as well that way as standing."

The Sikh guards, with fixed bayonets, straightened themselves and looked up at the scaffold. The crowd held its breath in expectation. Only the white-clothed subjects themselves seemed to take no interest in the proceedings. Then, at a sign from the hangman, the assembled convicts seized the rope and, as the jailer dropped his

hand, with a loud "Tarik samoi!" ran back with it.

As the stage was jerked from under them, no sound was heard save that of the swish of their death-garments as they fluttered in the air and the groan of the war-scarred Jemadar of the guard as he fell fainting forward.

Then a half-suppressed murmur went up from the crowd, as Ah Ling drew his knees up to his chin and lunged out convulsively with his feet. Again he did this, and again, till his struggles set in motion the whole row of dead and hitherto quiescent bodies.

"Nyam! you bodo, what kind of work is this?" But Nyam had already sprung forward, and with his hands fast choking the last breath from him; and when at last Ah Ling's limbs ceased struggling and his tired soul went out, the crowd melted away, and the jailer took the doctor and the jury away for a drink. Nyam sat down to bargain for the ropes and caps which adorned the bodies.

An hour later the bodies were cut down, and the inquest was held. "Gentlemen, it is not usual, but it is convenient—so we will take the evidence first and identify the bodies later."

The doctor swore that he had examined the men, and that they were dead; further, that he had witnessed the execution, and it had been carried out according to law.

The gaoler produced the warrant of execution, and swore that he had carried out the sentence according to the warrant.

The hangman gave his evidence, and mentioned that he had not been paid for his services; to which the gaoler replied that the money would be placed at the foot of the gallows as usual, when the inquest was over, and then they went out to view the bodies.

The gaoler, warrant in hand, turned the body of No. 1 over with his foot. "I swear that this is the body of Kim Sing Loh, and that he is the Kim Sing Loh mentioned in the warrant," and so he swore to the identity of the next six, and the Chief-Warder corroborated him.

But as the cap was taken from the face of the last man the gaoler started back and glanced at the warder—who turned an ashen grey. Their eyes met, and a look of understanding passed between them.

But the delay in swearing was noticeable, so the gaoler steadied himself and swore that this was the body of Ah Long, and that he was the Ah Long mentioned in the warrant, and the warder, with his eyes to the ground, once more corroborated him.

That night, when the gaoler was once more drinking in his quarters, the warder visited him, and a scheme was settled upon.

"I must save myself at all costs. Damn that poker-party last night! How the devil is a fellow to distinguish one 'schlinker' from another when he's been keeping it up all night?"

In the last stages of "beri-beri," the real Ah Long moved about the prison yard, turning over in his mind a hazy idea that one day he was to be hanged; little thinking that because of a white man's blunder a worse fate was in store for him. The warder carried out the gaoler's orders to the letter, and the largest share of labor and the smallest share of food was Ah Long's daily portion—but he had the life-tenacity of his race, and

it was months before the gaoler was able to report the death of "No. 2098—Ah Ling, sentenced to 10 years' R.S. for complicity in the murder of J— H—." And when the report was officially acknowledged, the gaoler assembled his friends for a big drink, though he did not think it necessary to tell them what occasion he celebrated.

YANG ANYUT.

While recovering from laughing-gas, the other day, an athletic boy-client of a prominent M.L. dentist imagined that he beheld in the face bending over him the features of a foe, and punched it for all he was worth. The astonished tooth-artist eventually pitched him out on to the footpath with such suddenness that the boy had no time to pay the fee, which he promptly commandeered.

Two roughs lately got drunk in a Melb. suburb, assaulted the lieges, and severely damaged a constable. A month without the option would have been about a fair thing, but the beak next morning remarked, with much emotion, that the relief of Ladysmith made him feel so good that he really couldn't find it in his heart to punish what was doubtless merely due to patriotic enthusiasm. (Loud cheers.)

"Thirsty": When in 'Frisco, I was introduced to a formidable-looking drink, with the yolk of a raw egg floating on the top of it, called "Knickerbein." Following exactly the directions of an experienced friend, I proceeded as follows: 1. Passed the glass under my nostrils and inhaled the glorious flavor. Paused. 2. Held the glass perpendicularly close under my mouth, opened it wide, and sucked the froth by drawing a deep breath. Paused again. 3. Pointed the lips and took one-third of the liquid contents remaining in the glass without touching the yolk. Paused once more. 4. Straightened my body, threw my head backwards, swallowed the contents remaining in the glass all at once, at the same time breaking the yolk in my mouth. When I got to the end of that business I felt profoundly grateful, and as if I had swallowed a squashed kitten.

Flanigan, the big storekeeper, can't stand crawlers. Popping into the backyard one blazing hot day, he came suddenly upon one of his drapers puffing at a cigarette. The smoker at once put his foot on the cig., and started rolling a coil of fencing-wire into an adjacent shed. Flanigan, pretending not to notice who he was, said, "Stack 'em at the back of the shed. Lemme see—ten tons; four rows four-high 'll about take the lot;" and off he went whistling. There was no help for it, and the draper, rejoicing that his cigarette hadn't been noticed, went at it manfully. But his hands were soft, and ere he had the ground tier laid they were blistered, and by the time the second layer was on they were bleeding; his white pants and shirt were torn and rust-covered, and rusty perspiration streamed into his eyes and nearly blinded him. He slaved on till he came to the top row. That beat him—he simply couldn't do it, and sat down hard in the sweat-splashed dust, a thing to be pitied. Then Flanigan ambled up: "That will do, Mr. —. Finish your smoke."

EDWARDS'

HARLENE FOR THE HAIR

THE GREAT HAIR PRODUCER & RESTORER

The Very Finest Dressing. Specially Prepared and Delicately Perfumed. A LUXURY AND A NECESSITY TO EVERY MODERN TOILET.

Restores the Hair
Promotes the Growth
Arrests the Fall
Strengthens the Roots
Preserves the Hair
Removes Dandruff
Allays all Irritation

'HARLENE'

Preserves, Strengthens and Invigorates Children's Hair.

Full description and directions for use in 20 languages supplied with every bottle.
1/-, 2/6 and (triple 2/6 size) 4/6 per Bottle of Druggists & Co., all over the World.
EDWARDS' "HARLENE" Co., 95 & 96, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A Simple Remedy for Preventing & Curing by Natural Means



All Functional Derangements of the Liver,
Temporary Congestion arising from
Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet,
Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness,
Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the
Stomach, Constipation, Thirst,
Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold
with High Temperature and Quick Pulse,
Influenza, Throat Affections, and
Fevers of all kinds.

SMALL-POX, SCARLET FEVER, PYÆMIA, ERYSIPELAS, MEASLES, GANGRENE, and almost every mentionable Disease. "I have been a nurse for ten years, and have nursed cases of scarlet fever, pyæmia, erysipelas, measles, gangrene, cancer, and almost every mentionable disease. During this time I have not been ill for a single day, and this I attribute to the use of Eno's 'Fruit Salt,' which has kept my blood in a pure state. I recommend it to all my patients during convalescence. Its value as a means of health cannot be over estimated."—A PROFESSIONAL NURSE (Qualified).

THE EFFECT OF ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' ON A DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, AND FEVERISH CONDITION IS SIMPLY MARVELLOUS. IT IS, IN FACT, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, AND AN UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—See capsule marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' Without it you have a WORTHLESS IMITATION.

Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., at the 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, by J. C. ENO'S Patent.

For More Than One Hundred Years

Pears

SOAP

has maintained its supremacy in the face of the whole world's competition. Such a record could not be achieved without cause. Temporary successes are comparatively easy, but for an article to maintain its popularity generation after generation it must appeal to something more than passing fancy. This is the case with Pears' Soap. It is, and always has been, an honest product. Everywhere abroad it has found a place in public favour equal to that for so long held in England. Men and women alike find it good and reliable. The man who has once tried Pears' Soap in the form of a Shaving Stick wants no other, he takes it with him on all his journeys. The woman who travels and fails to take a supply of Pears' must put up with substitutes until her burning, smarting skin inexorably demands the

"matchless for the complexion."

Naringaningalook.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

Naringaningalook was gay,
It swelled with pride and beer,
Contingents came from Strathie way,
As far as Yarrowayah;
From Cobram to the Murray fords
The sil'ry saplings shook
As hundreds galloped madly towards
Naringaningalook.

The tidings reached the city, too;
The spicers met in haste,
They reckoned 'twas a pity to
Let so much go to waste;
And so, at record speed, they tore
To Spencer-street to book
The hardest case they boasted for
Naringaningalook.

The hardest case the spicers boast
Is welsher Darby Brown,
The chap who's had 'em all on toast
In every country town.
He knew the game so clean and pat
They picked him out to rook
The yokels round the races at
Naringaningalook.

This Darby Brown was fat and red—
A genial sort of bloke—
You had to laugh at what he said
The funny way he spoke.
But with us there was one who knew,
And, 'spite his honest look,
We tumbled as he sauntered through
Naringaningalook.

To beat us for our hard-earned pelf
We saw that stranger meant,
And we decided that no self-
Respecting resident
Could tolerate such ghastly sin;
So fixed it up to cook
His blanky hanky-panky in
Naringaningalook.

We led him to the bar that night;
We filled 'em up again;
And raffled (when we had him tight)
A handsome watch and chain.
He bought a chance for half-a-crown
And gaily undertook,
If he should win, to shout the town
Naringaningalook.

We breathless passed the hat aroun',
We prayed he might be done,
And cheered and yelled as Darby Brown
Drew out the Number One.
'Twas then we knew we had him out,
The while his hand we shook;
For Darby Brown had got to shout
Naringaningalook.

It cost him over two-pound-ten,
And still a bit he owed.
We handed him the prizes, then
We scattered down the road;
For that same watch and chain he won
Had just been neatly shook
From off the bloke who came to run
Naringaningalook.

By Ginger Orr the deed was done;
As Darby pitched his lay,
He slapped him on the chest in fun
And whipped his watch away.
He'd steal as well, would Ginger Orr,
As any city hook;
He'd nick your whiskers, proudly swore
Naringaningalook.

We rigged the draw so cleanly that
We had him safely done;
For all the tickets in the hat
Were labelled "Number One." . . .
Next morning's races saw him not,
His little hook he took
And knew no more that sylvan spot,
Naringaningalook.

Now, when the city spicer quotes
His uncle in Fiji,
And flashes round Provincial notes
And shouts you lavishly,
If you would wreck his little game
And send his feelings crook,
Just whisper in his ear the name,
"Naringaningalook!"

JOHN HAMILTON YAWM.

Smith.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

I'm Smith. As soon as I have relieved my mind
by writing these notes, I intend to toss up a coin.
If it falls "heads" I shall blow out my brains
when all is quiet to-night. If "tails" I shall at
once proceed to Sydney and join the Bushmen's
Corps for South Africa.

I live in a gully through which a river is alleged
to flow (there's a bed of sand with waterholes at
distant intervals where the flow is supposed to be).
When I get up in the morning I look across a
narrow valley and see a precipitous mountain
face; in fact, there's little else to be seen at this
place at any time unless it be the long lean slab-
sided farmers (farmers indeed!) whose offspring
(can't call them children) I'm paid £6 per month
to teach.

Like the parents, the offspring are as dull as the
bullocks, horses, and maize which form the sole
subject of conversation and interest here. The
reading public of the district (that's Michael
Molloy, Esq., J.P.—especially J.P.) get news-
papers regularly (the BLUE GUM BANNER, pub-
lished once a week), and the news of the day (price
of maize and pigs) is generally diffused and dis-
cussed.

My predecessor died here (sensible man). The
disease that carried him off is locally described as
"pennymona."

I'm generally considered to be mad (I am, or
soon shall be) because I catch insects, pin them on
paper, and write names below them; also, I bathe
occasionally and polish my boots, which is quite
at variance with local habits and customs.

The ladies going past the school, seated on the
corn-sacks in the drays, on their way to the town-
ship invariably shriek if they see me, "How are
ye, Mr. Smith, and how's yer chickens gettin'
on?" That's a stock question.

My chickens, forsooth! Look through the
window at them—there's Billy Ryan sitting on
the fence applauding a fight between Pat Clancy
and Jack Hoolahan. There's Dan Hoolahan
stoning my only hen. (I'll deal with him pre-
sently). There's Bob Connors throwing water
over the Lacey's, and Nell Clancy and Mary Quirk
quarrelling on the fence.

Interruption—a knock at the door.
"Come in. What do you want?"
"Please sur, Jim Quirk's stole me dinner."
"I'll attend to the matter presently."
Inspector Jackson examined the school yester-
day.

"Where's the Transvaal?" he asked.
An idiot stare from the class.
"What left Sydney lately for the Transvaal?"
"The train, sur," answered Pat Clancy.
"Why is *fight* a transitive verb?"
"Because it did it to something"—Clancy
again—he's the bright boy of the school.
And so on.

Just before leaving Inspector Jackson said,
"Now, Mr. Smith, you've a school of very intelli-
gent children (shades of Ananias!), and they
should be farther advanced. Instil into their
minds some idea of Patriotism, and let them learn
a few patriotic songs. I'm not at all satisfied, and
if you cannot produce better results with such
material, you cannot expect to rise in your pro-
fession or to gain promotion by removal."

Here goes for the coin. "Tails," by Jingo!
You'll see Smith's name in the next Bush Con-
tingent.

WAT. TELL.

An Unlucky Investment.

(FOR THE BULLETIN.)

INDIVIDUALLY and collectively, the Skinners were
mean—to put it mildly. There were five of them:
the mother, three sons and a daughter. The men
were too mean to marry and the girl had never
been asked to, so they lived, all together, in a
three-roomed humpy on one of the best farms in
Wirrawarra. About the humpy they kept a dog,
half-starved; a cat, half-starved; and some de-
jected-looking fowls—half-starved. The Skinners
themselves looked half-starved; especially the old
woman. She was seventy-six, and as her dutiful
sons believed she was "eating her head off," her
demise was hopefully looked forward to. She
seemed good for another couple of years or so.

Well, one day an agent of The Benevolent
Assurance Co., Limited, called upon them, and,
after arguing vainly with the sons for over an
hour, at last, in desperation, offered to insure the
old dame for £10—weekly payments of one shil-
ling. It looked a safe investment—a sure thing—
too good a chance to be missed—so they all took
out policies.

A couple of years passed away, and, as the in-
sured still seemed like hanging on for a consid-
erable time, the family began to look at her doubt-
fully, as though they suspected her of wishing to
play them some dirty trick. Their solicitude for
her was wonderful; they anxiously enquired about
her health every morning when she rose, and
when, as time wore on, she obstinately refused to
become more feeble, they grew scared. Week
after week, every week demanding its shilling
from each, passed by with remorseless rapidity.
To her were given the hardest crust, the toughest
meat, but she seemed almost to thrive on them,
and a gloomy foreboding, a dismal sense of im-
pending injury, began to creep into the minds of
the investors.

After more than half-starving her for a con-
siderable time they grew desperate and suddenly
began to feed her well, hoping that she would
overdo it, hoping that something—anything—
would happen. She grew fat, and they reverted
to the former treatment. Then they dosed her
with patent medicines: they had heard that
patent medicines, if perseveringly used, would
kill anybody. She grew fat again. They spent
what, to them, was a fabulous sum in patent
medicines, but when they discontinued their use
she looked good for a century.

Three years and a-half slipped away. They
began to perspire freely, day and night, for actual
monetary loss stared them in the face. In 18
weeks the premiums paid would equal the amount
of the policies, while the thought of the interest
that was being lost and the sum spent in patent
medicines nearly sent them all to their graves.

Eighteen weeks! They surreptitiously raised
her window at night and left the door open; the
daughter acquired a chronic cold, but the fresh air
seemed to do the old woman good. They left fire-
wood and other things about the floor, handy for
her to trip upon; but she skipped nimbly over
them. They spread grease in convenient spots,
and one of the sons slipped on it, and stunned him-
self against the table-corner; but the object of
their care did not. They dug a deep hole at the
back-door step "to bury the cat," but nothing
happened. They tried taking her out in the sun
without her cap on, but the heat always made her
brisk and lively. They shut her out one night, by
accident, and did not hear her knocking; she
slept in the cow-bail and ate a couple of eggs
which she found there—worth three-halfpence at
the time. They tried to fell a tree on her, but it fell
the wrong way and killed a pig. They did every-
thing they could think of, short of murdering her
outright. And they grew haggard and careworn,
and began to wear a hunted look.

And it came to within a week of the time when
the premiums would equal the policies.

Two nights before the week's payment was due
everything of any value was carefully removed,
after the old woman had retired, and the humpy
was set afire. They had no intention of burning
her, but thought the fright might help along her
decease; and a new place could be built for almost
nothing. When the fire was well under way she
appeared, coming from the direction of the cow-
bail. She had felt hungry after going to bed, and
had climbed out of her window to prospect for eggs.

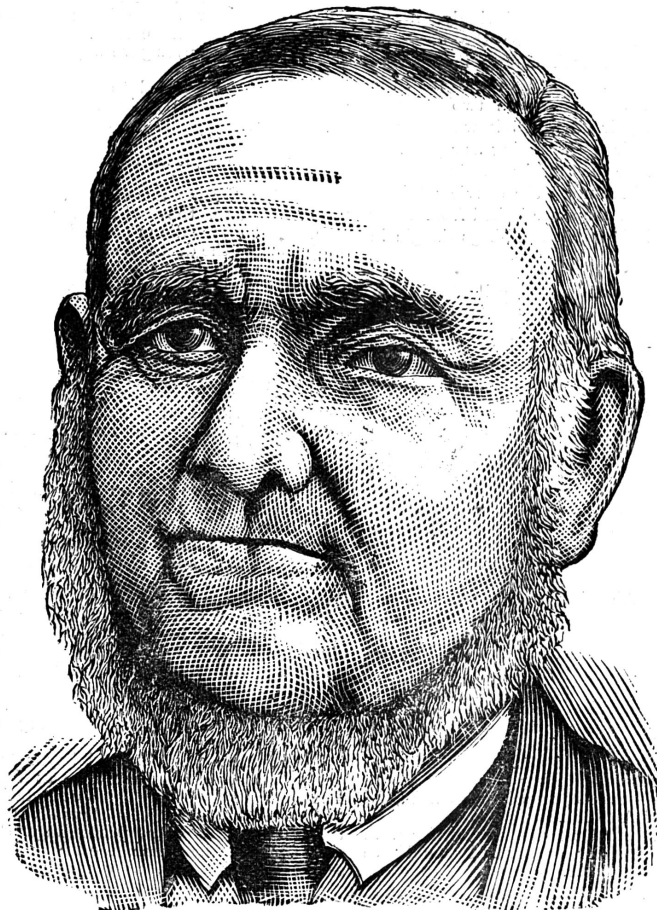
Mrs. Skinner lived to be 91.

A. G. WOOD.

"Pagan" on a queer phase of the Mission:
business:—

I was greatly astonished last night, in visiting a large
place known as the Christian Temple, next Melb. Trades
Hall. A packed and enthusiastic congregation over the
festival of the Chinese Mission. Many Chinamen present.
This is one of the causes conducted on the "one woman,
one Chinaman" principle. The Chairman called for all
the teachers to come on the platform. They were so
many that they could hardly squeeze there—about 40
"Misses," even small girls down to about 14 years old.
Various intellectual displays were given by the young
Chows, truly remarkable, especially a debate by 15 on the
wickedness of excluding Chinamen from Australia. There
was only time for four to speak, but they shaped wonder-
fully. Despite the grand show of tutresses, the Chairman
called for "more workers." Animal magnetism is a
great, but dangerous, power.

A Man's Kidneys at Seventy!

DOAN'S
Backache Kidney Pills
FOR ALL AGES.

MR. W. D. HARVEY.

Why shouldn't a man be hale and healthy at
seventy? In the evening of life, after the battle
has been fought, why shouldn't he enjoy the rest
he has earned?

Ask the man of seventy why he stoops, and what
is the weak spot in his constitution. Nine times
out of ten he will reply, "Oh, it's my back. It
isn't strong, and it pains me to move or stoop, or
straighten up."

Ah, but is it really the back? The back does
ache, but the real ache is deeper than that. It's
the kidneys, for they lie just under the small of
the back, and the hurry and bustle and worry of a
long life in the fight for wealth and position have
finally told on the kidneys, and they have become
weakened.

Disturbances of the water have appeared—there
is a sediment in the kidney secretions. Disease
has attacked him in the weakest part, and will
never stop of its own accord. Yet it can be
checked and cured even at seventy by Doan's
Backache Kidney Pills, for they heal the kidneys,
they act on the kidneys only, and will clear the
secretions, strengthen the back, and check the
most dangerous of all diseases, kidney disease,
even in a man of seventy.

W. D. Harvey, of Stawell, whose picture is
given above, is seventy years old. He has lived in
Stawell for forty-eight years. He says:—"My
back gave out and I had plenty of proof that my

kidneys had become diseased. In the first place,
the pain in my back was confined to the small of
the back, just over the kidneys. I could stoop
over only with difficulty, and any exertion brought
an increase of pain. Of course I am an old man,
and this pain was hard to bear. At length the
kidneys began to act wrong. I was restless at
night, and I noticed that the secretions from the
kidneys left a sediment, and were of a high color.
There could be no mistaking these symptoms, and
I got some of Doan's Backache Kidney Pills at
once. I took them with splendid results. I
derived great benefit from them, and, at my age,
this is gratifying. My back is better, and the
kidney secretions again natural, and I can highly
recommend them to anyone suffering from back-
ache or any other signs of kidney disease. The
above is true, and you may publish the facts."

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS
may be had of all Chemists and Storekeepers at
2s. 9d. per box, or six boxes for 15s. 3d., or will
be posted on receipt of price by the proprietors,
Foster-McClellan Co., 76 Pitt-street, Sydney
(main office); or from any of our branches, as
follows:—292 Flinders-street, Melbourne; 54 King
William-street, Adelaide; 341 Murray-street,
Perth, W.A.; Eagle-street, Brisbane, care Elliott
Bros.; St. John-street, Launceston, care Fair-
thorne and Son.

Don't forget the name "D-O-A-N-S."

ITCHING PILES.

DOAN'S OINTMENT CURES PILES PER-
MANENTLY BY CURING THE CAUSE.A REMARKABLE REMEDY, WHICH IS
BRINGING COMFORT TO THOUSANDS
OF SUFFERERS.

Probably half the people who see this article
suffer from piles. It is one of the commonest
diseases, and one of the most obstinate. People
have it for years, and just because it is not im-
mediately fatal they neglect it. Carelessness causes
no end of suffering. Carelessness about so simple
a thing as piles has often caused death. Hemor-
rhages occur from no apparent cause, and loss of
blood causes death. Hemorrhages occur under
surgical treatment, often causing death.

Piles are simple in the beginning, and easily
cured. They can be cured even in the worst
stages, without pain or loss of blood, quickly,
surely, and completely. There is only one remedy
that will do it—DOAN'S OINTMENT.

It allays the inflammation immediately, heals
the irritated surface, and with continued treat-
ment reduces the swelling and puts the membrane
into good, sound, healthy condition. The cure is
thorough and permanent. Here is a case:—

T. W. Hickson, of No. 170 Cumberland-street,
this city, says:—"For a few weeks I was very
much inconvenienced by an attack of itching piles,
from which I could get no relief. Doan's Oint-

ment was first advertised at that time, and I ob-
tained a pot at Newman's pharmacy, in King-
street. I am glad to say that the piles completely
disappeared after a short treatment with the oint-
ment, and I've not had occasion to use it since. I
will not forget to recommend Doan's Ointment."

Doan's Ointment is splendid in all diseases of
the Skin, Eczema, Piles, Hives, Chilblains, Sores,
Insect Bites, &c. It is perfectly safe, and very
effective.

Very frequently two or three boxes have made
a complete cure of chronic cases that have not
yielded to other remedies for years.

Doan's Ointment has been tested in so many
ways, in hospital work, in private practice, and
has proved so successful that a special arrange-
ment has been made by which all readers of THE
BULLETIN who have not already tried it may
obtain a sample pot free by mail who will send us
their names and addresses and a penny stamp to
pay postage. We know that this ointment will
cure these affections, that it will cure them abso-
lutely, and we want you to know it. It is per-
fectly unnecessary for anyone to suffer from Piles
or Eczema for one single moment. Doan's Ointment
will cure them absolutely, but do not take our word
for it; send a penny stamp for a sample box.

The large size box is sold at 2s. 9d. per box (six
boxes 15s. 3d.). If you cannot obtain it locally
from your chemist or storekeeper, same will be
posted on receipt of price by the proprietors,
Foster-McClellan Co., 76 Pitt-street, Sydney.

When writing for sample please mention THE
BULLETIN.

"Given up for Dead. Restored to Perfect Health"

Only three bottles cure severe lameness from rheumatism, flesh is regained, eyesight improved, and natural health returns.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla



"I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism and liver complaint, and was very lame.

"My brother, who was very ill, was given up for dead by the doctors. But Ayer's Sarsaparilla put new life in him, and he and my father, hearing I was so ill, recommended this medicine to me. Before I had taken three bottles I felt improved. My lameness began to leave me and I began to feel like a new woman. I also regained much flesh which I had lost. Strange though it may seem, my eyesight, which had become weak, gradually became stronger, until it was perfectly natural."

This testimony from Mrs. Mary Bright (whose portrait is here given), of Cornish Town, Cobar, New South Wales, must strongly impress all who read it.

It tells of the wonderful power of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to drive disease out of the system.

How could a testimonial tell more? How could a remedy do more? Put your confidence in Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

"The World's Greatest Family Medicine."

Because other medicines have failed should not discourage you. One great medicine is left for you—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acts directly on the blood, takes out all impurities.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

The
That Cures.

It Makes the Blood Pure, Rich, and Red.

Ayer's Pills are Gentle Laxatives, Produce Natural Action.



PLAIN HOME TALK.

EMBRACING
MEDICAL COMMON SENSE.

By Dr. E. B. FOOTE.

10 Plates. 36 Chromos. 200 Illustrations. 1000 Pages.

IT IS FREE FROM TECHNICAL TERMS, and shows up Human Nature as it exists. Here are answered, in plain language, a thousand questions that occur to the minds of young and old, but about which they feel a delicacy in consulting their physician. Chapters are devoted to innumerable interesting subjects concerning marriage, which makes it a superior guide to the action of men and women both in and out of marriage. No man or woman who anticipates a bright future, and wishes to enjoy married life in its fullest sense, can afford to dispense with the information embraced in its covers.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Complete unabridged, cloth-covered edition of this great work, PLAIN HOME TALK, posted for only 7s. 6d.

SPEECHES AND TOASTS ready-made for all occasions and everybody: public speaking made easy. 1s 6d post.
PRACTICAL PALMISTRY (latest). Post 1s 6d.
DR. CARVER'S TRICKS AND DIVERSIONS WITH CARDS, illus. 1s; post 1s 3d.
BEAUTY'S SECRETS. Post free 1s.
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LOVE AND PARENTAGE, 8d posted.
MODERN ETIQUETTE—Parties, Love, Dress, etc. 1s 6d post.
EVERY MAN HIS OWN SCHOOLMASTER, or How to Educate One's Self, 1s 6d posted. CLOG DANCING TUTOR, 1s.
AST. MINER'S GUIDE; simple tests for minerals. 3s 6d.
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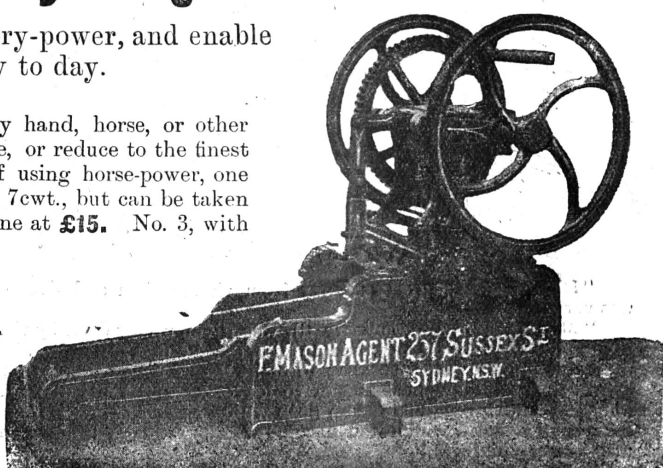
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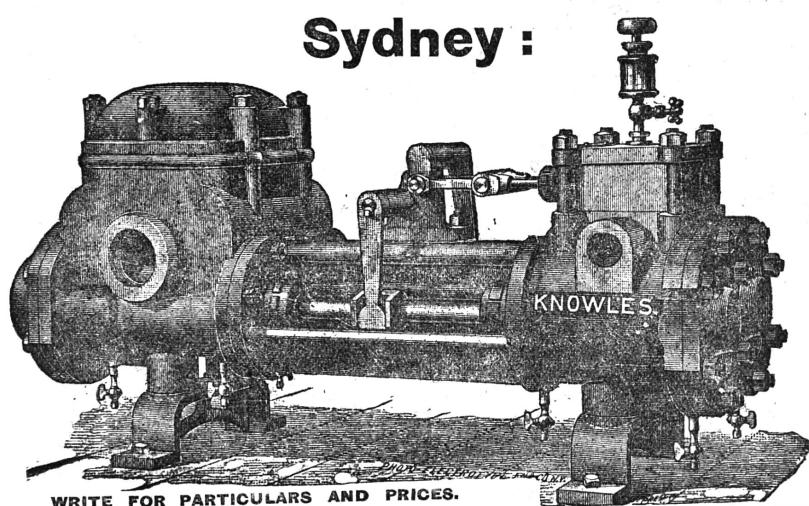
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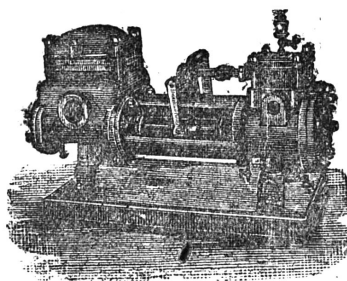
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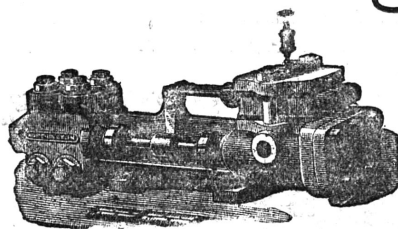
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